Death of Grey Wolves



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BERSERKER

BOOKS



THE STORY OF THE NOVEL

In the sky, the moon was shining so ripe that it surpassed even the brightness of this navy night, making the place as clear as if it was midday. This student boarding house, located on one of the narrow streets leading to the main street, was very deserted because of the holiday. Six or seven young people sat with serious faces on the wooden benches facing the street, and the sorrow of not being at home in their distant dormitory corners at this happy moment when everyone was laughing and having fun, at least in the family hearth, was visible in their pensive looks. They had just returned from a meal and were seated at random desks. One of them was a thin, auburn-haired girl with a beautiful face. She was a science student, although a poetry harmony could be perceived in her soft and soundless posture. Perhaps for this reason, she spoke very little and did not attempt to revive the already exhausted conversation. A tall, rather large young man, sitting a little apart from them all, sat in silence for a while, as if waiting for something, some vitality, some speech from his friends, and when he saw that they were not talking, he took out a book folded in half from his jacket pocket, worn out from being carried by hand, and began to read it right up to eyes. This gesture was so inappropriate for the situation at that moment that the young men laughed involuntarily. The one of them who looked the and had a strange voice shouted:

- That's the pose of a literary man! Oh my! Does one read a book at the expense of wasting one's eyes when one could be watching, or at least appear to be watching, the beautiful nature?

The young man, who was said to be a man of letters, did not seem to intend to answer at first. But then, seeing that a general joy was about to arise, he must have felt the urge to foment it:

— And you, he said, what are you dreaming about while you seem to be looking at this beautiful nature? it the wisdom of the luminary who, for who knows how many times, has been set up on the highest point of the sky to watch the old world, and has seen how many bloody battles like steaks with the most poetic landscapes, how many bayonets have pierced how many steel-hearted men without mercy thanks to its own light, and how, despite this, he can still keep his lively smile, our desire-maker?

The young naturalist immediately suppressed the answer:

— That's not my subject, my dear, it's a novelist's subject. Even on this most marvellous night, when I look at the sky, I think only of the moon itself. Or I think of its huge, wrinkled
not the smile on his face. In fact, let me speak with the imagination of a literary man, even if this smile turns into laughter one day, it would still not interest me,

Another, a student of history, whom all the students living in the same boarding house called "Tonyukuk", referring to the oldest Turkish historian, rushed forward excitedly:

— And if one day you see the moon appearing in three places in the sky, will you not be interested?

The small-built youth slowly turned to this speaker:

— "If you haven't missed too much of the evening's pilaf, you've surely stopped being a historian and started talking about novels. Otherwise, you would not have asked this ridiculous question."

Tonyukuk laughed:

— I've given up historiography. But you've started making prophecies despite your materialism. Because I'm about to write a . And I'm about to write a novel.

It will reflect life itself. Although there is room for both romanticism and realism in it, I will not be separated from the flow of life itself and I will be faithful to history as well as to thisA novel that will make you live 1300 years ago and the heroes who appear on the stage one after another will come to the present day. A novel in which there will not be only one hero. Each person in it will be a hero in his own right, just like in life. In the works of both romantics and realists, there is always a single skeleton: The love affair between the two protagonists of the novel, a man and a woman, whereas in my book
Since there will be a flow of centuries, it is impossible to get stuck in a single adventure, especially in love stories, which have become so banal, so trivialised after being repeated in tens of thousands of novels. This be a brand new type of novel. If I succeed, I'll give you, O moonlight expert, a big telescope as a present.

The young girl, who had until then followed the conversation in silence, intervened:

— Oh, good. According to this, your novel will be a completely realistic work.

This time the future writer turned to him:

— No, no, no! My book will not be one of those works which do not hesitate to hint at and even expose all the physiological movements of human beings down to the finest details because they are realities. Just as a psychologist ponders the psychological motives behind every issue, just as a physician to find out the cause of a disease, I have spent a lot of time looking for the motives of nations because I have spent a lot of time in history. It is certain that both the intellectuals and the common people of a nation are very suitable for being studied.
And the best thing for this, the best tool, can be artefacts. There was a time when many of those who committed suicide in Germany

Is it not known that Verter was found in his pocket? Did not the heroic epics of Köroğlu, Danişmend Gazi, B attal Gazi, the first authors of which are unknown, cause our heroism to continue for centuries? Since I am not a stylist or a scribe, I do not know to what extent I can cope with this work. Just as the silent work of a simple village physician, without anyone realising it, counts in the health statistics, just as the battle of an infantry company among the reasons that prepare the final result, so too I
I will make a move with your work that I consider useful for our national upbringing. That's it...

At that moment, the youth who had just tried to read by the light of the moon jumped out:

— How many days have I been so exhausted from reading and trying to understand these genius classics that he said, if you have started your work, and especially if it has a lively beginning, tell me a little bit so that I can recover.

This proposal appealed to all those present. They showed their participation in this idea by narrowing the circle a little more. Even the Moondede had lowered a little lower to hear better.

Then, as if out of nowhere, everything changed: On the site of the students' boarding house there was now a 1,300-year-old Turkish chadin. The slender girl had become a robust, robustslant-eyed steppe girl , The men's hair grew long.
They spilled over their shoulders and a börk on their heads. Their jackets become caftans, and their skates had become boots. The classical artefact in the hands of the man of letters was now a kopuz, the fountain pen of the scientist was a knife hanging on his waist belt. All of them were sitting cross-legged on the grass, looking at Tonyukuk with their red and green eyes, which gave a new meaning to their hard faces, chiselled by sword wounds. The future novelist had also become an imposing soldier with a sword at his waist. He did not hesitate and began to narrate in a heavy voice as follows:

Part One

I

A Summer Night in 621

The horsemen were scattered on the wide meadow, resting. Captain Isbara Alp, who had not dismounted, was giving commands and riding his horse here and there. When night fell and it got dark, he also got off his horse. He walked towards the fire lit by the soldiers. His horse servant Çalık had taken his horse and was walking it.

Tonight the captain troubled in his heart. He was working without knowing it. He walked towards the fire to warm himself. When he approached the fire, he remembered that it was summer and there was no need to warm up. The soldiers were roasting meat. They were roasting meat.

When he arrived, one of the privates knelt down and offered a pine-kag of kımız to the captain(1)< 2). Isbara Alp drank the snow. Reluctantly he drank. He did not take the roast meat offered by a second private and left them. At the foot of a big tree a little further he came. He sat in a hollow. He looked, he was diverted …

The bright moon of Turkeli was shining all around. One by one, the soldiers were lying down on the grass and sleeping. Some of them were trotting their horses, someone was cauterising the wound on his arm with a red-hot iron.

Corporal Yarntar was sitting a little away from the fire, reviewing his pu sat(3) and eating a roast piece of meat.

(1) Ancient Turks used to honour their elders by kneeling on the ground.

(2) Kımız is a Turkish drink made from mare's milk. It is very nutritious. Çamçak means a glass made of wood.

(3) Pusat: weapon

he ate a piece of it. During the war days, the corporal used himself well and did not step on rotten wood. He would eat three days' worth of food in one day, then go three days without a mouthful. He would endure and not lose his strength. Before the battle, he would sharpen his sword and sharpen the tips of his arrows.

After sharpening his sword well, the corporal wanted to try it. He plucked a blade of grass from the ground and touched it to the sharp edge of the sword. The grass was cut with this touch. At the same time a voice was heard from behind: "Your sword is sharp, but your mind 1<> is also sharp
"Is it?" Yanstar without turning his head: "He is also sharp in his turn".

— So guess why the captain is doing this tonight 2 ?<>

The person who had spoken these words slowly crouched down next to Corporal Yanittar. This was Corporal Pars.

— Two days ago, Captain Ishbara Alp was defeated in the sword games in front of Chuluk Khan. That's why he looks troubled.

— Who did the captain lose to?

— To Tunga Tigin.

— Why should the captain feel sorry for that? No one can defeat Tunga Tigin in the sword so that the captain can. Besides, even if the captain is new, he is still equal to Tunga Tigin in valour.
If Tunga Tigin defeated Isbara Alp in swordplay, Isbara Alp was superior to Tunga Tigin in horse fighting and arrow shooting.

— And if so, why is he bored?

Corporal Pars answered after a few sips of koumiss:

(1) Us: mind
(2) Bunlu: sorrowful

— He was going to be a major, but he didn't make it.

Yamtar thought for a moment. This setx:p had not fooled him.

— Isbara Alp is not one of those people who would be depressed because I didn't become a major… he said.

— I'm not saying he's bored because he's not a major.

- What are you saying?

— Isbara Alp could not become a major. I-ing Katun is the reason for that. I'm saying the captain is angry.

— How could the captain be angry? I-ching Katun is the wife of Chuluk Khan.

— It's chaos, but it's Chinese.

The two corporals were silent for a long time. They seemed to be lost in thought.

Corporal Pars started talking:

— I saw it with my own eyes: The captain didn't greet Katun near the kagan's tent. He pretended not to see her.

— To tell you the truth, the captain is right. Katun is one thing, but the Chinese, who were captives in our hands, have started to interfere in our affairs.

— That's why Isbara Alp hates the Chinti. He didn't become a major because he didn't salute Katun. He's so angry he can't sleep.

— Our Chuluk Khan is a good Khan, but it would have been better if he had not taken that Chinese blood.

— I'm afraid this Chinese blood will get us into bad trouble.

— In China, there used to be the Sui kagan family. Now there's the Tang family. This woman is from the old family. In China again

(1) Captive: Captive

they say he's provoking Chuluk Khan to let his family rule.

— What he provokes? Dont we think they're all one?

— The captain knows what's wrong. I think it's better to shut up and sleep. I'm all sweaty and soaked from talking about troublesome things and blabbering.

Looking at the black mountain lying opposite, Isbara Alp was thinking about the army that would gather behind that mountain and raid to China and he could not understand why he was bored even though there was a raid. There was not a sound in the whole meadow. The wind was not even blowing … Isbara Alp was completely bored. He his robe from his head and his quiver from his trousers. He wanted to expand, to relieve his boredom. In vain. … He turned round and looked after him. All the horses were standing with their heads up and their ears pricked up. The captain said: "I'm not the only one bored," he muttered. He put on his cap and put on his quiver to walk among the sleeping soldiers. What a ! All of the soldiers who looked as if they were asleep, asleep and not making a sound were awake. They were lying on their beds, watching the stars and the moon, wiping their sweat with their hands. Such warmth at night had never been seen before.

The captain came back to his old place. He looked up at the sky. His eyes remained fixed on the sky. A black cloud was coming fast from the west.

This cloud looked like a Chinese horseman. The captain did not find it good that the cloud was travelling so fast in the sky while not even a blade of grass moved on the earth. He thought to himself that something bad will happen. Just then he saw like a lightning bolt shoot past him. It was an animal, maybe a fox. It was not clear where it came from and where it went. When the bored captain saw the fox-like animal, he suddenly the quiver. With the speed of lightning, he shot an arrow

and placed it. >He traced the fleeing animal on the flat meadow and shot the arrow. The captain's arrow was wasted. For the first time in his thirty-five years of life, Isbara Alp had failed to hit. Suddenly he felt a coldness on his face. Then he quickly turned back and shouted:

— Crocus!

A stern voice :

— Here you go!

— Sound the bugle!

But before Çalık could bring the pipe to his lips, the light night suddenly darkened. The moon became invisible. A storm broke out. The stars began to howl and the rain began to pour down in torrents. As Çalık's sharp trumpet sounded, the pikemen rushed to their horses with the speed of lightning. The captain jumped on his horse in one leap. "Come after me. Be quick!" he shouted. A hundred horsemen rode at full speed towards the opposite mountain while the terrible lightning cracked left and right and the hail stung their faces. The captain wanted to reach the shelter at the foot of the black mountain that lay opposite, and the horsemen fought after him. But this struggle did not last long. The wind was blowing towards them with a fierce howl, choking the breath of horses and men. Without stopping, the captain reversed his horse backwards and forwards: "Come back! Gallop!" he shouted. The horses were whipped. The riders were now running in the opposite direction to before. But the wind was blowing chaotically, confusing the way to go. Horses
they were soaked to the bone. That beautiful meadow
swamp, blocking the horses' path.

Now they were fleeing towards the place they had come from the previous day. With their sturdy horses they could have got there very quickly. But the wind was making them tired and the darkness and rain were confusing their way. So they ran for an hour or two.

(1) Gezlemek: engagement

The rain was raging, the wind was going crazy, and horses were no longer paying attention to the soldiers. At one point, their path came to a descent. They attacked this descent in the dark. This place was a barren place. It very bad for them to come here. Ya�urs had made a hard flowing stream on this descent. And the lightning was ravaging the woods. Two thunderbolts falling with terrible rattles infuriated all the horses. They rushed into the stream neighing. The horse that threw Çalık off of him was burnt by a lightning bolt that fell on him as he ran madly towards the void. Çalık was out of luck too. A few horsemen were caught in the stream and were struggling. No one was in a position to help anyone. There was only one Isbara Alp who had not fallen off his horse. The soldiers who were left helpless did not know what to do. Some were fighting to hold their horses, some were trying to find a place to shelter. A corporal had drawn his sword and was trying to organise the soldiers under his command. The flashes became more frequent. The captain paused for a moment: "Has the Turkish God turned away from us?" he thought. Then he cried out in his harsh, booming voice:

— "All of you come here, gather round me!" The soldiers obeyed this command and gathered together. Isbara Alp shouted: "God has either turned away from us or He wants to sharpen our swords. Be quick. Take out your swords and fall down there!"…

For a moment, a clatter of swords filled the atmosphere. The soldiers threw their swords on the ground one after the other. The captain threw his own sword on top and shouted, "Follow me!" He led the gangs a little further on, away from the woods, near the rocks. was no way back now. The waters were coming down from above and mixing with the stream below, and the stream was swelling. Isbara Alp shouted:

— Hang on to the rocks. Those who hold on will survive. The weak will be washed away!

The soldiers clung to the protruding, jagged points of the rocks in the knee-deep water. The waters were rising and the lightning was falling on the sword fall a little way ahead. Corporal Yamtar saw that the rock he was clinging to was pointed upwards and

When he saw that he was thin, he immediately took off his belt with one hand. He commanded the two soldiers with him:

- We haven't used up all our strength yet. If you can hold me tight and help me tie this strap to the sharpness of the rock, the three of us will be saved. There's a few more of us.
he'll survive. If you don't hold on tight, all three of us be in the water, we'll go. Come on, you lean back against the water and protect us, you hold me and I'll knot this strap before we get washed away!

Corporal Yamtar knotted his belt tightly in the middle. Sartcan stretched the two ends down. He held one of these ends himself. And one of the soldiers held on to the other. The other one was hanging on to the corporal. The water was approaching their waist. They no longer paid attention to the lightning. Their strength was failing them. They were fading, clasping their hands tightly to the rocks and trying not to be swept away.

Isbara Alp still on his horse. He was tightening the bowstring He attached it to the sharpness of the rock and held the anchor with his hand, thus protecting himself and his horse against the waters. Corporal Yarntar was now holding his belt more tightly to the rock.
he was obliged to be accused. Because now the soldier who hangs on the corporal is the only one
it wasn't. There were maybe twenty of them, clinging to each other. But Yarntar did not protest, did not flinch, but only tried to cling more tightly to the belt. At this moment, a sound sharper than lightning, more powerful than thunder:

- Kurt Kaya, untie his hand! ...

And then the sound of lightning again filled the air. Isbara Alp thundered just in time. The captain, who was holding on to a higher place than everyone else, was watching all Yamtar's actions between the occasional flashes of< l) lighters.
and then he saw this chain of people clinging to each other.

(1) Flint: Lightning

He chased them with his eyes without a sound. His heart was always searching for the reason why God had turned away from them.

was struggling. Here they flowed to China without ceasing, never a moment away from the oilwhere their swords slept in their scabbards their bows

There wasn't a day when they didn't stretch, when their arrows didn't come out of quivers. But why was Tan angry again?... The captain was thinking about this and at the same time watching Yamtar. Suddenly, in the brief light of a glowing penknife, he saw the sharp rock gnawing and filing the old strap that had withstood a regiment of soldiers with ever-increasing swiftness. He again decided what to do with the speed of a penknife and shouted: "Kurt Kaya, untie his hand! .." Kurt Kaya was the tenth of the soldiers who had stuck to Yamtar's back. When he received the captain's command, he did not hesitate for a moment and the black, raging waters swallowed these ten in an instant. The captain's voice rumbled a second time, warning Yamtar of danger:

- Yamtar, one stop, the belt will break...

The young corporal a little more effort. Despite all the weight behind him, he managed to pull himself forward with the last effort of his human strength. With his other hand he grabbed a ledge of the rock. Now they were more secure. Although the water flowing down from above hid its speed, the rain had stopped and the wind had stopped. Each one of them was in front of a r.ere.

The soldiers started to gather one by one. On top of them

Each of them looked a little taller now under their soaking wet clothes. They were running here and there in the bright daylight to do the captain's bidding, reaching out to their comrades when help was needed. The confusion lasted for a while longer. When the day rose an arrow's length above the ground, he found everything calmed down.

When Captain Isbara Alp saw that things were going well, he shouted to his troops: "Come on, get to the sword pile. Let Herlces find his own sword!". The gangs rushed forward. The lightning had shattered some of the swords. Isbara Alp's sword was on top, brighter and sharper than before. Those who had lost their ancestors were calling, calling the animals by name, whistling

they were calling. Whinnying could be heard in the distance, and the horses that had not died came out one by one. The horses of some of them did not return, and sometimes the horsemen of the horses that arrived were no longer alive. Isbara Alp was looking at his sword, his sword sharpened more than before by the lightning, and taking it as God's favour to him. But this storm, this hail? These waters, these dead soldiers? ... God both favouring and angry?

The captain wanted to know how many had died, so he shouted to the corporals:

— Corporals! Each of you count your own troops!".

Corporals started counting the men gathered in their troops. Isbara Alp asked one by one:

— Corporal Yamtar!

— Here you go.

— Erierin, ?

— 's something missing.

— Corporal Sulemish!

— Here you go.

— Erierin, ?

— 's something missing.

— Corporal Sanjar!

— Here you go.

— Erierin, ?

— s something missing.

— Corporal Pars!

— Here you go.

— Erierin, ?

— OK. (Sighs)

— Corporal Sky Börü!

— Here you go.

— Erierin, ?

— OK. (Sighs)

— Corporal Arik Buka!

— Here you go.

— Erierin, ?

— We're five short.

— Corporal Buğra!

Captain Isbara Alp did not receive an answer to this question. Again he shouted:

— Corporal Buğra!

A deep voice :

— Corporal Buğra has arrived at the plane.

— Erieri, ?

— It's done.

— Corporal Kara Budak!

— Here you go.

— Erierin, ?

— three missing.

— Corporal Three Sons!

— Here you go.

— Erierin, ?

— s something missing.

While Isbara Alp was asking the corporals about their deficiencies, he was drawing the deficiencies on a tally sheet with his knife. When the questioning was over, he counted them all. Thirteen privates and Corporal Buğra were dead.

The sun was warming up. There were white clouds in the sky like sheep feathers. The soldiers, who had been soaked and cold at night, were now slowly drying and warming up. Where was the water that had risen up to their chests on the descent where the horsemen had gathered just a little while ago, the water that had swallowed fourteen braves of the Sky Turk army, where was it now? It was as if the soil of the Turkish hands, the soil that melted everything in its bindings, the soil of the steppes that had been fed with blood for centuries, had suddenly drunk this water. A thin mist was rising from the earth, large birds were flying high above.

With a new command, Isbara Alp started to lead his gang towards the place where they had stayed last night. They had just crossed the plain when they saw a horseman coming towards them at full rein. A rider on a grey horse stopped thirty paces in front of them and shouted:

— Who is Captain Isbara Alp?

Isbara Alp rode a horse and :

— It's me! Who are you? What do you want?

The rider jumped to the ground, kneeled down and saluted the captain:

— I'm Bagatur Shad's horse .
.he ordered you to return to his army . There will be no raids to China, Chuluk Khan was crying and had arrived in flight.(1).

The horseman got on his horse in one leap. He started to ride his horse like lightning on the smoky steppe. Nothing was heard on the steppe except the horseman's distant hoofbeats. There was a death silence among Isbara Alp's men. They were frozen. No one said a word, no one could breathe.

(1) To fly: ParadiseIn the ancient Turks, a person who was respected was called "Uçmağa vardı" or "uçavardı" instead of "died".

they were afraid. Isbara Alp raised his head to the sky. He looked for the ominous black cloud of last night. He thought about the arrow he shot into the cloud. He passed the previous gale, storm and hail before his eyes: "God took our great kagan and turned away from us". Then he gave an order to his yellowed but silent troops who were looking at him:

— Come after me soon! We must arrive early!

On the steppe 86 horsemen were flying. Captain Isbara Alp, who was under the command of Chuluk Khan's lair (l) Bagatur Shad, was going to his army. As the minutes passed, the horsemen
the speed was increasing, eyebrows were furrowed. The manes of the horses her long auburn hair waving in the air.

(1) Ini: Younger brother



- Wolf Rock! Untie his hand!

n

Bagatur Shad

With the messengers sent out on all four sides, all the cheris had gathered in Bagatur Sh'ad's army. Now they were going back. There would be a migration to Chuluk Khan's own army and from there to the homeland. Yinni thousand horsemen were travelling slowly towards the north. Captain Isbara Alp with his 85 troops was part of this group.
in the centre of the army. The whole army was speechless. Because they had learnt that Chuluk Khan had been killed by I-çing Katun.

Corporal Yarntar and Corporal Pars were behind his knee. They were talking in a slow voice. Pars was saying:

you see what Chinese Katun did? When she realised we were going to tear China apart, she cried for the Khan.

Yamtar replied:

— I don't understand. Doesn't this Katun want his family to be kings in China again? Chuluk Khan was going to do what he wanted by beating up the Chinese. Then why did he make the Khan cry? I think there must be other reasons.
Need.

-. What else could be the cause?

— I don't know what will happen. Of course this woman will be questioned, then we'll know what the reason is.

— This woman must die. Of course they'd choke her with a bowstring.

— Whosoever cried the Kagan cannot be killed with a bowstring. He must be beheaded with a sword or pierced in the chest with an arrow 1 .<>

— Did you see the Chinese henchmen looking at Bagatur Shad's tent? They don't want to show it, but they're hiding inside.

— Bagatur Shad, this wife who was crying for his lord Chuluk Khan he won't leave alive.

- These Chinese wives are always barren anyway. The noblest can give birth to five. Cows have calves. Mares give birth to foals. A bitchy mutt produces offspring. The Chinese's female is useless. Moreover, she makes our Khan sick.

— Is it only the female that's useless? What good the male?

— The men at least plough fields and weave cloth. When we raid, he prepares goods for us to plunder.

At dusk the army halted. It was summer, so they had no tents. The storm the night before had cost them dearly, but now they knew it would never come again. God had taken his anger out on Chuluk Khan. It was beautiful tonight. The cool wind was blowing, thin clouds were travelling in the sky, sounds were coming from the forest next door. Tonight, horses were not trotted, compasses were not sharpened. Tonight the kisins

> There was no drinking, no fried meat, no dried meat. Tonight everything negotiated from within. Tonight, orders were not given harshly, words were not spoken sharply.

The moon set after half past midnight. Karangu 3<> night has fallen. Darkness has descended on the hearts. Few of the soldiers

(1) In the Turks, the bewitched were executed by strangulation with a bowstring.
(2) Kurut: A kind of Turkish cheese. It is very nutritious.
(3) Karangu Too dark

sleeping, most of them thinking. It is not known what a Turk is thinking about. Suddenly, a sound woke up the sleeping and thinking soldiers. It was the sound of a kopuz. Those who were lying on the grass stood up, those who were sitting stood up. The sound grew louder. One by one pikemen walked towards the sound. Corporal Pars, looking at Corporal Yaıntar:

-It will be the Black Bard, he has gone wild again, he said. Yaıntar responded:

- He's on fire. He's gonna rock us, too!

The two corporals walked with heavy steps. Many soldiers, who could not recognise each other in the darkness, were going towards the sound. There were corporals and captains among them. There even majors and divisional captains among them. There were also tarkans, emirs, tigins among them. Even Bagatur Shad was among them. Those who heard the sound were getting up and walking.

The Black Bard was sitting cross-legged on the ground, playing his kopuz. He was so engrossed that he did not realise that a crowd was gathering around him. A very young charioteer was sitting in front of him, looking at Kara Ozan. Kara Ozan first played, then he became more enthusiastic and started to sing. He was singing and playing. Not a sound was heard around him. It was as if the hearts of these hundreds of soldiers and elders were trembling in the strings of Kara Ozan's kopuz. Kara Ozan's bright voice was descending to the steppe and hearts like an avalanche. Kara Oas singing an idiom (1):

Is Chuluk Khan dead? the
Turks left without a head?
Did cowardly China laugh?
It breaks their hearts

(1)() Saying: Poem.

Who set a trap for us? God
is far from the Turks!
Kaghan is the adornment of
the land,[1] *Their hearts are*
shattered

Chuluk Khan was
valiant, now he's gone.
Who did this to us?
Their hearts will break

Our star is extinguished,
The oilers rejoice, The
kagan is lamented, Their
hearts are shattered

The army recognised the melody in the Black Bard's saying 2<> . They sang the stanzas in a loud voice and wept. These warriors, each of whom had seen bloody days of war and had escaped death in a few ways, 15
These thousands of people, from 60-year-old children to 60-year-old husbands, with trembling voices:

- It shatters hearts!...

As he moaned, the steppe howled as if thousands of Bozkurt were howling, and the B ozkurt in the opposite forest responded to these compatriots with their own voices. The Black Bard was singing:

Now this is your budun,
Kagan, you made us one,
you did this, Katun! Hearts
are shattered.

Katun, hang you,
He must tread his own
homeland, He must cut
down a hundred thousand
Chinese, His heart will be
shattered.

(1) Bezek SUs
(2) Melody Composition, music

Now my heart is in distress[1] *He is separated from his khan, China/i Katun is crooked, Hearts are shattered.*

Sayrıya em[2] *do not say there is, Our wound does not come. Black Bard inierne, Hearts are shattered...*

While the Black Bard was playing the kopuz and reciting his melody, suddenly a voice cried out in the darkness:

-Ozan cut! You're breaking hearts!...

Everybody turned round to see who was shouting. Nothing could be seen in the darkness... Then the Black Bard realised the mass surrounding him on all four sides. He slowly got up. He disappeared among the fat.

It was dawn. As the steppe was dawning, it seemed to take the darkness from the hearts. Bagatur Shad had not slept all night. Chirili servants also had to stay awake. Two of these servants had retreated to a shore and were talking in Chinese. One of them:

- It's a good thing that Chuluk Khan is dead. Otherwise would have turned China upside down. The other one:

-He should make a statue of this I-ing Katun and put it in the temples.

Then they began to discuss who would be the new Khan. One of them said:

—The sons of Chuluk Khan are two: Yasar Shad and Shu Tigin. Shu Tigin is only eighteen years old, a child. Yasar Shad is twenty-two years old, but colour is yellow, pale and dull. Of course, since he is the eldest son, he will be the Khan. O

(1) Sick Hasta
(2) Em: Medicine

When he becomes a khan, it will be daybreak for China. Because he is not a soldier who can fight.

While the Chinese servants were chattering like this, they did not realise that there was someone listening to them. In the twilight darkness, it was not clear who this soldier, who was apparently lying there to listen, was. While he was listening to the Chinese, about to sit up and move his sword. Then he must have given up and slowly withdrew from there. The Chinese were still talking.

Meanwhile, two horsemen approached slowly from a distance. They stopped two hundred paces ahead. One of them gestured to the other, pointing to the Chinese. In the darkness, from two hundred paces away, these two Chinese could only be seen as a circle. The second rider drew two arrows from his quiver. With incredible quickness he shot both of them and knocked down the two Then the two horsemen rode away. These things happened so quickly that no one saw them.

When it was light, they found the dead Chinese. Bagatur Shad frowned when he saw that two of his horse servants were killed. The cannon trumpet sounded, Bagatur Shad's tunic was raised and Shad got on the horse. The messengers he sent out shouted asking if anyone had seen who had killed two of his servants. In a few minutes 20,000 people learnt that Bagatur Shad's two horse servants had been killed. When the messengers shouted and returned to their places, Isbara Alp galloped his horse and came in front of Bagatur Shad. He jumped from his horse and bowed his knee to the ground. Bagatur Shad asked:

— Captain Ishbara Alp! Do you know who killed two horse servants?

— I know, Shad.

— Tell me who it is.

— Ben!

Bagatur Shad's face changed:

— Why did you do that?

Isbara Alp spoke heavy, full and cold:

— They were rejoicing that Chuluk Khan was dead.

B agatur Shad bowed his head. He thought for a while. Then he asked Isbara Alp:

— How do you know they're happy? Do you speak Chinese?

— I don't speak Chinese. The horse Çalık knows it. He learnt it after being a prisoner in China for three years. He told me what they spoke.

— Isbara Alp! Do you know how this ends?

— To become a major for destroying those who cursed Chuluk Khan, and to get a few strokes of the cane for killing your men.

Those who listened to the conversation between B ağatur Ş ad and Işbara Alp were so attentive to these two that they did not see a very young horseman approaching slowly and listening to these conversations with close attention. B agatur Shad spoke again.

He :

— Isbara Alp! You're burning. anyone order you to kill Chinese horse servants without asking me?

Isbara Alp did not respond to this interrogation, but was interrupted by the young rider, who slowly crept over and listened to the conversation:

— Maybe it was B agatur Sh ad

Bagatur Shad, Isbara Alp, elders and gangs turned their heads. It was Shu Tigin, the younger son of Chuluk Khan, who spoke these words. There was an immediate revival there. The beys and gangs greeted Tigin by kneeling down. B agatur Shad got off his horse and walked towards Tigin. He also dismounted in one leap and moved towards Shad. B agatur Shad smiled:

-He said, -Welcome, nephew!

Everyone thought that it was Shu Tigin who ordered Isbara Alp to kill the Chinese. Shu Tigin, who came to Bagatur Shad from Chuluk Khan's army, first looked around. He looked at Isbara Alp, looked at the likes. At one point, his eyes fell on Bagatur Shad's Chinese servants. His gaze was hard. Although he was only eighteen years old, he was a big, strong and valiant man. Then he turned towards Bagatur Shad:

–Shad, . The Kurultai chose you, you became the Khan, he said.

This word fell like lightning. It was not clear whether they were happy, dismayed or surprised. Bagatur Shad's face suddenly became serious. A few of those with him seemed to smile vaguely. Shu Tigin and Isbara Alp exchanged glances as if they wanted to read each other's hearts through their eyes. Then another command of Şu Tigin stirred the atmosphere:

-Let the drums ring, Bagatur Shad has become the khan!

These words spread through the whole army by word of mouth. In a few minutes twenty thousand horsemen learnt that Bagatur Shad had been elected khan.

m

Black Khan

Ten days later, the kaganate of 1<> B agatur Shad was celebrated in Ötüken. Bagatur Shad was now called Kara Kagan 2<> . His great otakh was decorated and a decorated throne was set up. Drums were beating, trumpets were blowing, kisins were offered. Kara Kagan's makeshift ottoman was so big that it could hold hundreds of people. The kagan sat on the throne on the left, which was the blessed direction. A katun was sitting on his right. A little below the throne on the left and on the right stood shads, tigins, emirs, tarkans. Farther away, alps, majors, captains, corporals, corporals were lined up, and were constantly carrying koumiss.

Yasar Shad, the eldest son of Chuluk Khan, was named Tulu Khan by Kara Khan, and Shu Tigin was called Kur Shad. However, Tulu Khan's pale face showed traces of eternal distress. Because the Katun sitting next to his brother 3<> Kara Qaghan was his own stepmother I-çing Katun, who was the mother of his father Chuluk Qaghan. Kara Kagan, instead of questioning this woman, who had abused his brother, had married her for some reason no one could understand.

(1) Ötüken is a place in today's Mongolia. It used to be the centre of the eastern Turks.

(2) When ascending the throne, Turkish monarchs give up their old name and adopt a new one.
they would take a name. The title of a Turk growing in rank could change.

(3) Eçi: Uncle also means "big brother"

Not far away from the otaku, Corporal Pars approached Corporal Yarntar as he was drinking who knows how many cups of koumiss:

— Yamtar said, what do you think about

these things? Yamtar replied:

— That's what I was going to ask you. What do you reckon?

— The Kurultai did not elect Yasar Tigin as Kagan because he was an anktır< [1]> . The likes did not like Yasar Tigin's behaviour either.

— We understand this, but why did Kara Kagan marry the katun who had married his Agha?

— I have heard that in the Turkish tradition, when an agha dies, his wife takes his lair.

— In the Turkic genre, the one who cries out against the Khan shall be left unpunished.
Is it?

The corporals were interrupted. A Chinese servant he was offering. Yamtar looked the Chinaman up and down:

— "You Chinese! Don't you think there is also sludge in this vodka you are offering?" he said. Then, while giving back the pine cup he had emptied to the Chinaman who was looking at him with a stern look, he added: "I drank twenty çamchak, I must die twenty times. A road is not like dying!"...

The Chinese servant walked away. Pars nudged Yamtar and said slowly:

— "Look, look! Take a good look! Chuluk: How hard the kagan's sons look at Katun!". Yamtar turned his head to the hut:

— Kara Kagan well. Chuluk: He made Yasar Tigin, the eldest son of Kagan, Tulu Khan. He will send him as a khan to the east against Tunguz and Ta tarlans.

1 Ank: Weak, skinny.

— So he can get rid of her?

— Who knows.

— And the little boy?

— He's younger. Besides, the Khan has also taken care of him. Kür Shad made him.

— So why is our Captain in this again?

— I don't know much, but a new daughter was born yesterday. The captain's had four children so far, all girls. Maybe that's it is.

Upon these words of Yamtar, Corporal Pars suddenly became calm and silent,

Although these thousands of people gathered in front of the New Khagan's otaku drank a lot of koumiss and drank <1>, there was a great silence.
in the midst of it all. Even those who were the farthest away from the Khan spoke in a slow voice. Only the sounds of drums, trumpets and cymbals filled Ötüken. Entertainment was to be held until dark. Today wrestlers will wrestle, bahadans
fighters would fight, marksmen would shoot arrows, riders ride.

On the Kagan's signal, the drums and pipes stopped. The Khan turned to the elders on his left and said to Tunga Tigin:

— Tunga Tigin! Today you will play swordplay! Let's see there are any other brave men besides you. If there is a man equal to you among all these alps, I will honour him. If you defeat them all, I will give you nine of the best horsemen I will choose with my own hand.

Tunga Tigin knelt on the ground and said, "Your Khan is in command". Black Khan looked across this time. He smiled.
He cried out:

(1) "To yawn" or "to urinate": Getting drunk

— If anyone wants to compete with Tunga Tigin, the undefeated brave of Ötüken, the unbendable bahadın of the Bozkurt family, the supreme leader of the Sky Turks, let him come here!

For a moment there was not a sound. It obvious that they could not spare Tunga Tigin. Then four people came out from four places and walked towards the Khan. When they approached the otaku, they knelt down and introduced themselves:

— I am Apa Tarkan, Chuluk Khan's comrade in war and his wife in knowledge!

— I am Ash Chur whose sword is sharper than a penknife, who is dominant in battle, who uproots trees!

— I am B inbaşı Makaraç Alp who has raided China forty times, whose three brothers died in battle, four brothers died in labour, ancestors died in fight, and grandfathers died in battle!

— I am Captain Isbara Alp!

When I-çing Katun saw that Isbara Alp had introduced himself very briefly, she bowed to the Black Khan: "Why doesn't this Alp introduce himself longer?" she asked. The Khan turned to Isbara Alp:

— "Great Katun wants you to make a long introduction like the other soldiers" he said.

Isbara Alp knelt on the ground and got up. Then he turned to Katun and introduced himself as follows:

— I am Captain Isbara Alp, whose arrow was unerring, who did not fall off his horse, who carried ten divisions of goods when he raided China, who knocked down two Chinese who rejoiced at the death of Chuluk Khan with two arrows!

These words came down like lightning. Kür Ş ad and Tulu Khan looked at Katun. Katun was blushing, warming her lips, trying to restrain herself. There was no change in Kara Kagan's face. He turned to Tunga Tigin: "Which one of these warriors do you wish to compete with?" he asked. Tunga Tigin bowed his head and . He said, "You're in charge!" Kara

The Khan swept his sharp gaze over the four soldiers. The air was getting faint. he said slowly:

— Tunga Tigin will fight with Isbara Alp! .

At the same time, in the distance, Corporal Pars put a hand on Corporal Yamtar's shoulder:

— He said, "Don't be afraid to do anything to our captain.

Tunga Tigin advanced and stood before Isbara Alp.
He was wearing a beautiful new breastplate of armour. A silver moon was shining on his tulga. Isbara was taller and bigger than Alp. His slanted green eyes looked sweet and hard. "Are you ready?" asked the Khan. Then he clapped his hands three times. Two valiant men, who were ten steps away from each other, attacked each other with swords drawn like swords. All eyes were turned towards them. Behind the backs, the kalars were riding horses and looking around. The two braves were wielding swords with great skill. They either deflected the swords with their own swords or stopped them with their shields.

Nothing was heard but the clash of swords. Katun had been established[1]. He wanted Isbara Alp to be defeated, even he wanted him to die. Tulu Khan and Kür Ş ad wanted their relative Tunga Tigin to win, but they could not be satisfied with the defeat of Isbara Alp. The corporals under the command of Isbara Alp were looking at this battle without blinking an eye, while the Khan remained dull. In the centre, the battle was getting faster and fiercer, two braves, leaping with nimble steps, were fighting back and forth on the field in front of Kagan.

At one point they both turned to their right, took back the shields they had been holding in their left hands, and engaged in a terrible, yet beautiful and sweet swordplay, in which both of them were so close to each other that one of them was able to get a sword in his hand and the other in his hand.
step by step, swords clashing in the air without retreating.

(1) He was excited.

They were making this hard landing towards each other's tulgal, but the other one immediately dodged it, so it was as if the two valiant men were turning swords in the air. Kür Shad was watching this game with his eyes wide open. This fight was truly unsatisfying. Black Khan had chosen the two braves to fight well. Suddenly both of them took a step and approached each other. Their swords were stuck together. They met eye to eye. Tunga Tigin:

— "Isbara Alp! I am proud that I fought with you." The captain said: "Thank youTigin." Then both of them took a step back and brought their shields forward, and the fight went on again with the same speed. None of them showed fatigue yet, and I-çing Katun was getting angry. Bowing to the Khan:

— "Won't he grow up now?" he asked, and the Khan answered without turning his head:

— "Isn't it a pity to lose such good fighters so quickly? Take a good look! You will never see such a good fight again in your lifetime. There are no such things in China!". Katun was silent. He turned his head again. Just at this moment, Tunga Tigin made an unbearable attack, swung three swords at Isbara Alp one after the other, Isbara Alp met these swords with his shield, but the shield could not withstand these fierce blows and broke in two and fell to the ground. Katun's eyes lit up at once. Isbara Alp's corporals bit their lips. Kür Ş ad's eyes opened with curiosity. The Khan smiled. Isbara Alp immediately turned to his right and took cover with his sword. While they were waiting for a new and last word from Kes Tunga Tigin, they saw him throwing his shield to the ground and shouting "Behave, Isbara Alp!". The swordplay that had just begun, the one that made everyone faint, had begun again. The two valiant men started to make great pokes as well. This time the swords occasionally found the target, but the tulgas and armour withstood it. Now Isbara Alp began to fall back. Tunga Tigin was attacking incessantly, Isbara Alp was guarding his neck. Someone is advancing,

the other one was tensing up. Isbara Alp seemed a little tired. He finally came to the front of the audience. He realised that one more step back and he would be defeated. After blocking Tunga Tigin's last kick, he threw a mighty kick. Tunga Tigin was only saved by taking a step back. The captain's second attack was even more ferocious. His sword found Tunga Tigin's tulga with an unbearable descent, and the tulga fell to the ground with its ties broken. Blood was coming from Tunga Tigin's boom. Katun's eyes when she saw this. Here Isbara Alp was winning the game. One more sword stroke could have killed Tunga Tigin, whose head remained open. But Katun was wrong. Isbara Alp took a step back. In one move, he took off his tulga from his head, threw it on the ground and attacked, "Davran Tunga Tigin!" It was as if the battle had just begun. They were fighting so fast and hard. Their long hair was flying, thin lines were appearing on their faces and foreheads, and blood was oozing from these lines.

Four of the Chinese servants the Kagan were behind the otaku. They could not see the swordplay going on in front of the otaku, they were looking for a way to see it. One of these four servants was a captive Chinese officer. He was more eager to see than any of them and was going back and forth. One of the Chinese said to his friends:

— don't we lift the skirt of the camp here and look? We can see it because the front is always straight and the fighters are fighting on the ground.

This offer was accepted. The four Chinese all lay down on the ground. After a few efforts, they lifted a place from the foot of the otaku and could see the fight a few hundred paces ahead. The old Chinese officer was criticising the fighters and teaching his companions:

— We came for nothing. They're both novices. They don't know anything. How can be so daft? When the other's tulga falls off your own tulga off your head.

The Turks call it bravery, but it's just plain dodgy. If I had that sword, I'd show you.

The battle had become so prolonged and heated that the hearts of all the spectators began to beat like drums. Those who could not see the battle used a thousand different ways. A few people brought a cart and put a horse on it, and they themselves got on the horse. A few people stood on a camel and looked at the battle. Çalık, the horse servant, was going back and forth and could not find a hole to see the sword play. However, he was running, going, coming and finding a place without getting tired and weary. While he was looking for a place, he did not realise that he had reached the back of the otaku. When he got there and saw four people lying on the ground and looking somewhere, he realised that they were watching the battle. He walked on. Before he realised that they were Chinese, he also lay down.

Hooray! The door of the camp wide open, so you could see the fight from here. They were a bit far away, but they could see what was happening... And the Chinese were so determined
They couldn't tell if someone new had come to them or one of them had been replaced. The fight went on and on. On Isbara Alp's forehead and Tunga Tigin's temple
and there were wounds. None of them could be seen through the other thin wounds.

One of the grasses asked the ex-officer: "Are these guys mad? They are still fighting! " Hearing these words spoken in Chinese, the bushman's face changed... But the flavour of the fight he was watching kept him from getting involved. The former Chinese officer replied:

— These Turks are a bad lot. They fight like wild boars, but they're not skilful. If it were me, I'd have knocked out that arsehole Isbara Alp by now!

Calık jumped up as if he had been bitten by a snake. He kicked the former Chinese officer in the back and shouted:



The two braves attacked each other, drawing swords like lightning.

— You son of a ! What did you say? Say it again!

Four Chinese suddenly up. They could not understand where this Turk, who understood Chinese, had come from, and they were astonished. When the Chinese realised that the situation was getting complicated, he wanted to be cunning:

— Look at me! I can see you are a commoner. We are the Black Khan's horse servants. Come on, get out of here! He said.

— You are still a Chinese even if you are not the Black Khan's horse servant but his brother-in-law! How can you curse the Sky Turks and speak ill of the great Isbara Alp?

The Chinese was surprised. However, he was not afraid because there were four of them. Only when his eyes fell on the bushman's sword, he felt sick:

— Bully! You trust me because I have an arse. If I had an arse, I wouldn't have made you say those words.

In a crazy behaviour, he took out his sword with his sword strap and put it on the ground.
He threw it:

— Come on, I'm arseless too, but I'm a cunt.
I don't. He said, "We'll make a job for Ereesine" and attacked the Chinese.

While a fight was going on in front of the arena, which was seen by thousands of eyes, another fight started behind the arena, which was not seen by anyone except Tan. Five people were struggling and fighting one on top of the other. The Chinese did not want to fight. But this rampaging mob had forced them to fight, and the arrow was out of the bow. Çalık was beating the former Chinese officer as if he was the only one against him, and the other three Chinese were punching Çalık.

Tunga Tingin and Isbara Alp were tired. But none of them could turn away. I-ching Katun could no longer stand still. He was looking at others rather than the fighters. At one point, for some reason, he turned his head back and looked inside the tent. His eyes widened in surprise. At the same time

Tulu Khan, who had one eye on I-çing Katun, saw his astonishment and looked at the aıXe of the otakah. Something was happening here. The skirt of the otaku was lifted from one place, and its top was shaking from time to time. When Tulu Khan saw this, a wolf fell inside him. He thought that something unseemly was going on and I-çing Katun was doing it. He bowed to Kür Shad:

— There's something unseemly going on behind the threshold. Go and understand without letting anyone know, he said. Kür Shad left after standing a little longer. Passing through the spectators who gave way to him, he came behind the otaku. There was not an unseemly business going on here, but a handsome one: A Chinaman, covered in blood, had rolled over and was struggling to recover, and three Chinese horse servants were fighting with a pikeman. Kür Shad found this fight more worth watching than the other one. He did not approach, in case they would stop the fight if he got close. Because the end of the fight was approaching. The Chinese were getting a good beating. At one point, one of the Chinese who rolled on the ground caught the sword of Çalık. He took the sword by crawling like a snake. He took it out of his sleeve and walked up to hit the head of the Turkish soldier who was fighting with them. Kür Ş ad saw all this. When he saw that he was being deceived, he realised that the time had come to interfere. He put an arrow on his bow and travelled. He shot the arrow while the Chinese was lowering the sword. The arrow pierced the Chinese's hand and the Chinese made a fuss. This arrow and the shout of the Chinese stopped the fight. Çalık saluted Kür Shad when he saw him. The Chinese also wanted to greet him by kneeling down in Turkish custom. But they were so tired and so clumsy that they made ridiculous movements as if falling to the ground. The Chinese, the former officer, who had been beaten, was about to complain to Kür Şad. Kür Shad interrupted him:

— You guys don't know how to fight. Private fighting is one on one. Let's say that four of you came together because you are worth one man. But why do you draw a sword on a soldier without a sword? It seems that this soldier has taken out his sword to fight you. What is the need to be a bitch by drawing his sword on him?

Then he turned to the bush and asked:

— Who are you?

The crocodile

answered:

— They call me Çalık. I'm Captain Isbara Alp's horse servant.

Kür Shad turned back when he heard the name of Isbara Alp. He went to see the fight which he had left on the side. The Chinese also looked to get away immediately. Because Çalık had put on his sword and was ready for the fight again. But Çalık was no longer looking at them, he went after Kür Şad to look for a place to watch the fight. When Kür Shad came to his old place, he briefly told Tulu Khan what happened. Then he knelt down in front of the Black Khan and said:

— Khan! These two men are equal. Order them to separate. Otherwise we won't be able to do the other games.

The Khan responded by fixing his eyes on the fighters:

— You're right, Kur Shad, separate them!

Kür Shad drew his sword and came between the two. By separating their swords with his sword:

— The Khan has commanded. The war is over. You are equal.

He said. The two soldiers saluted the Khan. The Khan looked at Isbara Alp:

— Isbara Alp! You are equal to Tunga Tiğin, the invincible leader of the Sky Turks. I'm making you a major.

He said. There was not a sound. At this word, Ishbara Alp's corporals smiled.

Kür Ş ad was also happy. Because Isbara Alp was their distant relative.

Now the wrestling began. The loud-voiced messenger shouted:

— Whoever is numbered to wrestle, come!

Eight soldiers from eight places came out at once and walked towards the otbah. They greeted the Khan and introduced themselves:

— I am Inal Tarkan, the buğra of Ötüken, with a solid iron wrist, a black lion's heart, whose back is not touched by the ground, who bows down to no one!

— I am the son of Tinesi, who is virtuous when there is peace, helpful when he sees the poor, overthrows the wheat when he strikes, and throws trees to the sky!

— I am the mother of strong men, the Black Khan's cavalry, the great Karluk beğ. My name is called Moon Born!

— I am Alp Bamsı the lion of the Kyrgyz, the captain of Gökmen Eli, riding a horse in a blizzard, standing upright when the earth quakes, splitting stones with a sword!

— I am Tudun the Wise, the mighty of the Nine Oghuz, the avenger of seventy fats, the wish of seven girls, the messenger of Selenge, the one who raced with the black bow, fought with the brown bear, and wrestled with the nine alps!

— I am Corporal Yamtar, the comrade of Isbara Alp, the brother of fourteen privates, leaning against the solid rock, soaking in the crazy water, carrying twenty privates!

— I am Salçı Beğ, the falcon of Basmıl Eli, the patchwork of great men, the one who sheds blood with a flick, the one who collapses the mountain when he shouts, the rock of rocks, the saddle of invincible power (1)!

— I am Chalig, son of Gumus, who would not cry even if he was bayoneted, who would not get tired even if he drank koumiss, who would not breathe even if he played the trumpet, whose chest was pierced with a sword, who cut twenty oils, who flattened four Chinese!

If I-ing had heard Chahk's words, she would have been angry again. But she did not hear it, she was looking at Tudun the Wise. The wish of seven girls, the Nine Oghuz lord was the most handsome man I-çing Katun had ever seen.

(1) Eye: Owner

At this time, there was a in the back. One of Kara Kagan's favourites came forward and stood in front of the Kagan. He bowed and said something. The Khan turned to Katun and talked to her for a while. I-çing Katun's face was smiling. The kagan gave an order to his favourite. He quickly turned back, split the people and went back to where he had come from. After a little while he came back the same way with a few Chinese behind him. One of them was walking in front of the others, and it was clear from his sword that he was a Chinese lord. When the Chinese chief came in front of the Kagan, he knelt down and greeted him. Then he greeted Katun. Katun got up from her seat, took him by the hand and lifted him up. She made him sit next to her. The Black Khan did not move at all, not even a line on his face changed.

A little later, messengers reported that the wrestling had been postponed until tomorrow because the Black Khan's honoured guest, Shen-king, the brother of Iing Katun, had arrived.

At night, two inseparable comrades, Corporal Pars and Corporal Yarntar, were sitting and talking. When the talk turned to the wrestling that day, Yarntar said.

— The wrestling was postponed until tomorrow because the Chinese duke has arrived. Will the Chinese duke wrestle too? Is this done so he'll listen? If he wrestles, I want to fight him.

— Chinese elites do not wrestle. Wrestling was left so that Katun could talk to her brother and be a dilmaç (I) to the Kagan. Because the Chinese lord Shen-king fled from China. Kagan, China He wants to learn their business from him. But God forbid that they should lead the Khan to evil ways.

— There were three other men with the Chinese leader. Are they horse servants?

(1) Interpreter Translator

— They are Chinese officers who are the comrades of the Chinese leader. Chinese people look like snakes, but I don't like the face of the Chinese leader.

— Then take a good look at the herit's face. You'll lose your appetite and eat less. When we have fewer sheep and fewer cases, the best way is to eat less. I have 20 sheep left. Two of your mares were ravaged by wolves. I had a cow, it rolled down the hill. If there is no raid soon, we are finished! .

IV

sniper of ötüken

The next day there was arrow shooting in the afternoon. Before noon, the wrestling was over, Inal Tarkan and Bilge Tudun, the Nine Oghuz chief, defeated all the other wrestlers and fought against each other, but they could not win and remained equal. Corporal Yamtar defeated Kyrgyz wrestler Alp Bamsı in the first wrestling match, but lost to Bilge Tudun in the second wrestling match. Bilge Tudun was a very good wrestler, but Corporal Yamtar's quick defeat to him annoyed Corporal Pars. He asked Yamtar after the fight:

— Even if you can't defeat him, he won't be defeated so quickly. What happened to you? Are you in pain? Are you separated?

— I don't have a cold. I have no aches and pains. If a person does not eat three days' rations[1] all at once before going out to fight or wrestle, is there any strength left in his arm? At sunrise I drank only one pint of koumiss.
So much for wrestling with an empty gut. Then the Nine Oghuzes strong-armed both in battle and fight. I was afraid that the Nine Oghuz chief would not defeat Inal Tarkan 2[<>] , our prince of Ötüken.

At this time, drums beating and pipes started to blow. The singing was beginning. As everyone was marching to take their places, a loud messenger shouted:

1 Rations Provisions
2 Buğra Male camel

— The men of Ötüken will shoot arrows. The< 1> numbered soldiers of so many nations looking after the Sky Turk Khan will shoot arrows. Sky Turk soldiers Tölis, Tardush warriors, Nine Oghuz braves, Karluk braves, Kyrgyz, Bayırkular, Kunkan, Bas inil, Kıtay, Tabatı, Thirty Tatars, all Tigins; Shads, Yabgular, Ilteber, beğs, emirs, tarkans, warriors will shoot arrows! The great guest of the Black Khan, the famous Chinese lord Shen-king will also shoot arrows! Everyone to their places!....

A very short time passed. The whole field was filled with thousands of çeris and bahadis. There was a hum in the centre. As usual, the Kagan's otaku was far away from this buzzing and no sound was heard from its surroundings. When the gathering of the soldiers was over, the Black Khan appeared with Katun on his right and the visiting Chinese lord Shen-king on his left. At that moment the whole place fell silent and everyone knelt down. After a while, the kings lined up to the left and right of the Khan. After the places were taken, the loud voice of the messenger filled the centre:

— The Great Khan summons the men of Ötüken for a trial! He who trusts in the strength of his arm and the sharpness of his eye, to the battlefield!

On this day, the width in the centre was bigger than every day. The chariots had made the ring a little wider. To the left of where the Khan was sitting, the travelling board was rising, and the circles painted black on it could be seen very well. The number of these circles was four. The first shooting would start with hitting these four rounds in order from top to bottom, and those who failed to do so would withdraw from the field.

To the right of the Khan, the shooters gathered immediately after the command. Only the spectators who were far away, to the left of the Khan, would not be able to see how the okiar landed on the tripod. The messenger would shout to them, but it would not be as sweet as seeing with the eye.

(1) Budun: People, nation

As the guest was blessed by the Turkic race, the Khan invited Shen-King, who had wished to attend these trials, to shoot the first arrow. Chinese beğ got up from his place. He went to the square on foot through the babadars who led the way for him. There was a swagger in his swagger, a confidence in his arm and marksmanship. He stopped when he reached his place. He took the bow and arrow that a soldier handed to him. He placed the arrow and stretched the bow and travelled. There was not a sound in the neighbourhood. Even those who were the farthest away could hear the sound of the arrow whizzing by. The first arrow reached the board. But it did not find the top round. It stuck a little off it and stayed there. As the messenger shouted that the arrow was four fingers away from the round, it seemed as if the atmosphere became a little quieter. Eyes watched for the second arrow. Sen king was not taking any notice. This seemed natural to him. Secondly, he took the arrow the soldier handed him. He placed it on the bow and threw it. The arrow hit the wood again, but not the second round, but the third. There was no noise again. Only the Chinese king shook a little. The third arrow touched the first round a canoe above the first. Kür Shad, who had been observing what was going on among the men who were not moving or breathing until that moment without making a sound, jumped up from his place. He asked to rest in front of the Khan:

-Why is the Chinese guest making fun of us?

This question was asked in front of Katun and the Khan had a proper answer. But even before he opened his mouth, a laughter broke out among the soldiers. Especially in the rear, the soldiers were fluctuating and the humming was increasing. Kür Shad quickly turned round. But when he saw the situation, a faint smile spread on his lips. He looked at Kagan. I think he was smiling slowly too.

Corporal Sançar was the cause of this outburst. The young corporal laughed almost once a year, and then only in unexpected situations. The corporal's imposing face always sullen and thoughtful, and he was not interested in anything other than his soldiers and compasses. Today, he approached the field with a sullen face again.

He waited, not getting off his horse because he had fallen behind. He watched with a trembling heart as the king came out and stretched his bow. I wonder how skilful a marksman was this foreigner? Corporal Sanchar was very keen to find out. The fact that the first arrow did not find its target did not change the corporal's situation at all. He only took a large breath, which showed that the scepticism in his chest had diminished. He also observed the flight of the second and third arrows. However, when Kür Şad mistook this inexperience for mockery and asked the Khan about it, and the fourth arrow went through the outside of the travelling board and blew off a Turkish gangster's cap, the Corporal let himself go. He was laughing like he was going to faint with laughter and leaning to the left from his horse. For a moment those around him and those in the distance looked at him with surprised eyes. But soon there were many more laughs that overcame Corporal Sanjar's laughter. A deep hum filled the whole area. Shen-king turned back. This time he passed through the soldiers, who bowed deeply, not in respect, but with their hands on their chests, so as not to join in the laughter. He sat down. Katun had lived among the Turks for a long time and knew what kind of shooters they were. But again she resented her brother's failure in this task and warmed her lips. The confusion did not last long. After one or two thumps of the drum, the voice of the messenger announced that the abşs would continue. The number of soldiers in the centre was about forty. And the 60 arrows shot by forty soldiers travelled unerringly before the astonished eyes of Shen-king and found their mark. This test was made of fifty paces. Only the Chinese lord retreated from the field. This time the soldiers were called to make the same trial by retreating a hundred paces each. The shooting was done in silence and the hits were again high. However, since the one who failed to hit the target even once had to stay out, the number of survivors of this trial only 22. After this, the test had to be more rigorous: Two privates crossed each other and held a long stick at one end. A rope was suspended from the centre of this stick, and an egg was tied to the end of the rope. The two men holding the stick

and the egg would shake. Those taking part in the trial to hit this egg at fifty paces. As the egg was hit, a new one was tied. Now Shen-king was almost unable to stand still. He could not look at the Chinese officers he had brought with him, who had been given front row seats to watch these games, and he looked very angry. Katun in the same situation. Besides, he another grief besides the defeat of his brother. Here was Isbara Alpthe young hero who had shown disrespect to him at every opportunity, who had fought Tunga Tigin and had once again proved his valour to everyone, and who had become a major for this reason, was now showing great imprudence in shooting, stretching his bow shooting his arrow. But this arrow went where it was meant to go without fail, piercing Katun's heart every time along with the wood it pierced. When the king showed the inexperience of a child, Isbara Alp did not laugh like everyone else, and even a smile did not appear on his lips like Kagan and Kur Shad. He only at Katun out of the corner his eyes, then turned his head away with a majestic look. This had angered and angered Katun. But it was necessary to wait for a way. Now he was chasing the shooters with his eyes, begging to God to surprise him whenever Isbara Alp drew an arrow from his quiver. But there were only two people left in the square: Kür Ş ad and Işbara Alp, who shot the swinging and receding eggs with the same cold-bloodedness and ungrudgingness...

As both of the soldiers were equally skilful, another attempt was made. This time they were to hit the eggs in the air before they started to land. Oktar whooshed. The eggs were pierced together. Both braves felt as if they were proud 1<> of it. They tolerated each other's victory with the same heartfelt desire. Then two big boards were brought with sides about one cubit each. Kür Şad and Işbara Alp, with fifty arrows each, wrote the word "Turk" on these boards.

(1) Satisfaction: Satisfaction

to write. Whoever finished writing first would be congratulated as the winner. No-one made a sound. The soldiers seemed to be holding their breath. With the beating sound of the drum

the race began. The two braves drew arrows from their quivers, placed them on the bow and travelledand released the arrow.

It was happening so quickly almost impossible to follow their movements one by one. Seconds passed, words to form on both boards, but it was impossible to recognise

that was going to win. The Shen-king is now

he wasn't sitting. He stood up, his fists clenched, breathless, staring. Çalık was taking the sharp glances of his intelligent eyes from where he was to Işbara Alp, Kür Ş ad, and Şen-king, and even in the most exciting moments when he saw this state of laughing himself.

he couldn't get it. Suddenly there sharp cries. Two

The soldiers, who greeted each winner of the three days of festivities with the same silence and congratulated them only from within their own ranks, had a very short period of time.

They were applauding Kür Ş ad who had won by a landslide, wildly and shouting "Hurray!". His victory, even against Isbara Alp, was the victory of a brave man who would avenge the death of Çuluk Kagan.

It showed that he lived among them and them unable to hide this overflowing joy in their hearts. There was also a triumphant look in the eyes of Isbara Alp who extended his hand to Kür Ş ad. He too was as joyful as if he had won. He was congratulating this superior sniper of Otüken with a joy that softened his stern gaze shining on his stern face, and he was offering him with his own hand the pint of koumiss that was brought by a charioteer on the order of the Kagan.

The day was getting dark. All the fights, runs, games were over. Now the bards had the floor. Kara Bard and Çuçu

They were going to play kopuz and sing songs. The circle surrounding the Kagan's otbah had narrowed. First came the Black Bard.

He greeted the Kagan and made friends. Chuchu came after him. He also greeted the Kagan and sat opposite the Black Bard. Then heavy crying; slowly the kopuzes began to moan.

The whole Turkic community was listening in respectful silence. Kara Ozan was the first to sing:

Ötüken'in erieri
He knows my strength. The spear of my kopuz is no match for my sword.
Black Bard! Is Chuchu the one who fell in love with you?

Chuchu responded to this challenge without flinching:

Is it our blood or water that makes you sing like this? If you say it so fiercely, I'll avenge you with my horn. Is your saying more deadly than my sword?
Is the confusion that overwhelms you as bitter as Aug?

The Black Bard angry:

The dead-end mate of the men of Ötüken in Acunda. Daughters of Ötüken
The fifteenth moon in the sky. The fire of your eyes makes the heart bleed.
That surprise the work of the Chinese/Isian guest...

Shen-king, hearing the words of the Black Bard Chinese from I-ching Katun, jumped up as if he had been stung. But when he saw the stony silence of the Khan and all the Turks, he stopped. Katun was furious. Here is a bard, a great favourite

who was openly his own brother. Bowing to the Khan:

— He said, "Will you let this vulgar person condemn the honourable guest?

The Khan answered with the same stone immobility:

— The word of the bards is blessed, it cannot be interrupted.

The Black Khan spoke so coldly that Katun was afraid to go any further. He had already taken Chuchu now, let's see what he was saying:

What if what China/i
likes to throw is wasted?
China/i this ... If he
throws to the right, the
arrow goes, it falls to the
left. What's the matter,
when God Almighty
doesn't give strength to
the arm.
May the Black Khan have a
son like Kür Shad.

When Kür Shad's name was mentioned, there was an uproar among the people. The Chinese admiral was as if he was ecstatic under these condemnations. When I-ching Katun translated these words to Chinaman and told them to him, he became furious. He was so furious that he involuntarily touched his sword. The Black Bard had seen him put his hand on his sword. Now he was answering with his kopuz:

Don't touch your sword,
it's the age of the saying.
There's a lot of rumours
Our white blood is pine.
Those who sit in a
foreign hand know that
they are fugitives from
home. What you call a
sword is the Turk's
game.

The Chinaman frustrated. Katun looked on with vengeful eyes. But no one paid any attention to them. Now it was time

He came to Chuchu:

The eyes of the girls of
Ötüken make the heart grow
fonder. The sun surrounds
them by day, the moon *by*
night. If China/i challenges,
what's the wonder in that?
When the goat is ecstatic, it
looks for a wolf to fight.

Chinii beg realised that he had fainted, but he could not move. Night had fallen. I-ching Katun did not understand what was being said because he was no longer a mute. But he thought he was being condemned in every word, and he was filled with feelings of revenge. However, now the Black Bard and Çuçu were praising Kür Ş ad. One was singing a verse, the other was replying with another verse:

There lions in *Ötüken. Kür*
Shad is one of them. There
are many brave men.
Kurd Shad is best.

The mother who gave birth
to Kür Şad, what did she
feed him? In favour of
masculinity, greatness
God is inferior to Kür Shad-< >

There are so many çeri in
Acunda, some superior, some
backward
Gok Turk named Kür Şad was
born a soldier.

(1) These two stanzas are taken from Comrade Mengüç Atsıza's poem titled "KUr Shad". Only the first verse has been slightly changed.

His sword draws lightning,
His arrow shoots iron, If death
comes, Kür Shad laughs
Eighteen .

*

Yiğitiiiete is the most
advanced, he will remain alive
for ten thousand years. The
hearts of the Sky Turks are
now Kür Shad's place.

The drums signalled the end of the entertainment. Everyone went to their seats and entered their tents. Shen-king and Katun seemed to be thinking angrily. The Chinese leader sidled up to his brother and said in Chinese:

— I'll show them. I'll show them what it means

they will understand what it means, he said. Katun smiled like an albiz< l):

— Don't be impetuous! There is an age for everything, he retorted.

Then the Chinese chief and three of his officers went to the tents reserved for him.

At night the door of Kür Ş ad's tent opened and Tulu Khan entered:

— Kür Sh ad said. I will leave very early next year. Khan Tatariarta said it was difficult to manage the Tunguz. I arrive very quickly. Do you have anything to say to me?.

Kür Sh'ad stood up. He walked slowly towards Tulu Khan:

(1) Albız: The Devil

— I don't have anything to say to you. Do you have anything to say to me?

Tulu Khan, who gave another meaning to his pale face He was looking deeply Kür Ş ad with his eyes. It was obvious that he had a pain in his heart. Slowly he said the following:

— I am afraid that the Chinese Katun will make the Kagan conform to him. After the Chinese beğ arrives, they will try to deceive the Kagan[1] . My Khan is not as good as I had hoped. I want to tell you to after all the Chinese in our country.

Kür Shad was startled:

— I know that all of Chinaher is the master of 2[2] -. Trust me! Don't forget to send a messenger at once if you have any work.

The two brothers looked at each other. They seemed to have some unspoken words. Then Tulu Khan suddenly said:

— He returned saying goodbye, I am going. Kur Shad:

— He replied, "and good luck!

(1) Aldam.ak: to seduce
(2) Chashit : Spy

V

Envoys of Tüng Yabgu Khan

It was autumn. The Chinese king Shen King was very much respected by the Chinese king because of the fierce face of the Turkic Hands. He both liked disliked this Turkish country. He liked the Turkic Hands because there was clear and clean air, strong and strong girls and strong koumiss. But he did not like the fact that the sun was sharp, the cold was harsh, the people were tough and the girls were steep. If he was in China now, he would have already got a girl he liked. However, even though he was a famous favourite, he could not even befriend a girl here, let alone get one.

Shen-king had a great inner distress. To relieve it, he used to call three Chinese officers, who were his comrades, every day, talk to them, gamble with them, drink koumiss or sodas. On this daynothing amused him anymore. One of the Chinese officers made a compliment to Shen-king:

— I wonder if your majesty could take a ride on horseback and see the beauty of Ötüken, wouldn't it relieve their boredom?

— Can show me a beautiful palace, a beautiful cloth, a beautiful woman in Ötüken?

The Chinese officer laughed evilly:

— I don't want to say anything definite in order not to deceive, but maybe we will be able to see beautiful women, even young girls.



's afraid of the Chinese?

— Beautiful girl, I see as much as you every day, but nothing comes out of seeing …

When Shen-king spoke angrily, his opponent fell silent. Shen-king thought for a while. Then he suddenly asked:

— Or is an object you know about?

— I don't know many objects. But there is a beautiful grove not far from here, near the Orkun River. Turks breed mares there. Every day many young Turkish girls go there and make koumiss.

— Arent there any boys with the girls?

— No, no, no.

— Strange thing! In China, a young girl cannot step out of her house. Aren't these Turkish girls afraid?

Shen-king drank and drank and drank. And this Turkish sake was not at all like the Chinese one. Now he began to find acun beautiful and lovely. His comrade's offer was to be ignored. >After he drank one more drink, he said to his friends:

— Come on, let's go for a ride, he said.

Soon the four Chinese were on their way to the place where the girls were making koumiss on the banks of the Orkun River. Shen-king was in a state of extreme ecstasy. He began to babble to the Chinese officers:

— I know what I'd do if the Suis were in power in China again. .. I-ching Katun is instigating the Black Khan to raid China next summer. The Tangs will fall. Then maybe I'll be the Khan of China. I'll make you all chief kings. Then we'll come and take this place too!

At these last words the three Chinese officers jumped up and looked behind them, to the side. They were travelling on the open

steppe, but

(1) Sagrak: Goblet, glass

they were terrified that someone would hear them. Nevertheless, they enjoyed listening to these words they did not believe.

So they travelled a long way. The cold had broken the Shen-king's ecstasy. Now they had reached the place they wanted. Here there were small caves next to a beautiful grove. These caves were shelter against snow, winter and rain. Many Turkish girls working here. No sound was heard except the occasional neighing of the mares. Approaching here, Shen-king turned to his friends and said:

-Look at them, he said. These girls all a bow and quiver. If they had a sword, they would be soldiers. What do you think, Van-zin-shan, did you know that these girls were such warriors?

Van-zin-shan was the Chinese officer who had recommended this place to the Chinese amir. He answered this question as follows:

- I knew it, my dear. And even if they don't have swords as you say, they have knives, which are half swords.

Shen-king's eyes widened in surprise:

-That's right! I would like to be the chief of such a troop.

The Chinese approached the girls after talking like this.
and Van-zin-shan approached the Chinese leader and said:

they see the girl over there, next to the three bay mares? - She is the most beautiful girl here. I have never seen her smile even once.

- Anyway, these Turkish girls dont know what a smile is...

-Even men...

But Van-zin-shan could not finish. Because he remembered how the Turks had laughed at Shen-king when they shot arrows the day after they arrived in Ötüken. Shen-king slowly rode his horse to the beautiful girl. He made himself tidy and said to the girl:

— He said, "Can you give me some koumiss?

She raised her head and looked at Shen-king's face. The Chinese king almost fell off his horse. He had never seen such a beautiful girl in all his life. Her slanted green eyes shone like light, and her face radiated peace and blood. She was a tall girl. Her long auburn hair was braided in two braids
and it was down to his waist. She had boots on her feet. A long knife was hanging from his belt, and his red dress gave him a terrible beauty. Shen-king pulled himself together and asked again:

— Give me some koumiss, will you?

The girl looked at Shen-king without saying a word. The other girls didn't even look up, they were busy with their work. Van-zin-shan approached the Chinese favourite:

— He said, "She doesn't understand because you say it in Chinese. Shen-king was so enamoured by the beauty of this girl that he distinguish between Turkish and Chinese. Upon Van-zin-shan's recognising him
with the sketchy Turkish she learnt in two or three months.
He asked:

— Give me some koumiss u.��.,:i!')

The girl did not answer again. She only presented a full pine cup to the Chinese favourite. For some reason, Sen-king found the taste of this koumiss very good. After drinking, he gave the pine cup back, showing his three friends:

— He said, "Will you give these to them?

Without another word, the girl handed the three Chinese a pint of koumiss. Shen-king was proud of his success. He took out his pouch and handed her a Chinese gold coin:

- He asked, "Here, is this enough? She didn't take the money:

— He said, "I didn't sell the koumiss.

— And why did you give it to him?

— because you asked to.

— Do know who I am?

— You'll be I-ing Katun's brother.

— How did you know?

— The Chinese in Ötüken speak Turkish. You haven't learnt it yet.

— Yes! Arent you scared here?

— Who should we be afraid of?

When the Chinese lord saw that the beautiful girl answered every question without getting bored, he became hopeful. He decided that it was time for a confrontation and looked into her eyes and challenged her:

— Who are you afraid of? Me, for example.

— afraid of tiles?

When the Chinese chief was waiting for the girl to get bored and bored, he jumped when he saw that she responded like a stone. But not wanting to show that he was upset, he asked again:

— Then why are you travelling with a compass?

— For protection if an animal attacks on the road.

Shen-king was silent. He was angry. He was thinking very bad things. But just then a horseman came out from the opposite side, from behind the mound, and then another. Then the horsemen multiplied. Soon about 200 horsemen towards where the girls and the Chinese were. The Chinese were surprised. Some of the girls rushed at them, did not even raise their heads, they were busy with their work. These were Turkish horsemen, dressed and armed with compasses. The rider in front, riding at full speed, approached the place where the girls were and shouted:

— Girls! Is there no one to guide Kül Er Tigin, the envoy of the Western Khan Tüng Yabgu Khan?

At this, all the girls raised their heads and all looked at the beautiful girl in front of the Chinese favourite. The beautiful girl went towards the horseman:

— He said, "I'll take you to the Black Khan's otbah.
Then he called out to a girl:

— Day Yaruk! You look after the mares!

Saying this, he mounted his horse. Meanwhile, the horsemen had also caught up. In front of them stood a favourite who was understood to be Kül Er Tigin. He was dressed in armour. Most of the soldiers with him were also like that. Among these braves there were some with long beards that did not look like Turks at all. The beautiful girl said "Let's go" and galloped her horse. The envoy delegation also followed her. Shen-king had taken a look:

— Van-zin-shan! He said, "This girl rides a horse like a forty-year rider.

— Yes, dear. Turks are born on horses and die on horses. That's why riding a horse is easier for them than walking.

Shen-king was bored. He approached a girl who was closest to him and asked:

— Who's the girl who left?

— She is the eldest daughter of Isbara Alp.

— What's his name?

— Alla!

— Why did he take the messengers?

— He is the purest noble among us.

Shen-king didn't wait any longer. He rode his horse back the way he had come. The Chinese officers him without making a sound.

Towards night, no one had heard that a messenger had arrived fromWestern Khan. By the order of the Black Khan, the envoys and those who had come with them were placed in the guest otgahs. That night, all the people of the other tuktuken were talking about Kül Er Ti gin. Although they didn't understand the reason, everyone was glad that these envoys had arrived. Yamtar again ran to his friend Pars to get some information about these affairs, which he could not comprehend. Corporal Pars, who knew the affairs of Acun better, always solved Yamtar's difficulties and explained things he could not understand. Corporal Yamtar's first interrogation was as follows:

— Is the Western Khan greater, or Black Khan?

— They're equal.

— How can they both be equal? there be two equal Khans in one Turkish Hand? When there are two Khans, it means that one is under the command of the other.

— Until twelve years ago, there was only one great kagan in the Turkish Hand. At that time, small kagans recognised their elders. Since twelve years, there is a separate kagan in Otüken. Now the two kagans do not recognise each other.

— What did you say? For twelve years, there's been a separate kagan in the Ötüken? In the past, were the Khagans of the Xinjiang under the command of the Western Khagans?

— Yes!

Corporal Yarntar stopped talking. He started to think. He had never thought about such things before. Now he remembered: 12 years ago, his father had a long talk with his guests one night, talking about the two kings, about the wrongness and evil of it. Yamtar was a boy of 10 years old then. Now he was beginning to understand this business. Then why did the envoy from the western kagan come? Yarntar asked his friend to understand this too:

— Then why do you think the Khan of the West sent an envoy?

— They say that Tüng Yabgu Kagan, the Western Khan, is a very good, knowledgeable and thoughtful person. He must have realised the evils caused by the division of the Turkish Hand into two. Maybe he sent an envoy for unification.

— How can two kings unite? One must obey the other. Which one wants that?

— They can unite without being under each other's command. If they do not favour each other and make raids together, both they will win and we will win. These Chinese are like a pack of dogs, they never stop killing. If we defeat their nine armies, they take out ten. Even if we kill ten of them and die one, we will still be exhausted more quickly. If the troops of Tüng Yabgu come with us, things will be different.

The next day, Kül Er Tigin was received by the Black Khan together with other envoys. The Black Khan sat on his throne Katun on his right. On his left were Kür Ş ad, Tunga Tigin and other admirals. On his left there were some smaller admirals. Sen-king was also among them. After the drums and trumpets played the greeting air, Kül Er Ti gin, followed by four other elders, came before the Black Khan. After the envoys all greeted the Black Khan, Kül Er Tigin began to speak:

- My Kül Er Tigin, the envoy of Tüng Yabgu Kagan, the khan of On Ok[1] ! I send the kagan's greetings to the Great Black Khan

ru 2[2] and brought his gifts. Tüng Yabgu Khan wishes the Black Khan good health and wishes that his gangs are sharp.

They begged Gök Tan to make them sword-wielding, hard-bowed, iron-hearted.

Then he handed the bitik of Tüng Yabgu Kagan to Kara Kagan. This bitik was put in a bag embroidered with silk

1 "Ok" also tribe. Since the Western Turks were ten tribes, they were also called "ten ok".

2 Finished: Writing, letter.

It was a large, thick, yellowed paper. When he handed it over, he turned to the four people standing behind him and gave a sign. One of these four favourites went forward first. After greeting Kagan by kneeling on the ground, he put a big box made of leather in front of Kagan:

— "I am Oğulçak Buğra Beğ, the Turgish chief! I am the second envoy of Tüng Yabgu Khan. Your Khan sent these to the great Kara Khan." The box made of leather was full of gold. When Oğulçak Buğra returned to his place, he greeted the Kagan with the second beğ:

— "I am the Oghuz chief Kül Erkin! I am the third envoy of Tüng Yabgu Khan. Tüng Yabgu Khan sent this to you. He wished you good luck in the war." Kül Erkin was holding a very beautiful and valuable sword in his hand.

On the left arm of the third favourite a white falcon with red eyes. He walked towards the Khan and greeted him:

— "I am Major Alp Kutluğ! I am the fourth envoy of Tüng Yabgu Khan. This white falcon was sent to you by Tüng Yabgu Khan. This is a rare and noble falcon on earth. It fights with eagles. No bird escapes from its claw. It flies like an arrow. Tüng Yabgu Khan wished you to hold your fat in the same way as this falcon holds the birds."

The fourth sovereign had in his hand a saddle set inlaid with gold. He told the Black Khan the following:

— I Captain Alp Chavli! I am the fifth envoy of Tüng Yabgu Khan. The horse (1) with nine bidis that our kagan sent to you is with your servants. This saddle was sent to you by Tüng Yabgu Khan. He wished you to get infinite salaries 2<> , goods in the raids you will make with the horse on which this saddle is ridden, he said.

Kara Qaghan's soldiers took the gifts and the white falcon as ordered. Then Kara Kagan told the chief envoy Kül Er Tigin the following:

Bidevi horse: A kind of fast, pedigree horse.
Ulca: Booty

- I was very pleased that my great brother Tüng Yabgu Kagan did not forget me. I was especially happy that he favoured me with the unique gifts he sent. I hear that he is a keen-tempered, highly knowledgeable, hard-armed, hard-sworded Kagan. I would like to be like him. Since we are sons of the family of Bozkurt, there is no difference between us. I do not hold you, Kül Er Tigin, different from my own soldiers and Tigins. All of you here are what my own admirers and soldiers are. I will meet you again after reading the end of Tüng Yabgu K:agan. For now, rest in your tents. If you want anything, tell Tunga Tigin and Major Isbara Alp. They will fulfil your every wish.

they will bring.

When the Black Khan stood up, he was greeted by the budun. The envoys withdrew.

When Kara Khan withdrew to his own tent and was left alone, he opened the bitik of Tüng Yabgu Khan. It was as follows:

"I, Tüng Yabgu Khan, have written this to Kara Khan. I wish you health and well-being from God. As there is one life in one body, one brain in one head, there is one kagan in one hand. Since we are two Khans in Turkeli, our Turks are poor and diminishing. If the head increases in a Hand, the clan decreases. In the past, when there was one kagan in Turkeli, things fine. Goods and cattle were being brought to the country with the travelling caravan. Now the Turk is divided into two. They are suspicious of each other. If you and I unite against our foreign plunder, your nation will win and we will become stronger. I am sending you five thousand gold coins with my chief envoy Kül Er Tigin, a valuable sword bought from Acemier by our great grandfather Istemi Khan, a white falcon, a saddle set, and nine bidevi horses."

When Kara Kagan read the letter, he started to walk around the tent. It was clear from his face that he was thinking a lot. He had not been able to win the hearts of Turks since he became Khan. Budunu

It was necessary to make some bayO> and feed him. I wonder if this opportunity come now? Kagan was thinking about it and could not decide. There was no other way but to fight 2<> . He opened the gate, gave orders to one of the soldiers on guard and walked towards Katun's otag.

Katun was already waiting for the Black Kagan. She wanted to find out what the Kagan of the West had written. She knew that nothing could be learnt by asking a direct question to the stern Kagan who spoke little, so she understood that it was necessary to start with a gambit. When he saw Kagan's sullen face, he asked:

— Black Kagan! something bothering you?

— No!

— You've been thinking about the Kagan of the West, bad things? He wrote.

— No!

— Are you gonna answer that?

— Yes!

— Does he want to get together with you?

— Yes!

— Will unite?

— We'll talk about it at the kurnita.

I-ching realised that Kagan was not as of a man as he seemed to be. It was time to ask him more things:

— Kagan, you a vow to me.

— What is it?

(1) Mr: Rich. Mr: To be rich.
(2) To be at loggerheads: To deliberate, to negotiate. Kineş: Meshveret.

— You were going to raid China, overthrow the Tang, and make my family the Chinese Khan.

— I'm not backing out of this.

— When are you gonna do it?

— When he comes of age...

— When will this age come?

— It's almost here. If we reconcile with the B atı Khagan and we are undoubtedly on that side, we will attack China.

— Are you going to knock Tanglan down?

— It's not that easy.

— Why?

— He wants to shed a lot of blood.

— Are you afraid of bloodshed?

— I do not hesitate to shed Chinese blood, but I hesitate because it is not only Chinese blood that will be shed.

I-ching Katun could see that it was getting out of hand. To provoke the Khan, he said:

— Does a Turkish Khan think about the blood of the Turks in battle?

— If it is to protect the homeland, he does not think. If it is for unruly 1<> works, he will think.

— You think it's unfair for my family to be khan in China? You're wrong, Great Khan! If my family becomes kagan in China, firstly we will get land from China. Then Turks will trade in Chinese cities. Then China will send you wheat, grain and cloth every year.

1 Useless Useless, useless

— We can throw as much land with our own sword as you will give us. Trade does not bring us anything. Whenever there is trade, Chinese deceive and cheat the Turks. Therefore, it is better not to have this business. As for food and cloth, we already buy these from China every time with our strength. The wish of war is to bring profit to the nation. Where there is no profit, the blood of the Turkic people should not be shed.

— Isn't it better to take the whole of China and take all this wealth at once?

— We can't take all of China.

— Why can't you take it? Why can't you take China when your gangs are so undaunted, so indomitable, when their arrows do not miss, when their horses run like lightning?

The Black Khan looked at Katun with a stern fidget. Raising his voice a little higher, he asked:

— How many people are there in China?

- 4.00 divisions (1)!

— And how many of us are there?

— I don't know.

— I'll you the diary: 200 divisions. If we count that the Western Khan also has as many people, it means that there are 40 divisions in the whole Turkish Hand. This means that if I unite with the Western Khan, I will be able to raise only one soldier against ten Chinese. However, the Western Khan cannot give me his soldiers. His job is not to favour me. When he does not favour me, I can withdraw all my troops from the western borders with peace of mind. That means I'll be able to field one soldier against 20 Chinese. Can you take China with that many soldiers? Yes,

(1) Division means 10.00.

but only in a pitched battle. If there were no castles and walls in China, it would be easy to enter from one end of China and leave from the other. But the Chinese don't only fight in the battlefield. They enter fortresses and hide. When 100 people enter a fortress, it can hold 10.000 people for months. Then, suppose we take China, what will happen? If I put a few Turkish soldiers in every village and city in China, there would be no Turks left on earth in two centuries.

— Okay, but you me.

— I you a raid on China.
I'll keep this promise.

VI

başı Sançar

Corporal Sanjar was sowing his field. The soil was wet, so it was easily scraped off. His face, always, was sullen. However, he the best-off of Major Isbara Alp's corporals. no one. Since he had no one, his few sheep and mares supported him abundantly. He lived a quiet life alone in his tent, and since he did not like to talk too much, he did not get bored. Corporal Kara Budak was the son of his uncle. He gave the wool of his sheep to Kara Budak's mother, who spun it and made enough cloth for Sanjar and took the rest for herself.

Sanjar ate as little as he spoke. Yarntar was amazed at his behaviour and could not understand how Sanchar lived. Corporal Sanjar was quite rich…

There were many swords, bows, knives, and quivers in his chin. Some of these had been left by his father and some had been captured by him in the wars. He had never sold any of his belongings because he had never been in trouble until now. Especially his kits were so many that maybe even Kara Kagan did not have so many kits.

But was this the reason for the young corporal's carefree behaviour? No! He would have been like that even if he had not had in his sack about 20 valuable furs, a sword inlaid with gold, a silver penknife, and many valuable compasses. Ten swords and one sword were one.

From time to time, S ançar would gather his own soldiers and make them practise martial arts.

He used to command alone in these trials, just like in war. He did not praise those he liked and cursed those he did not like. It was not clear what the corporal liked, what he did not like, whether he was pleased or displeased (1), or whether he was displeased (2).

He had worked in his field until the evening. He finished his work and looked around the field. He had very little work left. He was going back. At this time Fu-lin appeared. Fu-lin was a Chinese woman. She told everyone that she was the daughter of one of the Chinese elders. No one in Ötüken had heard that she was the daughter of a favourite except Sançar. Her husband was a rich Chinese merchant. He knew his business so well that even though he was captured in a raid in a state of nakedness and came to Ötüken, he became rich here in a few years. The Turks of Ötüken did not know his name. They only called him Mr Chinaman. Mr Chinaman robbed not only the Turks by trade but also the Chinese by gambling. The Turks did not realise that they were being swallowed up in shopping, but the Tiles who were swallowed up in gambling were gnashing their teeth at him. It was Fu-lin, the wife of this Mr Chinaman, who approached Corporal Sançar when he had finished his work and was looking after his field.

Although Corporal S anchar's sullen face frightened the tiles, Fu-lin approached without hesitation. Laughing:

- He said, "Good luck, Corporal S anchar, what are you doing?

In his twenty years of life, Sançar, who did not speak more than ten words a day, had never said a single word to a person. Although it was very rare, he did not respond to the Chinese who occasionally said a word to him or greeted him. That's why he didn't mind Fu-lin. But the woman didn't seem to leave easily. She repeated what she had said:

(1) To be disgruntled: To be moved

(2) To be burdened: To consider a thing, a work as an inconvenience

— Take it easy, Corporal Sanjar, what are you doing?

Sanchar did not answer this either. The woman was one of Sançar's very close neighbours, so she knew his habits well. The corporal must have been angry that she said "Good luck". Because according to him, there was no job that was not easy. That's why Fu-lin repeated his words again like this.

— Corporal Sanjar, what are you doing?

— Can't see? I'm looking at the field.

This harsh answer made the woman happy. Because my behaviour had broken down. She had received an answer, albeit harsh. Finally, she could not expect a softer response from Sançar.

By this time the woman had entered the field. She asked a new question with a snarl:

— What'in the field?

— Earth, stone, grass, worms, and you!

Fu-lin was interested. Come a little closer to the corporal:

— I'll tell you something.

— You better not tell me.

— Why?

— I loathe the word Chinese.

The woman was behaving very brazenly. She was not offended by these words, she approached Corporal Sanjar, snuggled up to him, poked and prodded< 1>. This woman was a Chinese beauty. She had a thin and pale face. She wore beautiful odours.

— Corporal Sanjar! My word to you is important. . The corporal didn't mind. The woman smiled and walked right up to him. was stung.

(1) Blood: Cilve

— Corporal Sankara, I have something very important to tell you. Something you never expected...

Suddenly Sanchar's eyes widened.

— What!. Did one of my privates fall off his horse?

— No way! What's wrong that? more important...

— The Black Khan is dead?

— No, it's more important!

— Whatever it is, say it fast! You made me speak a month's worth of words in a day!

Fu-lin became playful. He threw his arms round the neck of the Corporal, who looked stunned:

— I'll have you shot, he said.

The corporal was completely

surprised:

— I don't care about that!… Tell me the important thing you have to say!..

The woman laughed shakily, resting her head on the corporal's chest:

— I told you, I love you!

— that what you were gonna say?

— That's it, 't you glad?

Sanchar gave a shove to the woman who was expecting joy from him... Fu-lin, jumping back a few steps, fell on the soft field. She was dazed from the fall.

Sanchar shouted:

— Are out of your mind? It's not important that a Turkish soldier falls off his horse or that the Black Khan dies, but it's important that you have a crush on me? You've gone mad! Do you have a crush on me because I raided China and slaughtered your ancestors, your mother, your descendants, and plundered your property and homeland?

Sanjar is back. He headed towards Chadna. By now it was sunset. Fu-lin stood up straight. His angry face slowly changed. He smiled. - Then he murmured between his lips:

— You'll come round, Corporal Sanjar. The others were like you first, see you...

THE DEATH OF THE
BOZKURT



-1 *Kül Erkin, the Oghuz chief! I am the third envoy of Tüng Yabgu Khan.*

VII

Kineş

The assembly was set up. The Kagan handed the letter from the Western Khan Kür Şad to read. After Kür Shad read the bitik, the Kagan started to speak:

— Turkish likes! There is more reason than wisdom. Whatever you think, put forward is necessary. Let's fight. In case find the right way and work accordingly.

One of the favourites asked for the floor:

— Black Khan! Give the command, let me speak. I have something to say, he said.

This was old man. His hair and beard were grey. There traces of sword wounds on his forehead and face. He seemed to speak without thinking. But he spoke handsome words and made his words listened to:

— I know the B atı Turkish Hand well. My wife is from there. The B atians are stronger than us. The best horses come from there. There is no hunger in the Western Hand. They have all kinds of good food. Their fields are fertile and forests are many. We must accept the words of Tüng Yabgu Kagan as they are. In the past, when there was only one Kagan in the Turkic Hand, the nation had a full throat, a strong back, and little fat. When the hand was divided into two, first thing they did was to look at each other sideways. Just as the Turks who went to China started to draw swords against us even before they forgot their Turkishness, the Eastern Turkic Hand and the Western Turkic Hand, if this continues, will see each other as Chinese. As far as I am concerned, let us immediately send an envoy to Tünç Yabgu Khan. Let's make a pact. The two kagans

and that they won't play favourites with each other. They send us horses and good ammunition. And we will send them silk from China. If it possible, let the two Khans also promise to give each other soldiers in wars.

Black Khan looked at the other elders. Tunga Tigin took the floor. He :

— Tüng Yabgu Khan is stronger than us. The strong want to associate with the strong. Let us show him our strength. We will keep the envoys here this winter anyway.

When summer comes, let's raid China. Let the envoys see our strength. Then we will send our envoys there too. If Tüng Yabgu Khan sees that we are also strong, he will want the treaty more. He will trust us. He will show us ascendants.

After these words, Kur Sh ad, the youngest of the elders in the assembly, took the floor:

— You speak well. Let's show our power to the envoys. Then let's make a treaty . Two Khans help each other. You're only forgetting one object!

Everyone looked at each other. They did not understand. Kür Ş ad continued:

— Won't the envoys see that there are half as many Chinese in Ötüken as Turks?

When Kür Şad asked this question, silence fell over the place. Again they did not understand what he meant. The Khan answered:

— What they do? They'll realise we've got too many prisoners.

— No, they don't understand that. They don't call them prisoners. One of the likes asked:

— What do you say, Kür Ş ad? Aren't these Chinese our captives, our slaves?

— They are our prisoners, but in Ötüken they are more or less equal to the Turks. They do not look like prisoners.

The Khan asked again:

— Kur Shad! Say what you mean more clearly. We don't understand well.

— What I mean to say is that Chinicher's trumpet is as loud here as ours. On the day when Kara Kagan sat on the throne, there was a fight behind the otagir. Chinese horse servants were fighting with a Tüık çer. In the old days the Chinese called it could they fight? Where and from whom do the Chinese get this power? What is this Chinese lord Shen-king? Katunun every now and then,
Kagarun even went to the otag of Kagarun and talked to the Tilrk likes as if they were equals?

— The Shen-king is a guest, not a prisoner.

— He is a guest, but he is Chinese. The Chinaman is always a Chinaman, whether he is a prisoner or a guest. Even if he's a guest, we didn't call him.
Yeah. Whats good for your own people, is good for us? Then his comrade Van-zin-shan travelled all over Ötüken. He's in and out of everywhere. After that, Sen
He's alone with King, talking.

— He's a guest. what if he's travelling?

— If he's a guest, why is he consorting with the captive Chinese? Do you know what they talk to them about?

— What will happen if you know? TileWhat he talk about? Either music, women or money….

— That's not all. There's also a scam... Have you ever wondered if these Chinamen are or not?

The elders and Kagan stood up. They all frowned.
The Khan asked:

(1) Collusion: Espionage

— Is the Chinese lord a chassid? How can that be? In China, his own family is not a khan…

— What would come of it? If the Grey Wolves were over in Ötüken and the Nine Oghuzes and Karluks became kings instead, I would still remain in China. Why shouldn't the Chinese lord do what I would do?

A silence of death spread. The Khan was looking at Kür Şad and the likes one by one, and the likes kept their eyes on Kür . Kür Shad bowed his head to the ground. Tunga Tigin broke the silence:

— What will happen if the Chinese beğ becomes a chef? Would our swords lose their sharpness(!)? Will our bows become loose?

— No, none of that's gonna happen. They'll know how many of us there are. They'll know when we're going to raid. They'll act accordingly, set up an ambush. Whoever among us is the most fearful for China, they will bring him a column and kill him.

— Kur Shad! You treat us like children. How can these prisoners kill one of us? Can the sword in the hand of a Chinese prisoner kill a Turk? To kill a Turkic leader in Ötüken, all of China must be ambushed.

— I am not saying that the Chinese kill bravely. It is difficult for the Chinese to kill a Turk on the battlefield. But you have all seen how they kill even a Turkish Khan in peace. I'm not telling you about the sword. I'm talking about August.

Kür Ş ad spoke like lightning. The kagan was offended by these words. He asked Kür Ş ad coldly:

— Well, Kur Shad! What do you say we should do before sending a messenger to Tüng Yabgu Khan?

— What should we do? Let's show them that these Chinese are captives. Don't let Chinese have a field of their own.

(1) To lose: To lose

Let's reflect their sheep and give them to the Turks. We will
we go and shed blood and die in raids and wars. Because they are captives, they sit in Ötüken, ploughing fields and breeding sheep. Then they buy and trade with our Turks and buy ten sheep for one sheep.
fox skins. Then they sell these fox skins back to China and get rich.

— These are easy to prevent.

— It's easy, but it doesn't end there. These Chinese also spoil the morals of Turks. The captive Chinese blood deceive the Turkish soldiers with a thousand kinds of tricks. Our girls do not know such tricks. Just as the Chinese men deceive us with their bad mails by pretending that they are good goods, the Chinese women dye themselves with paint and blood and sell them to the Turks. Men are easily fooled, they think Chinese girls are something. They fall for skinny Chinese women with yellow colour, dark eyes and skinny Chinese women, while Turkish girls with rosy cheeks like apples, auburn hair, green eyes like light, and saturnine height are not available. Is a married woman looked at badly? In the Turkic genre, the affair with a married woman ends in death. It would end, but now this type has also fallen into disuse. Because married women now consent to it.

The assembly was in a great excitement. The kagan and the elders jumped up. The Khan shouted:

— What are you saying? don't hear about people attacking married women?

— We don't hear. They don't announce it. If it entered our dreams<1> we would avoid it, wouldn't we? Yes! ... The blood of Chinese prisoners is hunting Turkish soldiers. Don't the Chinese know what their blood does? He knows... He knows, but he keeps quiet. On the contrary, he provokes his blood. Because in this way, all the gold, silver and goods that we take during the raids are not carried from the Turkish tents to the tents of the Chinese captives. Chinese

1 Dream Dream

this.... Foreigner. Won't he do it? Tell me, what are we going to do with him? In our species, if a person assaulted a married woman, the woman would file a complaint and the assailant or assaulter would be destroyed. What if this woman doesn't complain... The Turkish version doesn't say anything about that.

The assembly was excited. One beğ shouted:

— A woman doesn't complain, does she? Have you ever seen such a woman? What about that woman's husband?

Kür Shad was thundering like lightning, but he was not excited:

— If it's a Turkish woman, there's no such thing. But it comes from Chinese women! ... Because Chinese men need money and goods. His purse must be filled with money. In order to get the money, he would give his property, , he would even go further and give his wife. This is how the Chinese rob Turks and make their husbands rich. you realise how the Chinese are getting rich? Look,

Chinese children born in Ötüken he until Chinese doesn't look like a wolf. Do you think this is because of the weather and water of Ötüken? If the dog in China does not become a wolf by coming to Ötüken, how can Chinese become a wolf by coming to Ötüken how can become a Turk? like him? Because he is infused with Turkish blood. Only the Chinese should be infused with Turkish blood. Maybe in the future there will be a better Chinese woman and we can fight more sweetly. However, now Turks also started to take Chinese wives. We know that taking Chinese women is for kings. There are also reasons for this. all these Turkish soldiers become kagans now? While the Chinese are revitalised and become fathers by being infused with Turkish blood, are we going to become degenerate by adding Chinese to our blood? Not from this day forward. Chinese women who seduce Turkish soldiers must be caned. If the husband of the Chinese woman knows how to do this, he should be killed. Whatever the Chinese have, whatever they own, must be taken and given to the Turks.

should be given. Chinese should not be able to farm on their own[1] Turkish men should not marry Chinese blood. We must tell all the Chinese

(1) Eye: Owner

must keep an eye on us. Otherwise, the Chinese palace will hear our raid on China in the spring.

The kagan looked at the likes. One of them, who had not intervened until then, took the floor:

— Kür Ş ad is right. The Turkic species cannot be underestimated. Our tribe is not without blame either. If a person falls into an ambush, the blame lies not only with the one who set it up, but also with the one who fell into the ambush. If Turkish men are seduced by Chinese women, it is not enough to beat Chinese men with sticks and kill Chinese men. In order for the Turkish species to be fulfilled, the Turkish men who are involved with married women must also be beheaded. Our species does not look whether the woman is a Turk, a Chinese or a captive in order to behead a soldier who has sex with a married woman.

Tunga Tigin intervened and said, "It is true! Kür Shad objected:

— It won't work. Then the Turk and the Chinese will become one. The Turkish genre was made for Turks. And in our culture, anyone who forcibly attacks a woman is beheaded. Turkish men don't forcibly attack Chinese women.

The kineesh was getting longer. The sun was setting. One by one, the Khan asked the elders what they thought. Half of the twelve favoured Kür Ş ad. Whichever side the kagan was on, they would win the battle. The Khan had the last word:

— When the spring comes, we will raid China and show our strength to the ambassadors. The Chinese will not have fields on their own, half of the wealth will be distributed to the Turks, the Turks will not marry Chinese women. Chinese women who seduce Turkish soldiers will be caned. If their husbands know about it, they will also destroyed. ... Since the Turks do not look at the clan of a married woman, the heads of the Turkish soldiers who have relations with these women will be cut off.

(1) Spring: Spring

VIII

Judgement[1]

All the yasavuls 2[2] had received orders from the Khan. They were to keep a close watch on the tents of the Chinese at night, and they were to start their work from this night. The Turk who entered the tent of a married Chinese was to be caught, and the Chinese woman in the tent was to be put in the hole with him. If the woman had a husband, he was to receive fifty sticks from the Yasavul before being put in the hole. Yasavolbaşı Bağa Tarkan would also be on duty tonight.

Baga Tarkan was travelling with two yasavul, one of whom spoke Chinese, and stopped in front of the Chinese tents. He listened to the slightest sound. The Khan's
the order was firm and firm. Baga Tarkan had been waiting for such an order for a long time. Things were going badly in Ötüken.
was the one who was most upset by his death. For this reason, he risked travelling and waiting every night until daylight.

It got cold towards midnight. Baga Tarkan was hungry from his constant travelling. He sent one of the yasavul to fetch some food. He waited at the foot of a tree with the other yasavul.

Someone was coming with heavy steps from a distance. Baga Tarkan yasavula slowly:

(1) Judgement Court
(2) Yasavul: Police, MP

— Take a good look. Will you recognise him?

He passed quite close to them. He didn't look left or right. He walked away and disappeared. Baga Tarkan asked:

— him?

— Yes! It's Sanjar, one of Major Isbara Alp's corporals.

— What is this time anyor here?

— Sanjar's work is beyond comprehension.

The koumiss had arrived. They sewed and revitalised. They started travelling again. This was going on and on. At some point one of the yasavuls stopped.

— He said, "Do you hear me, Tarkan?

Baga Tarkan heard it too. There was a sound coming from near them. Without making any noise, they walked in the direction of the sound. This sound was coming from a Chinaman's tent. A man and a woman were talking sharply. Baga Tarkan to the Chinese-speaking yasavul to listen.

Yasavul knelt down and put his ear to the tent. He listened İçente a man and a woman a brawl.

The Chinese man muttered under his breath, the woman occasionally responded with a few sharp words. Baga Tarkan nudged the yasavulu and asked softly:

— What does it say?

— He tells her she's incompetent. She says you couldn't fool that corporal.

Baga Tarkan jumped:

— Who's this corporal? Could Sanjar?

inside, the quarrel was growing. Now the man was silent and the woman was speaking all the time. Yasavul told Tar kan about her words:

-I brought the corporal to the tent; it my fault if I couldn't do more? What are you going to do with all this money and property?

Yasavul was suddenly silent. He put his ear to the tent better. Now he was singing like a man. Baga Tarkan again nudged and asked:

— What does it say?

— I will take these money and goods and flee to China and live like a tyrant. If you want, you can stay here with Corporal Sanjar.

B ağa Tarkan did not wait any longer. He opened the door of the tent and rushed inside. The two yasavuls entered after him. The Chinese turned pale. This Mr Chinaman, who had robbed everyone in by gambling and trading. His wife, the beautiful Fu-lin, was astonished.
He was looking at Tarkan and the yasavuls. Baga Tarkan's voice rumbled:

— You Chinese bastard! You're robbing Turks on blood, aren't you?

The Chinaman started to say: "Our beloved...". But Baga Tarkan interrupted him:

— Shut up!... And then you were going to run away to China?

The Chinese began to tremble. Yasavolbashi thundered again:

— I'll send your evil soul to Tamu 1<> and then you can run away to China again if you want!

Then he turned to the Yasavuls and shouted:

— Knock it down....

The Chinaman was already on the verge of senility. As soon as a Yasavul touched him, he rolled. Baga Tarkan commanded:

— Fifty !

· (1) Tamu: Hell

The whips of the two yasavuls began to rise and fall, and the Chinaman began to shout loudly. But this shout did not last long. Maybe after the twentieth, maybe after the thirtieth caning, perhaps because of fear, Mr Chinaman died, unable to withstand a hard blow on his back. Fu-lin was so astonished at quick turn of events that he was almost speechless. Baga Tarkan asked angrily:

— And you seduced Corporal Sanjar?

— ...

— Why are you silent? But you can't seduce Sanjar one more way. If you're so enamoured with him, you'wait until he goes to the other world.

Then, looking at the dead Chinese, he said:

— It's not like your husband robbed your acin. I don't think these coins last long. But your husband was a gambler. He died quickly and saved himself from being caned and executed.

Then he commanded the yasavuls:

— Take these chests full of silver, gold and gold, and fall in front of me.

It was dawn. The two yasavuls were carrying away all the money Mr Chinese had saved, and Fu-lin was walking behind Baga Tarkan. He was trembling. Because he didn't know where he was going and why.

After the Yasavul chief placed the crates in a safe place and put Fu lin in the hole, he took the two yasavuls. The corporal headed for Sanjar's tent. S anchar was up very early. That day, he was going to train his soldiers for war. He had sewn his sword and put on his sword. Suddenly footsteps were heard outside. Then the door opened and a yasavul appeared:

— Corporal Sanjar, come outside!

S ançar was already on his way out. When he came out and saw Baga Tarkan's sullen face, he was not startled at all. He greeted Tarkan with a knee on the ground.

B Agha Tarkan asked:

— Corporal Sanjar! Where were you tonight?

S ançar looked at Tarkan with his usual sullen face. He did not answer. Baga Tarkan did not know Corporal S ançar's temperament at all, he shouted angrily:

— I'm asking you! Where were you tonight?

— What's it to you? What are you asking me for?

— I'm the chief marshal. I ask to see if you've been to forbidden places.

— Is there forbidden place in Ötüken?

— It's okay.

— I don't know.

— 't you tell me?

— No!

— Knock him . Fifty !

The two yasavuls knocked S anchar to the ground. They began to raise and lower their whips rapidly. S ançar was not interested at all. He didn't understand why he was being beaten, he didnt bother to ask, he only saw Yasavulbaş in front of him.
for he was silent. When the fifty wands were finished Sanchar stood up:

— "It was a good nail for today's idrnan," he said.

Baga Tarkan's anger was growing. He shouted to surprise S ançar:

— You can hide it all you want. I know where you are tonight.

— If you know, why are you asking?

— Weren't you at Mr Chinese's tea tonight?
Why are you lying? Sanjar's eyes

widened:

— What? What? What the fuck? you crazy? Are you dreaming?

Baga Tarkan shouted at the Yasavuls:

— He doesn't want to say it. Grab him. Put him with Fu-lin!

The Yasavuls sprang to their feet. But the corporal, enraged at the word Fu-lin, drew his sword and shouted:

— Don't move! I'll shoot !

— You're defying me?

It was too late. The two yasavuls and Baga Tarkan were marching towards Sanchar, swords drawn. The fight was going to be bloody. But it wasn't. Because a sound like a thunderclap:

— "Corporal S ançar!" shouted S ançar, lowering his sword and straightening up:

— "Here you are!" he replied. This was Major Isbara Alp.

Ishbara Alp shouted:

— Corporal Sanjar! your sword!

A clatter was heard. The sword was sheathed. Then Isbara Alp turned to Baga Tarkan and asked:

— Baga Tarkan! Do you wish to take the corporal away?

— Yes

Major, he ordered Sanjar again:

— Corporal Sanjar! Put your sword in your tent. Go with B Agha Tarkan!

Sanchar responded by banging his knee on the floor:

— You're in charge!

A little after sunrise the judgement was set up. The nine judges took their seats decorated with thick felt. Baga Tarkan, the head of the judiciary, stood in front of the judges together with two of his law officers. Budun had heard that there was going to be a judgement on this day, so they had set up a perimeter around the area. The chief judge turned his face to Baga and started to speak:

— Baga Tarkan! Tell me what you saw, what you did.

The chief magistrate gave a brief account of the events of the night. The chief magistrate commanded:

— Bring the Chinese woman!

One of the two yasavuls ran off. He brought Fu-lin to the judges. Fu-lin frightened and trembled at the sight of these crowds of people, the frowning judges. The chief magistrate immediately opened the interrogation:

— What's your name?

— Fu-lin.

— Why did you seduce a Turkish corporal when you were married?

The burning gaze of hundreds of the Otukentins gathered on Fu-lin, he thought they were going to kill him right then and there, he could hardly stand on his feet. His voice trembled as he faced the judges' terrifying gaze, waiting for an answer:

— "That's what my husband said," she could only say.

— Was your husband such a dishonourable person?

— No! He was honourable, but....

— What's that? If he was honourable, why did he tempt you into bad behaviour?

— My husband wanted to save a lot of money. He used to attack me if I had money. They gave him their camp money.

— How much money did your husband have?

— I don't know.

— Baga Tarkan! How much money did you find in this woman's husband?

— With two yasavuls, we could count only the gold. It turned out to be ten thousand akça. There is even as much silver.

— Even the khan doesn't have this much money. Why was your husband collecting these sovereigns?

— run away to China and live like a beğ.

— How were we going to escape to China?

— I don't know.

— How many before the corporal?

— Five...

— Who are they? What is their name?

— I don't know.

— How many times did you set it up without knowing my name?

— My husband was showing them to me. I falling behind them.

— Look at this pile, there's one of them in it.
Is it?

Fu-lin, look at the pile surrounding the field.
Many people who were looking at him to be all alike. Already in this confusion, in this bad moment, he was in such a state that he could not recognise those he knew. The chief judge asked:

— There's no one amongst them who's been seduced.
Is it?

— None.

The chief magistrate asked, looking at the other magistrates, four on his right and four on his left:

— Let's punish him. Let B Agha Tarkan give him fifty sticks.

One of the judges objected:

— Fifty sticks are too much for this ank kanya. Her husband couldn't stand fifty sticks. How can his wife endure what her husband could not? Ten sticks are enough for her.

— That's right!

— That's right!

— That's right!

— Ten sticks is too little. Ten strokes now. After a few days, when the pain of the rod has subsided, ten rods should be struck again.

— That's more like it.

— Yes!

This opinion was accepted. The chief magistrate looked at Fu-lin and said his last words:

— You'll get ten strokes of the cane. You'll come to your senses. In ten days the bruise will disappear. Then you will get ten more sticks. This be a warning to you. From now on, you will not seduce anyone. If you come before us again, the punishment will be death.

On two signals from B ağa Tarkan, two yasavul took Fu-lin and brought Corporal S ançar. The chief magistrate asked:

— Corporal S anchari, do you know that under Turkish law you can't touch a married woman?

— I know.

— You know that, so why bother?

— I didn't touch anyone.

— Are you hiding it?

— No!

— Then tell the truth.

— That's the truth: I didn't touch the Chinese blood.

— Baga Tarkan saw you outside at night.

— What's it to Baga Tarkan? I can go wherever I want at night.

— But you're from near Chinaman's chad.

— I don't know where the Chinaman's chad is, so I don't know whether I'm passing near or far.

— What were you doing out at midnight?

— I dropped your knife in the field. I went to get it.

— Why did you go to get your knife at midnight? Couldn't you go at dawn?

— I couldn't sleep at night.

— Why you sleepy?

— Out of anger...

— Who are you angry at?

— Chinese canya...

— Why are you angry?

— 1:00 in the evening, he got on my nerves.

— Tell me, how did it happen?

— He came to the field at sunset. He said, "I have something very important to tell you. I was worried. I thought the Black Khan was dead.
I said, "Tell me what it is." He came and me. He said he had a crush on me. I pushed him and he rolled. As he crawled to me

the knife came out of the woods and fell off. When I couldn't sleep at night, I went to get it.

At these words of Corporal S ançar, the chief judge paused. He seemed to believe Sançar's words. He looked at the judges to his right and left. One of them asked Sanjar:

— 't you enter the Chinese tent at this time?

— You're all incomprehensible! I didn't go in.

— Corporal! Don't be obstinate. The Yasavols listened to the Chinaman and his wife talking in the tent. They were talking about a corporal who entered the tent.

— there no corporal in Ötüken other than Sançar?

Upon this answer, all the judges sceptical.
The chief magistrate asked Baga Tarkan:

— Baga Tarkan! Did the Chinese say that the corporal who entered the tent was S anchar?

— They could not tell the name of the corporal who entered the tent, but Mr Chinaman told his wife that he was going to flee to China. If you don't come, he said, stay with Corporal Sanchan. From these words I surmised that it was Corporal Sanjar who entered the tent.

The chief magistrate asked S ançar:

— you see it?

— I didn't see anything. Let's ask the Chinese woman who the corporal who entered the tent is ...

— Baga Tarkan! Bring the Chinese woman.

A Yasavul came along. He brought the Chinese beauty. The chief magistrate asked:

— Fu-lin! The Yasavols heard your husband tell you last night, "If you don't come to China, Sanchanola, stay here." Corporal Sanjar says he didn't go into your tent. Was it Corporal Sanchar? Or was it another corporal?

When Fu-lin was brought before the judges, he began to tremble again. He was told: "If you appear before us again, the punishment be death". Fu-lin was of appearing before the judges again, even though very little time had passed and he had been locked in the hole and had committed no offence during that time. The chief magistrate's question revitalised him. When he realised that he was not dead, he stopped trembling. He looked at Corporal Sanjar's face. The sullen-faced Sanchar also looking at him, and with disgust.

Fu-lin to think for a moment. The judges were silent. The Buddha was silent. The Chinese beauty realised that the result of this was in her own words. When S anchar saw that Fu-lin was silent, he shouted angrily:

— Bloody bastard, tell me! Who was it who broke into your cottage last night?

Fu-lin's eyes narrowed. His complexion, which had just turned yellow from shivering with fear, was now flushed with anger. He turned to the judges:

— "It was Sançar who came to the tent last night," he said.

Sanchar shouted, slamming his fist, raised in anger, into the Chinese woman's face like a huge mace:

— Lies!

Fu-lin, many of his teeth knocked out of his mouth and his face covered in blood, fell to the ground and fainted.

The chief magistrate was angry at S anchar's action:

— Why would it be a lie?

— I don't know. I don't know.

-We will go to Corporal S anchari B aş. Tell the truth so that we arrive at Tan with a lie.

— It' a lie! You don't believe Corporal Sanjar, but you believe this Chinese blood?

Just then there a commotion among the surrounding clan. A , poorly dressed young man with a big cap broke through the crowd and stood before the judges:

— "Sanchar is telling the truth. I was the one who was with this Chinese wife last night." All the eyes of all the people of Ötüken were united on this brave. Those who recognised him murmured his name:

— Karabudak!

The chief judge asked:

— Who are you?

— I'm Karabudağ from Major Isbara Alp.

— Did know this woman was married?

— I knew it.

— What are you doing in her cave?

— He called me.

— You shouldn't have entered.

— He tricked and deceived me.

— 't her husband in the tent?

— It was not there.

— What did he take from you in return for letting you into his tent?

— He asked me for money. I had a silver coin. I gave it to him.

— he say anything else to you?

— He said: "Come back next night."

— Why would you find the money to give again?

— I have a silver knife I looted from China; I was going to give it to him.

— you married?

— No, no, no.

— How old are you?

— Twenty.

— You're past your prime. Why didn't you get married?

— I wanted Major Isbara Alp's eldest daughter Alınıla. He said, "I have no heart for you. I wanted Corporal Sülemiş's singilinP> You are poor, he said.

— it true? Are you poor?

-Yes.

— Who's got what?

— Bloody 2<> I have a mother. I have seven brothers. I have four mares and two sheep.

— Dont you have a field?

— I sold it.

— Sold to whom?

— A Chinese man.

— Why did you sell it?

— I bridal my singil. I made her stay 3<> -

— Do you know what your punishment was?

— I know.

— You will be executed by the Turkic species, by the order of the Black Khan, having intercourse with a married woman.

— No worries! Tan will forgive me.

— you have anything to say?

— I want Sanchar to look after my mother and brothers.

(1) Singil: Little sister
(2) My wife: Old Age
(3) Thick Dowry

— Did you hear that, Sanchar?

— I'm not deaf, I heard. The chief

magistrate got up:

- "I'm going to report this to the Black Khan, he has the last word," he said.

There was a sense of unease. The chief magistrate entered the kaghan's tent. The kagan and the elders were there. The judge knelt on the ground:

— "Great Khan! The culprit is understood; this is Corporal Karabudak. He said that he entered the woman and knew that she was married. We have decided to execute him in accordance with our traditions. You have the last word again."

— Who is this Corporal Karabudak?

— Major Isbara Alp's corporal was a fat soldier.

The Khan thought. Kür Shad started to speak as if he was watching this thought:

— Great Khan! Order another punishment for this corporal.

? You have to bow to the species, don't you?

— The corporal's death would not be in keeping with the species.

— Why?

Kür Ş ad turned to the chief judge:

— Judge, did Corporal Karabudak force himself on the Chinese kanya?
attached?

— No, she called him herself! Kür Shad

turned to the Khan:

— Great Khan! You see, there is object of our kind. If the corporal had attacked the woman, then the punishment would have been death.

— The corporal's work doesn't fit anywhere else in the species.

— If we kill a corporal for those evil Chinese, your nation will be angry with us, and will grow cold towards us.

— There is no budun in front of Türe. The

khan turned to the likes:

— Likes! Is the judgement of the judges correct?

The likes: "That is right" and agreed with the decision. Kür Shad was left alone.

When the chief magistrate arrived, the death silence in the area was still intact. The chief judge said his last words to Karabudağ:

— Corporal Karabudak! Kagan found the judgement correct. You will die for corrupting the Turkish species.

Karabudak and Sanchar exchanged glances. Then they lowered their faces to the ground. Yasavulbasi came and stood in front of Corporal Karbudag:

— Corporal Karabudak! Sword or arrow?

— Ok.

The young corporal declared that he wanted to die with an arrow. Yasavols entered on both sides and took Karabudag. Far away, at the foot of a tree, Karabudak was to be shot with an arrow. All the corporals of Major Isbara Alp and the war comrades of Karabudag came running. Pars was the first to arrive:

— Karabudak! Are we losing you<l ?>

— Invisible trouble. I've committed an offence.

(1) To lose: To lose

Corporal Sulemish came from behind:

— "Karabudak! My sister had to marry you. Pity!" he shouted. Karabudak laughed bitterly.

Corporal Yamtar fell on Karabudağ's neck:

— "Pity you, my brave! How many mugs of koumiss have you drunk in this hunger…" he cried.

Corporal Three Sons hit Karbudag on the shoulder:

— "Comrade! Will you give me your sister? When I look at her, I will remember you. If I have a son, I will name him Karabudak."

— I'll give it to you. Tell my mum . Don't ask stay anymore.
You know my poverty.

Corporal Ank Buka said nothing. He only grabbed Karabudag's neck.

Corporal Gök Börü, the most angry, mad corporal of Ötüken, shouted:

— Tell me, Karabudak! Who caused ? I won't sheathe his sword until Tan witnesses< 1> him.

— I'm not the cause, mate! I' the cause...

S ançar was standing a little on the shore. He did not approach his friend. They were also relatives. Karabudak called him:

— Sanjar! Wont you give me some comfort< 1>? Don't you have anything to say?

S anchar approached slowly:

— "Karabudak! You're leaving me in your debt. I didn't owe anyone. This is bad!" he said.

A little later, the Yasavul archers arrived. Baga Tarkan:

(1) Witness Witness
(2) Consolation Consolation

— "Come on, braves. The age has come. Defence," he said. As the corporals retreated, Karabudak called out:

— Tell the major: I have committed no other offence in my life.

Yasavulbaşı asked:

— Corporal Karabudak! Shall we blindfold him?

— Did you think Corporal Karabudağ was protected from ten arrows in his chest?

The Yasavuls were twenty paces away from Karabudak. Five of them were kneeling. Five were standing behind them. Baga Tarlcan commanded:

— Shoot an arrow!

Ten yasavuls drew an arrow from their quivers and placed them on the beams. Baga Tarlcan commanded again:

— Go for a ride!

The bows were stretched and aimed at Karabudag's chest. The last command was patchy:

— Okla! …

A sharp, whooshing sound, a sound of wind was heard. Ten arrows flew and found Corporal Karabudağ's chest. The young corporal's chest had become a brother with arrows and blood.

Karabudak was first shaken. Then he staggered forward and took three steps. Slowly he fell on his knees. his face to the sky, as if he wanted to talk to God. He raised his hands upwards as if to say something. Then he fell to the ground like a big tree. The earth was dyed red blood in an instant. Just at this moment a horseman was seen coming at full speed. Major Isbara Alp came at full gallop, but could not catch up. He frowned when he saw Karabudağ in yeflie. He jumped on the ground and ran to him. He lifted the corporal's head leaning on his arm. He kissed his forehead:

- "He was a valiant corporal. God bless," he said. Knee to the ground

.. Without looking at the corporals who saluted him, he jumped on the horse again and galloped away.

Then the corporals approached the dead body of Karabudag. They pulled one of the arrows from his chest. The blood of the young corporal was coming from the place of the pulled arrows[1]. Pars took out the koumiss pot. He poured some of Karabudağ's blood into it. Then he took out his knife and cut his own wrist. He cut his own
and dripped some of his blood. The other corporals did the same.
Only corporal Three Sons did not approach. Pars asked:

— 't you coming?

— I cannot be your blood brother. I'll take Karabudağ's sister.

The corporals took a sip of our blood and sprinkled the rest on the ground:

— "Heaven witness. Let the earth bear witness. Let the tree bear witness. the water bear witness. We took an oath. We became Anda[2]. We are blood brothers".
They said.

Corporal Three Sons looked at them. His blood boiled and he wanted to be with them. But if he became blood brothers with Karabudak, he could not take Karabudağ's sister. However, he had promised Karabudağ: He was going to take his sister. The six corporals made a blood brotherhood covenant with their dead friends and with each other.
While he was doing his labour, corporal Üç Oğul was in the hands of Karabudağ.
a bloody arrow pulled out of his vineyard, he was going towards his homeland with tears in his eyes, with burnt eyes, with a burnt heart.

(1) To flow: To flow like a stream
(2) Anda Kankarde§i

THE DEATH OF THE
BOZKURT



- Are you out of your mind?

IX

Calık

Çalık understood very well the saying, "The hungry cannot sleep even if they cover themselves with nine quilts". Because he had given the last of his food to his mother, his wife and his three children and went to bed hungry himself, he was cold and could not sleep all night. He had not put anything in his mouth the day before. Things were not going in order this winter.

Çalık knew what would happen if he did not hunt a deer or at least a rabbit, so he got up very early and headed for the mountain. willing to spend thirty arrows in his quiver to hunt a hare. As he was riding his horse, he seemed to see some shadows in the darkness. He sharpened his gaze: Many horsemen like him were going to the mountains and forests to hunt. He felt bored. He put spurs to his horse. It was daylight when he reached the mountain. When Çalık looked round and saw hundreds of horses on the mountain, he was dumbfounded: "There are more people here than rabbits," he said. So he was not the only one who went to bed hungry last night. He was happy when he thought about it. He thought, "The wedding that comes by hand is a feast. He started to look for prey.

There were those who gathered on the mountain and hunted. They would shout and frighten rabbits and hares, then they would gallop after them and shoot them. Those who shot a deer danced more and shared the deer and returned. But this place was so crowded that hunting a rabbit, especially a deer, was not the state of every servant.

Çalık had shot arrows three times but had not hit anything yet. He could not travel well because his hands were shaking from hunger and his eyes were black.

Even though it was close to noon, the bushman had not yet caught a prey, and suddenly his eyes lit up. Here are a few
A hundred paces ahead, a large rabbit was running towards the end of the plain. Çalık, realising that if he did not shoot the animal before the end of the plain, he would lose the animal, rode great speed. The rabbit was near the end of the plain and there was a gap of about a hundred paces between them when Calık shot his arrow. In an instant he saw the hare jumping upside down and falling down. He approached to pick it up. But when he reached the animal, he was so surprised that he almost rolled off his horse. Because two arrows were stuck in the body of the rabbit. When Çalık thought about how the arrow he shot pierced the hare as two arrows, one from the left side and one from the opposite side, from the place where the plain ended.
he saw two horsemen riding up. The three horsemen stood facing each other in front of the rabbit and looked at each other. The bush understood the situation. He asked the two horsemen:

— I shot one arrow. Which of you shot the other? One of

the horsemen answered:

— I shot an arrow.

— Then the rabbit belongs to both of us. We will

divide it. But the third rider said to the bush:

— You don't own the rabbit. The rabbit belongs to both of us.

— Why?

— The second arrow to the rabbit is mine.

Çalık paused:

— I shot my rabbit, too. I must have had my share.

— The rabbit two arrows. The rabbit belongs to the shooters.

It was understood that all three horsemen had shot arrows at the rabbit. But two of them hit the rabbit. It was these three
it wasn't clear which one was which.

One of the horsemen took some arrows from his quiver. He showed them to the bush and the other and said:

— My arrows had two notches each. If the rabbit has two notched arrows, it's mine.

Çalık took his arrows out of his quiver and showed them:

— My stamp is two conflicting lines. The other rider didn't shoot an arrow:

— He said, "There's no stamp on my okiar."

The three of them got off their horses. They took out the two arrows stuck in the rabbit. One of them:

— "Here's my arrow. There are two notches on it," he pointed.

With the second arrow in his hand, the bush was looking for his own stamp. The bushman's eyes began to darken. He handed the arrow to the other rider:

— Take a good look at this, he said; I'm so black with hunger that I can't see. Do you see my stamp?

The horseman took a good look at him:

— "This does not have your stamp. This is my arrow," he replied.

The two horsemen slaughtered my rabbit, skinned it and shared it. Then they rode away on their horses.

The bush was stunned. He thought he had shot the rabbit himself. Where did these two horsemen come from? While he was waiting with his eyes fixed on the place where the rabbit was shot, a horseman rode . He called out to the bush:

- Looking for your arrow? There...

When he looked where the rider pointed, he blushed with shame. Because his own arrow had fallen twenty paces away from the rabbit. pulled out the arrow stuck in the ground.
He saw his own stamp on it.

He wouldn't stop. He jumped on the horse. He started to watch the hunt again. At some point, his eyes turned forwards. He looked: Two people were fighting with swords on horses in the distance. Çalık forgot the hunt and hunger when he saw the hit. He spurred his horse towards the fighters. Two men were fighting only with swords. Calik seemed to recognise one of them. He said to himself:

— "Maybe he's one of my acquaintances. I don't want any harm to come to him. Let me separate them," he thought. Drawing his sword, he entered between the two. He shouted by raising his horse:

— Are you fucking idiots? What are you fighting about? I think you're full and you're here to enjoy yourselves instead of hunting game!

The riders split up. Both were wounded. One of them :

- The rabbit was mine. This one wishes he could take it because I shot it.
Do I?

The other rider shouted:

— No, no, no, no, no, no, no! The rabbit is mine. I shot it.

They both wanted to take the rabbit from the ground, claiming that they had hit it first. So it came to a fight. The bush intervened:

— It was God's will. Both your arrows hit. What are you fighting about? I just saw a hawk. The arrow he shot fell twenty paces away from the rabbit. He wanted to take the rabbit again. You're the good guys. This doesn't suit you. I'll give you a rabbit!

The crocodile jumped to the ground. The rabbit's face. He divided it into two equal parts and gave it to the horsemen. After each of the horsemen said "thank you"

they pulled away and left. Chahk looked after them for a while. Then he hit his hand on his knee and shouted:

— Tuuh! Albız can have it. I was going to ask for some meat for myself.

Çalık again remembered his hunger, which he had forgotten while watching the fight. he rode his horse. When he rounded the coastal bend of the forest, he stopped. On the ground lay a rabbit shot with an arrow. He was surprised to see the prey that had been shot and the saddle had not come out. According to the fight just now, he thought who be this tough-eyed one. But this thought did not last long. A horseman came out after the bend. Çalık recognised corporal Sançar:

— "Corporal Sanjar, you shoot this rabbit?" he asked. The corporal answered like a scold:

— I shot him. Take it if you want!

Çalık did not think where the corporal had thought of this gift. He jumped to the ground in one leap. He took the rabbit. Then, turning to the corporal:

— "Thank you, corporal. I haven't eaten anything for two days. If it wasn't for this, I would have starved to death" The corporal asked with a sullen face:

— You haven't eaten for two days?

— Im not buying it.

— Why didn't you eat?

— I couldn't find any food.

— come there's no food? Here, drink this!

Corporal Sanchar handed the pine keg of koumiss to Çalık. Çalık finished the koumiss in one gulp and handed it back:

— "Thank you, corporal!" he shouted. The strength of the bush was restored. Corporal Sanjar rode away. The bush,

He was quite ecstatic with joy. Now there was no other way but to go home and roast and eat this chicken.

Coming up the slope, he suddenly stopped. He met Corporal Yamtar. Yamtar also a big rabbit in his hand.
Çalık:

— "Corporal! Good hunting hunting" he said.
Yamtar replied with a questioning look:

— What's good about it? This rabbit's no match for me. What about the crowd at home?

Yamtar asked, staring at the Bush rabbit:

— sell me half of your rabbit?

— What can you give me?

— When we raid China in the summer, I'll give you a calf or three sheep.

— You will, but you won't find me then.

— Why?

— Until then, I'll starve to death.

Yamtar was bored. Suddenly he said to the bush:

— Will you wrestle your rabbit with me?

The crocodile thought about it. It would be nice to go home with two rabbits instead of one. He answered happily:

— Let's ignite!

Yarntar and Çalık dismounted and took out their swords and quivers. They took fire. It was noon. Yamtar was the bigger man, but Çalık was relying on the pine kvass he had drunk a while ago.

The rabbits were lying on the ground, and the horses of the two wrestlers, which were no fuller than themselves, were grazing.

Çalık attacked Yamtar as soon as the wrestling started and tried to knock him down, but Yamtar, who looked like a pine stump
It didn't tip over so easily. He had barely saved himself from falling on his back, his leg hurting as if he had tripped a tree.

After a long time of labour, Çalık got tired and hungry again. Corporal S ançar's sidewinder had not withstood all this exertion. Now it was Yamtar's turn to attack.
coming in. They couldn't wrestle standing up anymore. Yamtar grabbed the Chaldean by the waist and knocked him to the ground. It was so hard
and he tumbled to the floor. It's clear who's on the bottom, who's on top
it wasn't happening. He realised that if he did not get up, he would be defeated. He shook himself, he got up. Two wrestlers exchanged glances. They started to fight.
They circled around each other, unable to fight. Then suddenly they got angry and fought again. They were tired, and they wanted to win wrestling games. Two master wrestlers now
they were having a very good wrestling match. The bush had a great game in wrestling. By grabbing his opponent by the hands
He would throw himself on his back on the ground, throw his opponent, whom he had pulled towards him while he was falling to the ground, on top of him with a kick. Then he himself would suddenly leap up and pounce on the other, who had fallen to the ground from the air, and bring his back to the ground. Çalık grabbed Yamtar's neck with one hand and grabbed his wrist with the other. He threw himself his back on the ground. Yarntar also fell on him. But Calik had left one foot. As Yamtar fell on his foot, he fell on his foot.
He lifted Yamtar's heavy body and threw it over his head. Yarntar did a somersault in the air, and the head of the Bush
as he fell to the ground, Croc jumped up. He pounced on Yarntar. Both of Yarntar's shoulders were about to hit the ground.
But Yarntar easily defeated? The one who's on top of him
Yamtar moved and got up, as if the big bush was a quilt. And he clung to him to keep him from lifting him. This scuffle was bad. Because in this long-lasting wrestling, the two wrestlers did not realise that they had come to the edge of the river. Upon this move, both of them were in each other's arms.

they started to roll down the slope. The slope was about a hundred steps. The two Sky Turk warriors descended to the plain. They clung tightly to each other. If there was not a puddle where they had fallen, they would not have been able to separate. This cold water chill the wrestlers, who were already hot. On the contrary, because they were sweating.
gave them coolness. They came out of the water and started wrestling again.

The wrestling had lasted so long that it evening. It was starting to get dark. At some point, Çalık's foot tripped on a stone and he found himself on his back on the ground.

The wrestling was over and Çalık was defeated. Yarntar gasped and said:

— It's good that you're beaten. Look, it's

evening. The crocodile answered:

— It's no good. The rabbit's gone.

— It's a good thing. Otherwise we'd be hungry tonight.

— It's no good. We'll starve tonight.

They both climbed the slope they had just rolled down. The horses were still grazing and the rabbits were lying on the ground. When the two tired hired men came out of the ridge, they were completely exhausted. They were breathing widely. Çalık collapsed on the ground. Yamtar did the same. Now that he had lost the rabbit, he didn't want to stay here any longer. He got up, panting. He jumped on his horse. He said goodbye to Yamtar and rode off. Yamtar shouted after him:

— Hey! Come here!

The bush turned round. Yarntar put his hand on the ground:

— You're going to Sdağıola without your sword?

The crocodile did not know what to do with boredom. He got down from his horse. He sheathed his sword with tired movements. In the meantime

Yarntar jumped the horse. He rode. After looking at him and the ground, he shouted:

— Hey! Hey! Corporal! Come

here! Yarntar returned. Calık

asked:

— You're leaving without the rabbits?

Neither of them knew what they were doing because they were tired. Çalık was returning home empty-handed after having wrestled hard from noon to evening. He met Corporal Sançar on the way. Sançar asked him when he saw him without rabbit:

— What did you do with my rabbit? you eat?

Çalık rode on one side. He also rumbled:

— I ate the rabbit, but I did something else, Corporal!

When Çalık entered his tent, his eyes widened in surprise: His wife was butchering and roasting a deer. , whose appetite had suddenly been whetted, forgot that he had returned empty-handed: "Where did you get this?" he asked. His wife said in a voice that sounded a little resentful: "I hunted it!" she replied. The bushman liked his wife inwardly, but did not make a sound. His mother, on the other hand, instead of helping her son, who had no strength left to stand up from hunger, she reproached him:

— Your father used to keep his milk alive and pull the mare's bone out of the mare's bones. You're not like him at all.

He looked sharply at his mother. He was going to say something sharp, but she beat him to it:

— In China - three years in captivity and incompetence!

When his wife interrupted him, Çalık fell silent. Because he knew what a hard woman she was. He loved his wife very much and at the same time was afraid of her. One day in the first month of his marriage he quarreled with his wife, then it escalated, it into fisticuffs, and Calık and his wife fought like two wrestlers.

they were. Çalık could not suppress his blood in this fight, and even received two severe whippings from his wife, who had the whip in her hand, and his face was covered with blood. Here the goods were in front of him: Çalık had even lost the rabbit given to him, but his wife had caught a big deer.

But his mother escalated again:

— Calık, are you out of plums now? Your arrow doesnt hold?

Çal• had learnt to lie during his years of captivity in China. He could find no other way out:

— Who told you the hunt couldn't hit me?

— Where is it?

— Where will he be, in Yamtar!

— Why Yamtar?

— I did!

— Why?

— Does Yamtar eat easily? His house is crowded!

— One thinks of one's own house first. What would have happened if your wife hadn't shot the deer?

— Would I have given the kill to Yamtar if I didn't know he'd hit it?

The meat was fried. The wife first gave a piece to her mother-in-law, then to the children, then the bushman. Then she took it herself. They did not speak, they ate with appetite.

Çalık slept soundly that night. He always saw good things in his dreams, every time he shot an arrow he shot a deer and gave some of them Yamtar, some Sanchar, and even brought a deer he caught alive to Major Isbara Alp.



The bows were stretched and pointed at the Black Mountain's chest.

X
Behind 1ş

The next day Çalık got up early again. He full of strength because he was full today. Now, when he shot an arrow, his arm would not tremble and his eyes would not darken. After putting a big piece of meat in his bag, he left the tent. The place was covered with snow. It snowed a lot last night, which bad for the horses. Calık thought well when he was full. The test of the day before had been a lesson to him. He was not going to shoot rabbits or deer today, he was going to hunt birds. Çalık used to hunt small birds in this forest and for this he used thin arrows made of tree branches. These birds were small, but very sweet. There was no need to hurry, as there was meat for a few days at home anyway.

Because it was necessary to climb trees, Çalık did not ride, but left his horse on the plain to dig in the snow and find grass. He thought that if he caught many birds, he could even exchange them for our blood. If he could find such a pine-keg of our kismet, his mother would no longer have the face to open her mouth and his wife would be happy.

When he reached the forest, he climbed a pine tree. The wind was not blowing and it was snowing lightly. After placing himself firmly on a branch, he started carving by cutting the branches with his knife. Arrows made of pine wood
it was more for shooting small birds. On the branches
As he was placing the arrows he had made in his quiver, his eyes suddenly caught ahead. Two pedestrians were coming slowly, talking. When Çalık saw them, he thought:

- "If they had come for hunting, they would not have walked like this," he said. When they came a little closer, he realised that they were two Chinese. two Chinese were coming towards the bush tree. Looking at them attentively, the Bushman recognised one of them as Van-zin Shan. As for the other one, he seemed to recognise this poor, ugly-faced man, but he could not remember who he was. The Calık wondered what he was talking about with this poorly dressed, ugly-faced Chinaman, for he had heard that both Shen-king and Van zin-shan were well-established.

Meanwhile, two Chinese were passing very close to the tree where the bush was. They were talking very slowly. Even so, he could hear Van-zin-shan saying in Chinese, "Shen-king is suspicious."

The horse servant Çalık, after looking after the departing Tiniiier Then:

— "Where have I seen this guy?" he said. Then all of a sudden, as if he was angry with himself:

— "Let Albız have it! I don't care where I saw it. Now I have to look for a bird," he said and shot his first arrow and hit a bird from one of the trees opposite.

For each bird he shot, the bush climbed down a tree and climbed up another tree until noon. He had shot 20 birds. This was not a small amount. Now it was time to go and see if he could get some koumiss for them. Çalık started to go to the place of shopping without stopping. The kagan had built a big house made of wood and covered with a canopy for shopping in winter. Chinese merchants, since ancient times, would sometimes stay in Ötüken and then return to China in the summer: As they traded, the kings levied taxes on them, so that this trade was mutually beneficial. When Calık entered this big house, he paused. He had travelled here several times before, but never had he seen such a crowd.

As he was looking left and right, Corporal Yamtar and Corporal Pars caught his eye. The two corporals were talking to the men with long black beards who came with the envoys of the B atı Khan and did not look like Turks. Çalık approached them slowly. These men were speaking in broken Turkish and speaking slowly. Yamtar saw Çalık:

— "These are Sughdak!" he said. He had never heard this word, he asked:

— What does Sugdak mean?

— Sughdaks are a small tribe in the western neighbourhood. They are under the command of the western kagarun. They are not Turks but they know Turkish language. These are sart(1) people· Buy here too
they've come to trade.

Çalık took a look at Suğdaklan. Then he could start shopping with these. He opened his bag and showed the birds:

— "Will you take these?" he asked.

The Suğdaks spoke to each other in their own language for a while. Then one of them said to the Bush:

— I give one akça each to the small birds and two akça each to the big ones.

The crocodile sulked:

— What should I do with the mite? Give me koumiss. mite feed the blood?

Corporal Pars intervened:

— You take the money. You can use it to go and buy koumiss. Look, there are Chinese on the other side of the house. They were selling koumiss just now. If it's not sold out, you buy some too.

Pars was pointing to the other corner of the house with his hand while saying these words. Çalık looked at the place shown among the crowd. He saw the tiles. And among these tiles

(1) Sart: Merchant

He also recognised the grim and sullen man he had seen in the forest in the morning. He shouted at Sugdag, smelling that we had run out of kisins:

— Quick, give me the money. the birds!

Çalık emptied the birds from his bag in one behaviour. He took the money given by Suğdağ and walked towards the tiles. There eight to ten steps between them. Çalık, who made eye contact with the disguised Chinaman, shouted:

— Chinaman! you recognise me?

But the Chinese did not answer this question. He jumped out of his seat with ridiculous surprise and haste. Breaking through the crowd, he ran to the door, bumping into one another, and ran away without looking back. The mouth of the bush remained open. The tiles were also surprised. Those who saw what was happening were all looking at the bell. The horse servant was about to ask the Chiniiier why this guy ran away when a harsh, crisp laugh rang through the house. Turks and Chinese recognised Corporal Sanjar's laughter. The Suğdaks, however, did not understand anything and looked at each other in amazement. Sanchar was laughing his head off and the same time saying to Chalik:

— You're still not a man. ever go fast on Chinlinift? That's how he gets scared and runs away. He obviously thought you were coming to take his life.

After these words of the young corporal, there was a general laughter that filled the whole house and made a humming outside. All Türiders were laughing, and the Chinese were joining in, either out of fear or out of the revelation of this ridiculous fact. As for the Sughdaks, they were also trying to take advantage of this opportunity, as they could not fulfil their need for laughter in the presence of the Turks, who laughed very little. Otherwise, they did not see what was going on and could not understand Corporal Sançar's words in their limited Turkish.

Sanjar and Calık were laughing so hard that they both rolled on the floor. They put their hands on their chests

They were pressing, and although they wanted to say a word every now and then, they couldn't because they were laughing. When Corporal S ançar started laughing, especially when he rolled on the ground, there was no stopping it. However, his laughter had such an effect on the people of Ötüken that when Sançar started laughing, they all laughed and would not stop until he stopped laughing. What would have become of those people if he did not stop laughing? Maybe Sançar could endure this laughter, but the others were not very confident. They all remembered a soldier who had died last year while laughing with Sançar. Pars and Yarntar found a way to avoid this danger. They shouldered S ançar, who was on the ground, and him out of the house. They put him on a horse. Leaning on the horse's mane, they tied Sanjar lightly. Then they drove his horse with a whip.

As the horse galloped along, S anchar was still laughing, and the laughter rang across the plain, not ringing, but roaring.

When the crocodile got up from the ground, he immediately turned to the Chinese.

Putting Akçalan in front of them:

— He said, "Give me value of these!" One of the tiles

counted the coins:

- Nineteen . I'll give you a mudjug of koumiss!

he replied.

Calık handed me the pine. Then he drank the pine that the Chinese had filled. He drank to the end. It was clear from his face that he was proud to drink a pine-keg of koumiss. But gradually the cheerfulness passed from his face. Like a humming:

— "Oh, let him have it. I was going to take this kismet home. S ançar made me forget everything," he said. Then he suddenly frowned. Turning to the Chinese, he asked:

— What did you say, you took nineteen akça from me?

— Yes, our favourite!

— Don't call me "beğ", I'll blow your eyes out! I'horse . Çalık

rushed to Sugdag:

— How much did you give me?

— I gave him thirty akça.

— If you gave thirty akça, why did you give 19 akça in front of the Chinese?
exitb?

— How can that be? I gave you 30 akça. Calık ran to

the Chinese again and shouted:

— You Chinaman! Look at my anger. Sughdak says you gave me 30 sovereigns. I gave you all the money I got from him. Tell the truth. Or else...

The Chinaman swore a thousand oaths. Çalık ran to Sugdag again. Taking him by the arm, as if dragging him, he came to the Chinese sart. He asked Soudag:

— How much did you give me?

— Thirty!

— How much did you take from me?

— Nineteen!

— Whichever one of you is lying, let me know and I'll blow your eye out.

The Chinaman said, trying to smile slyly:

— I wonder if half of the ducats were left in our favourite's purse.

— Are you crazy? Is my money going into your arsehole?

— No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! So it's not in your purse?

— What pouch? Do I have a pouch other than my quiver and my meat bag?

At this moment, the water was interrupted:

— Don't you think your aunt just thought you were laughing?

The crocodile thought. He wondered. This thought was true. But he knew very well that he had not dropped the money. He knew, but he couldn't tell which of these guys was cheating on him, so he kept silent. He didn't have much time to stop anyway. He had to go to the forest again and hunt birds. At the very least, he should find another pine-keg of koumiss and take it home. This thought saved the Chinese and Sogdag.

It was almost sunset. Çalık was returning fast with 20 birds in his bag again. If the Chinese did not arrive and buy another mudjug of koumiss before the conditions went away, he would not be able to escape his mother's tongue and his wife's resentful look. One

he came to a place where the forest had become very dense. The trees here are so dense

They were so dense that the snow could not completely burn the dense and tangled branches and fill the ground. The bush slowed down its steps. He started to move forward by raising his head and trying to make less with his steps. There must have been many birds hiding among the dense branches. It was necessary to send them away without startling them, and then to shoot them at once. In this way, he would be able to

the more it grew, the more secure his place in the house would become.

The left crocodile walks with such silent and alert steps.

he heard a noise next to him. It was mixed with grunting and panting. Suddenly, the bush forgot about the birds, the house, and the snow, and turned to the left. These dense trees made this place

darkening. Before he had taken a few steps, he heard a curse in Chinese that made the Bush straighten up. At the same time, he stopped and still. In this place, where the trees had thinned to barely a fathom, a bear about two men's height stood up to attack a Chinese man who was covered in blood and bruises. Between the Chinese and the bear

The distance was so small that the Chinese could not draw an arrow from the quiver on his back, he could only defend himself with the large knife in his hand.

working. In time for Çalık to think that the quiver on the Chinese's back was something unusual in Ötüken
It wasn't. It the wood he had prepared for shooting small birds
He shot his arrow travelling towards the bear's eye. The arrow entered the bear's eye, but at the same time the bear attacked the Chinese with a terrible attack and a fierce attack. The Chinaman did not stop for long. He drew his knife. He stabbed the bear three times in the back. When this terrible bear realised that his new enemy was stronger, he suddenly left the Chinese and turned towards the Bushman.

The bear and the bush stood three or four steps apart and looked at each other. If the arrow shot by the bush had been made of iron, this bear would have died long ago. But the wooden arrow only him and this infuriated the bear. Çalık knew what a monster the bear had become and acted accordingly.
he remembered. Isbara Alp used to say, "The best way of defence is attack". Bear and Calık attacked each other at the same time. Çalık was the first to fall. But the big wrestler was able to fight with both feet.
with a vicious kick to the bear's belly and put him on his back.

The crocus got up first. He was hurt inside by this fall and his head was very angry. Before the bear could get up, he jumped up and stabbed the bear again with his knife.

The bear was on its feet. Blood was flowing from his wounds. The bush shouted at the bear:

- You big son of a bitch! Do you think you are Yamtar? How could you win the wrestling match and leave with the birds?

The bear attacked again. This time the knife of the Bushman was stuck in the bear's throat until it went astray. The big beast collapsed on the ground, after a few struggles it remained motionless.

The Chinese bear, who had been watching all this with his mouth open and his eyes wide open, saw the bush walking towards him, panting, and immediately bent down.

Without straightening his clothes, without saying a single word of thanks to the Chinaman, he ran like a fox into the trees and disappeared from sight. But the fact that all this happened in a very short time was enough for the Bushman to see the Chinese's face up close and personal. This was disguised Chinaman who had passed through the forest with Van zin-shan in the morning and who had just made Corporal S anchar laugh by running away when he saw him.

The bushman's mind scrambled once more to remember the face he seemed to recognise: "Wow..." he to himself. His eyes shone with joy. Then he said, "!" again. This time his eyes widened in surprise. The bush looked left and right as if something terrible around. Then he started to run ahead.

It was long after sunset when Çalık opened the door of his house with a gasp. He threw the birds on the ground without saying a word to his mother and sister who were looking at him. Quickly he put on his best compasses. Then he rushed out of the door. He ran and jumped on the horse. He galloped away.

XI

Corporal Pars

Corporal Pars was leaning against a pine tree, thinking. Yamtar was standing in front of him, digging something with his knife in a large wooden ı?. tool. The weather was snowy, but good for the Otuken. Y arntar raised his head:

— He said, "You know what? There's a lot of stupid people on that show."

— Why did you know?

— I've spoken to the Sogdaks and I understand.

— What did the Suğdaks tell you?

— They said that the sweetest work on earth is shopping and earning money.

Pars grimaced:

— "It doesn't show their stupidity, it shows their stupidity," he said.

Yarntar was narrating:

— I asked them, "Is war sweeter or commerce?" and they laughed, and spoke among themselves in their own language. And their language doesn't sound human.

— What did they answer you?

— In war, people die. They said, "Where's the flavour in that?

— Stupid bad people! So they haven't tasted the taste of war. If you give an ox a drink of koumiss, will it savour it? Neither will they...

And Yamtar getting angry:

— Which God created these Chinese and Sogdak? It better not to create such a nation than to create such a nation!...

— They're all lies and deceit.

— , cowards...

— Here come the Chinese from afar.

Corporal Pars' sharp eyes had picked out Sen king and three Chinese officers coming from far away. The Chinese were riding quite fast. They slowed down as they approached the two corporals. They were talking to each other. Yamtar and Pars turned their backs to them to avoid seeing the faces of the Chinese, whom they disliked. Meanwhile, Shen-king bowed to Van-zin-shan and said something to him, and he smiled, turned his horse round and came to the two corporals:

— "I salute you, braves!" he said.

Pars didn't mind. Yamtar glared at him. Van-zin-shan asked with a laugh:

— I've got permission from the great Shen-king. I want to race with you. Are you confident?

Yamtar was surprised:

— I don't understand. You're competing? Who are you competing with?

— With you.... Pars

answered:

— Are there no children in Ötüken? You go with them!

The Chinaman was laughing:

— Our great lord has given me a gold coin. The wrong winner will get the gold coin.

— Does your great favourite want to give us a gold coin?

The Chinese officer was defiant:

— Whoever's confident will the field.

The two corporals exchanged glances. The Chinaman was trying to deceive them:

— Do Turkish soldiers shy away from a fight? Now the three of us will spur our horses and ride. We will go as far as the mound before reaching to the great admirer's otbah, and then we will come back here again. The first one to come takes the gold.

Pars glared at the Chinese:

— "Then give us the gold. Then we'll fight Yamtar. The winner takes the gold.

— He gave a silver coin for the second one.

— Give that to us. If he gave you something for the third, keep it for yourself.

— Yigal! You speak too loudly, but don't let your fear get in the way!

In this beautiful, snowy weather, Pars was going to offer Sen-king to join the fight. So he turned his head in his direction. But strangely, Shen-king rode away across the steppe with the two Chinese beside him. Why was he offering money if he wasn't going to watch the race? A flash went off in Pars' brain. Then he turned to the Chinese:

— You deal with Yarntar. I'll wait for you here, he said.

Yamtar jumped on the horse grazing a little ahead. To the

Chinese:

— "You a hundred paces ahead. Your horse is tired. Pars when he raises and lowers his whip.

Van-zin-shan went a hundred paces forward. He turned his head and waited for the signal. Pars raised his whip high. Suddenly he brought it down quickly. The two horses bolted.

Pars looked after the two horses for a while. Then he ran and got on his own horse. He galloped the opposite direction to the way the Chinaman and Yamtar were going. He was chasing the tracks of the Chinaman and his comrades.

The corporal rode his horse as far as he could over the snow, watching the horizon with his eyes. The Chinese had caused him to fly like lightning across the steppe. Pars was somehow suspicious of this Chinese coming and offering to trade, and the fact that the trade was not this , but that it was the other way, made him even more suspicious. Pars knew very well that the Chinese would not give money unless there was something at stake. Especially when Van-zin-shan was sure to be defeated in this match, there was of course a bad reason for the Chinese to spend a gold coin. Pars did not enter the race because he thought about these things, he went after the Chinese. While he was running at full speed, he was not only thinking of going after the Chinese. The biggest job for him was not to go after the Chinese, but to catch up where the Chinese were going.

When the corporal saw the horses in the distance, he whipped his horse. He came down like lightning and came to the Chinamen. Three Chinese were standing in front of Alınıla on a grey horse. Beautiful Alınıla was looking at them with her usual calm and unperturbed look. She smiled when she saw the Pars catching up.

The corporal brought his horse to a halt right in front of Shen-king. They looked at each other in silence. Then Pars asked Alina:

— they say anything to you?

— The Chinese chief asked where I was going.

— Why do you need it?

— I don't know.

Pars stared at the Chinese. Then, as if spitting in his face, he said:

— You're Chinese, but you're not cunning.

Shen-king was laughing, he wanted to mock this Turk.
Looking up, he asked the corporal:

— Why did you know?

— You wanted to get ahead of the race and get us out of here, but you couldn't.

— You have been a great tarkan with that mind of yours.

— It' better not to be than to be like you...

Shen-king blushed at being insulted by mockery. He paused for a moment as if thinking, then shouted:

— Don't go too far! Then there'll be blood!

— bad? We can see the colour of his blood.

— Remember, there's three of you! You won't get out of here alive!

— Three of ? You're too few!

Shen-king drew his sword in anger. Seeing him, the two Chinese officers did the same. But corporal Pars was not interested. He said to the Chinese leader:

— 't the three of you and Alilla fight instead of me? This

question was answered with great composure and seriousness.
It infuriated the Shen-king. Screaming, he charged at the corporal. Pars - he made his horse do a nimble shove
He drew his sword in vain. The four horsemen were tangled together. The fight had begun.

Pars was in no hurry, wielding his sword with movements that showed he was a skilful soldier. The Chinese shouted, attacked, surrounded Pars, defended their swords, but

they couldn't touch him. He was only deflecting the swinging swords and turning horses without stopping.

Almila was watching this fight from her horse with a smile, she seemed to enjoy this battle.

At one point, when the fighters approached him, he called out:

— Pars! If you can't take down all three - you're out of my favour!

Pars answered amidst the clattering of swords:

— Don't worry, they're tired.

Soon one of the Chinamen fell off his horse screaming. His wound was not big. He was scared because he was Chinese. Corporal Pars also had thin wounds on his face, but he didn't care. He was trying to save his horse more than himself. The forehead called out again:

— Pars! Good overthrow

But when Almıla's eyes fell on the fallen Chinese, she interrupted. Because the wounded Chinese was standing up and stretching his bow. Even if the arrow he would shoot would not hit Pars, it would wound his horse and Pars would be forced to fight on foot against two horsemen. Seeing this, he his horse to the Chinese who was thirty steps away from him. When the Chinaman saw this attack on him, immediately turned round and shot his arrow at Alila. The arrow struck the horse in the chest and knocked him down and Alila jumped off the horse onto the snow. This throw was hard, but the soft snow protected her. Allya, who fell to the ground right next to the Chinese, jumped up with great agility and attacked the Chinese. While three people were fighting on horseback, these two started to fight on the ground. Alila threw the Chinese, who already had a sword in his left arm, under him in the first attack and grabbed his throat with both hands. The other one tried to save himself from drowning by grabbing Alila's wrists with his hands. When he failed, with a last effort, he grabbed the knife at his waist and swung it towards Allya's face. Beautiful Allya's cheek was scratched from head to toe.

and the blood started to flow. When the young girl was wounded, she let go of the Chinese and stood up. The Chinaman jumped up at once. He had drawn his knife. They spun round and round each other. Then they came face to face again with Alilah's throw. With a nimble trip, Alila knocked the Chinaman to the ground again, grabbed his right hand holding the knife with his left hand and pressed his other arm with his knee. Then she quickly lifted her knife and fixed it to his throat until the handle. As the man struggled and died, Alınıla stood up and saw a horseman galloping towards them. Corporal Pars was still struggling with his two tiles. When the horseman coming like lightning from the opposite side came near the fighters, he stopped and shouted:

— What does that mean? Put down the sword

They recognised that it was Kür Şad from his face and Pars from his voice. Pars, who immediately put down his sword, wanted to return to Kür Shad. But Şen-king, who took advantage of this opportunity, swung a sword at Pars who had lowered his sword and wounded him in the arm. Pars fell on the mane of his horse in pain and descended.

Kür Shad, who saw this wickedness of the Chinese prince, rode towards him:

— "Have you not heard that I commanded you to put down the sword?" he asked.

Then, without waiting for him to answer, he struck Shen-king's face with his whip so hard that the Chinese king fell off his horse and lay on the snow before he could utter a word. He knelt down and saluted Kür Shad.

Kür Şad looked around him, he looked at Alınıla who was looking at him with blood flowing down his face, Pars who was trying to gather himself by holding his wounded arm, and Chinii who was lying dead on the ground. While galloping, he had seen that this beautiful girl had killed this Chinii. He asked:

— Girl, who are you?

— I am Alina, daughter of Major Isbara Alp.

— Why did you hit him? He

told me what happened with

his forehead.

— I can tell you're Isbara Alp's daughter. I saw how you fought. You're a fatherly girl with a heart of steel. I like you!

Then he turned to Pars and asked:

— Who are you?

Pars, covered in blood, jumped from his horse. Kneeling on the ground and saluting Kür Shad:

— "I Pars, one of the corporals of Ishbara Alp," he replied.

— Who struck first?

— They...

Sen-king, who had fainted from the whip he had received from Kür Shad, was slowly coming to himself. Kür Shad looked at him with a disgusted look and said:

— Let that be a lesson to you. Don't forget you're a refugee here. If you misbehave again, I'll send your bad life to the red tarn.

Then he went back to Pars and Alınıla:

— Allama! The horse of the Chinese who killed your horse is yours. The horses of the others belong to the corporal. If I hadn't caught up, Pars would have got them both. They can't even pay their debts with horses. Let's go!

Almıla and Pars saluted Kür Şad and took horses and set off. Sen-king stood up with the help of his friend. Kür Shad asked him:

— Do Chinese elites know how to fight one on one? If you're confident in your wrist, let's try our swords!

The Chinese did not make a sound. Kür Ş ad made his voice harder:

— I'll be on foot. You two can fight each other if you like. Are you hard of heart? If you like, I'll leave my shield and fight bare sword. I'll throw away my turban.

Kür Shad, expecting a futile response from the Chinese, grimaced at their silence:

— "You are vile, spineless men. Only when a few of you can you follow a woman."

Then he rode away at full rein.

After winning the battle with Van-zin-shan and getting the gold, Yamtar's first job was to look for Pars. When he learnt that he was lying wounded in his tent, he didn't understand anything and rushed there. When he entered the door, he saw that Pars was lying down, around him were Sançar, Sülemiş, Ank Buka, Gök Börü and Three Sons gathered . Pars' resemblance

he turned yellow. A white-bearded shy man 1<> was cauterising his wounded arm. Yamtar:

— "What happened, Pars?" he

shouted. Pars said in a tired voice:

— "I've bled so much I'm tired," he replied.

Yamtar looked around. He opened his eyes when he saw the wound on Alila's face:

— "Did you play swordplay with each other?" he asked.

Corporal Three Sons briefly told Yamtar what had happened. His shame had finished him off. Meanwhile, outside, there was a noise. a clatter was heard. Major Isbara Alp entered with quick steps. Corporals knelt on the ground. Utacı lowered his head by pressing his hand to his bindings. Isbara Alp signalled to Pars, who was trying to get up from his bed, to lie down with his hand and asked the utaci:

(1) Utaci Doctor



Yamtar, grabbing the bush by the waist...

— How is it? it deep?

— He's travelled a long way and bled a lot. This wound will heal. If he drinks a lot of koumiss, his body will be strong and he won't die.

The corporals looked at each other. The major turned to Alınıla:

— He said, "Go, bring all the koumiss you have."

On the way out, Isbara Alp looked at Yamtar:

— "Y amtar! Find the labourer. Let him see me before sunset," he commanded. Then he turned to Pars and asked if he had anything to say.

Pars:

— "I have nothing to say. Praise the girl! She killed a tile. She carried me here on her back. I fainted," he replied.

A little while after Isbara Alp left, Alınıla came. He had a small penknife in his hand. He put it next to Pars:

— That's all we have, he said.

Then the corporals came out all at once, Yarntar took out the gold he had won in the battle and gave it to Sanchar:

— "Take as much koumiss as you can find with this. I'm going to find the Bush," he said.

The corporals asked each other if they had koumiss at home. None of them had any. There was a short conversation standing up. Seven sheep and two horses were put forward. S ançar was going to collect them from each corporal's clan, sell them to the Tinsmiths, add the gold on top of them, and bring them all to Pars.

In the evening, Corporal Sançar came to the tent of the unconscious Pars, who was being waited for by Hru.a Alınıla, with seven large pine kegs full.

Yamtar also confronts Major Isbara Alp and after kneeing him:

— "The bush has disappeared. His wife said he hadn't been seen for a few days and she didn't know where he had gone."

XI

Çaşıt

S ançar did not lag behind with his taliroler, even though it was freezing cold. He had now led the soldiers under his command on a four-day battle drill. On the first day they travelled all the way with four horseshoes, and at night they marched in the storm. They had three spare horses. They knew that they would find prey on this march, so they had taken these horses and loaded the prey onto them. Corporal Sançar's name known to everyone in Ötüken. He was a fierce warrior and a good soldier.

They had travelled so far away from Ötüken in these four days of battle drills that they could almost have raided to China if they had gone a little further.

On the fourth day, the drills were over and the reserve horses were returning to Ötüken full of game; they were tired. Fortunately, the storm and snow had subsided. It was very nice to ride on horseback in this vast area stretching as far as the eye could see. S anchar and his gangs seemed to be getting tired. Suddenly one of the soldiers said:

— "There's a horse going ahead," he said.

Ahead, a horse was travelling slowly Ötüken. Sanchar immediately looked to the right, left, front and back and counted the soldiers and horses. There was no shortage. After looking for a while, Sançar again fixed his eyes on the next horse:

— "There is a rider on the horse. Come quickly after me!" and he spurred his horse. They all rushed out at full rein.

Sanchar's sharp eyes were not mistaken. When they reached the horse, they saw that there was a wounded horseman on it, he was trying to fall down by grabbing the horse's mane, he could hardly stand on the horse. The horse was travelling very slowly and smoothly in order to make its owner fall. - Sanchar asked the wounded man:

— Who are you? What are you doing here?

There was no answer. Then he jumped down from one of the horsemen. Approaching the wounded man, he bent down, looked at his face and turned to S anchar:

— "Isbara Alp's servant Çalık," he said.

The soldiers looked at each other.

Çalık, who was lowered to the ground at S ançar's command, could not speak. Occasionally he opened his eyes, then closed them again. It looked like he was going to die. Sanchar commanded:

— "Quick, the wounded!"

had an arrow wound in his chest. There were also a few sword wounds on the other side. The arrow wound was big. It was the one that finished Çalığ.

While the wounds were cauterised and Çalık was forced to drink koumiss, Sançar a bed for Çalık with a felt stretched between two horses. Calik was laid on it. They set off.

Sanchar like his brain was going to explode: Crocus
Why was he hurt? What was doing here?

They reached Ötüken before Sançar solved this riddle. After putting Ça lığ to bed, Corporal Sançar went to Major Işbara Alp and told him what had happened.

When Isbara Alp arrived, Çalık opened his eyes.
Major:

- When he asked, "Çalık, where did you go?" Çalık pointed south with his eyes. Then he fainted.

The Utajis were labouring to save Chalig, applying all kinds of ointments to his wounds and reciting prayers. But the wounded could not recover and even got worse.

On the fourth day of his arrival in Ötüken, Çalık seemed to recover a little. When Isbara Alp, who had been watching him every day, saw Çalık well, he asked him again why he had disappeared. Çalık could only answer with difficulty:

— "Chashit! ..." he could only say, and then he fell silent.

The major was frowning. Who was this calık? He would have asked a lot of questions if Çalık didn't get so tired that he fainted every time he mentioned it. But he was so weak that he could barely breathe. Nevertheless, Isbara Alp could not leave this important work without understanding it. He asked:

— Where's this mollusc?

— He died.

— Did you kill him?

— Yes.

— Did he hurt you?

The bush had lost its power. He signalled yes with his eyes and fell silent. He was so exhausted that he could no longer respond to interrogations.

While the major and Çalık were talking about these things, Corporal Sançar was in Çalık's camp. Suddenly, he got up. Towards Calik:

— "Isn't that the Chinese bloke who ran away when he saw you?" he shouted.

Çalık smiled. He signalled yes with his eyes. Then Sanchar told Isbara Alp about the disguised Chinaman in the shopping centre and how the Chinaman had run away when he saw Calik.

The major bowed his head and thought, then asked Sanchar:

— How did you know that that Chinaman was a monger?

When Sanchar asked the same question to Çalığ, the horse servant made a last effort. Cut by cut:

— "I saw him when I was a prisoner in China. He was a Chinese officer. I also caught him dead. Under the saddle of his horse ... In a bag... " and fainted again.

Isbara Alp looked at Sanjar. The corporal understood:

— His wife must have ridden his horse and gone hunting. I'll find him now!" and he jumped on his horse and galloped off.

Shortly before sunset, Sanchar entered Isbara Alp's tent in a sweat of blood. After giving Selim, he handed a paper to the major:

— He said, "I found this under the saddle of the bushman's horse."

Isbara Alp looked at the folded paper. He contorted his face:

— "This is written in Chinese. What is such a book doing in Ötüken anyway?" he said. Then he turned to Sançar and said the following:

— You go. We'll read this tomorrow. Don't say a word to anyone!

— You're in charge!

Sanchar left and went to his own tent.

Although Isbara Alp and Sanchar kept their mouths shut, the news of "Chashit" had spread in Ötüken. The people of Ötüken

They had sensed and found it with their own feelings, even though they did not hear it from anyone. There were all sorts of rumours:

— He's got a coyote.

— Chalig was shot by the chashits.

-She was lying unconscious and couldn't say his name.

The Chinese in Ötüken were completely disgusted. For some reason they were very frightened by this. Even Shen-king, forgetting the pain of the whip wound on his face, took it upon himself. At night he had Van-zin-shan and the other Chinese officer in his tent and was talking to them. He said:

— It's good for us to have a messenger from China. Because it will be a reason to provoke the Khan. He should tell him that if he destroys the present family in China and makes our family the kagan, he will never see such a tsar again.

Van-zin-shan to this idea.

— No, my dear. It will be bad for us if the khan hears about the chashid. Because before this family and that family in China, the Chinese mashig from China is important. If this news is true, the Khan will no longer look favourably on us.

— Why shouldn't he? You're thinking very strangely. If only Isbara Alp's horse servant would come to his senses and tell me the name of the henchman....

— Did Isbara Alp's horse servant know?

— I don't know that well, but I heard that this horse servant speaks Chinese well and is very open-eyed. He must have learnt something. If it becomes clear that the horse servant came from the Chinese khan, I will ask the Black Khan for permission to raid China. Of course he will give me forty thousand, fifty thousand horsemen.

— No, your honour! The Black Khan won't give you soldiers.

— Why?

— Because he wanted to give the goods to be looted in the raid only to the Turks...

-What should I do with the property? I'll give it back to the Khan. I need the Chinese kaganate....

— Yeah, but not again!

— Hey, you're going upright tonight, too. Get down from there!...

Shen-king was so enraged that he immediately went for his sword. Fortunately Van-zin-shan got up quickly and threw himself out of the door. Otherwise he would have done something else. Shen-king turned to the other Chinese officer:

— What the happened to this slouch? He's become arrogant. He forgot he was in front of me.

— Yes, dear! There's been a change in his condition for twothree days.

Towards midnight, a fierce storm broke out in Ötüken. The wind was howling with horrible screams and the snow was falling like crazy. The wolves in the forest howled all at once, adding to the horror. The cold also increased. Bora, blizzard, storm, snow, cold were ravaging Otüken in a way not seen for years.

He was moaning in his bed, his wife was sleeping in the tiredness of the whole day, then he woke up from the storm, but he couldn't move and dived again. How many times did she wake up and dive? He didn't really know. At some point, in one of his awakenings, he saw Çalığ's shadow standing. The woman would close her eyes again. But at that moment she remembered how much Çalığ was respected. She opened her eyes. The crotch was moving slowly towards the door. His wife could not understand the reason for this secret departure. If Çalık leaves the door again for days.

he thought that he would not come and maybe bigger things happen to him. Suddenly he called out:

— Crocus!

When Çalık heard this voice, he stood straight in front of the door. He did not move or make a sound. But his wife was now well awake. She shouted again:

— Calık, where are you going?

This time, the Crocodile slowly:

— "I'll be right back," he said as he opened the door and ran out. Çalığ's mother woke up from this conversation. She asked her daughter-in-law:

— Come on, he gone?

— He's gone.

— He couldn't stand. How can he walk? There's a blizzard outside.

The woman did not answer these words. Then she shouted at her mother-in-law:

— Quickly! Quick, light the kindling!

Çalığ's mother jumped up with a speed beyond her years. She quickly lit the kindling. The tent was illuminated. When the old woman held the kindling to the place where Çalığ was lying, they froze. Çalık, who they thought was gone, in his bed. But a knife was stabbed in his chest and Çalık was dead.

Isbara Alp ordered Sanjar:

— Corporal Sanjar! Find two Chinese who read Chinese well and write a thesis

Bring it to me.

— You are in charge.

Isbaiya Alp was furious. He was very angry that his horse servant Calig had been killed. It meant that the Chinaman whom Calig had killed was not alone and his friend had taken revenge. The major went up and down the tent until Sanchar found the two tiles and brought them back.

One of the two tiles brought by the corporal was an old and hunchbacked man who was always testing himself, the other was middle-aged and well-dressed. Isbara Alp looked at the tiles:

— "Do you read Chinese well?" he asked. He was a hunchbacked, talkative man.

He began:

— Of course I will, Your Highness. If I were in China, I'd have...

The Major interrupted him:

— I didn't ask you that. I asked you to read it well.

— I'll read it, please.

— And you.

— I will read it.

— I will now make you read a letter in Chinese. If one of you misreads it, you can count yourself absent.

Then, pointing to the middle-aged Tile, he ordered S anchar:

— You take this and wait for me outside!

Sanjar took the tile and left. Isbara Alp handed it to the hunchbacked Chinese:

— Read this. Then translate it into Turkish. You know what happens if you don't translate it correctly.

The Chinese first read the letter to himself. But when he read it, his colour turned yellow. His hands began to tremble.

— What does it say?

— We like... Bad things... It's so bad...

— Don't worry your goodness. What does it say?

The Chinaman swallowed a little. He tried to pull himself together. Then he began to translate it into Turkish:

To the Great Chinese Khan:

May-tu-ching, one of your loyal servants, came here and reported your orders. Your orders will be carried out. Turk
there's a little hunger in his country now. That's why they'll flock to China in the spring. Shen-king and I-ching Katun are still
They are trying to deceive the Turkish kagan. They hope that their own family can become kagan of China again. Here Kur Shad shows great hostility to the Chinese. Amcalan Kara
Kür Shad and Tulu Khanbecause the kagan married I﷽ing.
they are enemies. But they do not show it. Taking advantage of this opportunity, it is possible to sow discord between them, divide the Turks into two and then crush them all. Shen-king has lost his old behaviour. He fell in love with a beautiful Turkish girl. Now he is always after her. For this reason he fought with a Turkish corporal and was beaten by Kür Ş ad. I, your loyal slave Van-zin-shan, am sending this bitik to you with May-tu-ching.

Isbara Alp's face was very stern. He called the second Tile and had it read by him. When the words of the two Chinese matched, he came out of his tent. After telling S ançar not to leave the two Tiles anywhere until he came back, he left.
jumped.

The major was on his way to Kur Shad, under whose command he was, to explain these matters.

When Isbara Alp greeted Kür Ş ad by kneeling on the ground, he was trying out a new solid bow he had just been given. After looking at the major's face:

- "Isbara Alp! You brought bad news," he said.

— Good point, Shad. We don't even know that a gang has come all the way into Ötüken.

— This chappie is Chinese, isn't he?

— Yes.

. - It obvious that it would be like this. Who was it? you got him?

Isbara Alp told Kür Ş ad all the affairs starting from the disappearance of Çalığ to his murder and the translation of the letter. He also gave the bitik to him.

Kür Shad thought for a while. Then he said to Isbara Alp:

— We'll finish the job as we know how. Then we'll report to the Khan.

Then he summoned the servant who was on guard at the gate and ordered the head of the yasavul to be found immediately.

Yasavulbaşı Baga Tarkan came quickly. All three of them jumped on and set off. When Kür Şad told B ağa Tarkan about the job, the big Yasavulbaşı gritted his teeth:

— "These foreigners will sell Ötüken one day and we will not know about it," he muttered.

The three riders smiled when they stopped at Van-zin-shan's tent and found out that he was with the Shen king. It didn't take them long to get there.

When Kür Shad, followed by Isbara Alp and Baga Tarkan entered Sen-king's tent with frowning faces, the people inside stood up in surprise and alarm. Shen-king was frightened by Kur Shad and Van-zin shan was frightened by Isbara Alp. The other Chinese officer, thinking that there were three of them, thought that these three Turks had come to fight with them, and his heart sank. He knew that Turks come to fight when they are angry about something small.

Kür Ş ad threw the bitik at Sen-king:

— Read this, he said.

Without understanding anything, the Chinese leader picked up the letter. He opened it, and when Van-zin-shan looked at the letter and recognised it, he turned completely yellow. He even staggered a little. When Sen-king finished reading the letter, he dropped it from his hand in surprise. Then to Van-zin-shan:

— "Scoundrel!" he shouted and went for his sword. Kür Shad took a step:

— "Don't get your hands on the compass just yet. We more to talk to him about." Then he turned to Van-zin-shan:

— You're the head of a gang! You've been exposed. Now tell us the truth. You killed Isbara Alp's henchman, didn't you? Don't bother us. If you didn't kill him, then you have a friend. Tell us the truth before Yasavulbasi whips you!

Van-zin-shan knew that Kur Shad was a man of unrivalled valour. In fear and sweat:

— "I killed him!" was all he could say.

— What the fuck did you do that for? She's lying wounded in that bed-du.

— So he wouldn't give me away.

— Did know that you were a clerk?

— No, but he recognised May-tu-ching. Then he recognised her and came back. I wondered if he'd heard my name from .

— You've earned the right to die, you little squire! But we're not scoundrels like you. We give you the right to defend yourself. Hurry up. Draw your sword!

Kür Ş ad's last words were spoken with great firmness. Kür Sh ad drew his sword. When he saw the Chinese hesitating, he shouted:

- I'm telling you to draw your sword. Die like a man!

Van-zin-shan was hopeful for a moment. He even smiled wickedly. Then he drew his sword. A sword fight began inside the Shen-king's big tent. The Chinese was trying hard to save his life, sometimes even attacking. But the fight did not last long. Van-zin-shan, who was hit by a heavy poke on his arm, dropped his sword, and Kür Shad's sword, descending with the speed of lightning, severed the head of the Chinese from his body. While Isbara Alp and Baga Tarkan looked on with unbelieving eyes, a great excitement gripped the Chinese. Kür Shad sheathed his sword and gave orders to Baga Tarkai:

— Yasavulbasi! Take all of this man's property, money, lawsuits, whatever he has, take it all to Çalığ's house, give it to his wife and children!

— The command is yours, Shad!

— And as for you, Chinese lord! Let this be a lesson to you. If you do not stop interfering in our affairs, remember what it will lead to one day. Choose your comrades from the righteous men.

Budun Angry

When Isbara Alp left Shad, he went to the shopping centre. It was very crowded here today. But this crowd was not shopping, they were listening to Çuçu's kopuz. Çuçu was both playing and reading:

It's been a very bad time,
Acun's been very bad.
While I wish you success.
Our business went up in smoke.

When he was not twenty
years old, Ishbara Alp
comrade, he went because
of China
Blackfoot corporal.

Is it the hand of the albiz?
Are the likes always crazy? Is
this Otuken?
Or is it the Chinese Hand?

I-ching katun's brother,
the head of China/i dogs
was struck with his sword
Hero Pars Corporal

Chinese stomach ache
Half of the people from
our country are now
singing the Chinese
trumpet.

That's the heartbreak: They killed Çalığ
He cheated on all of us, the Chinese bastard!

The audience was ecstatic. They were all playing and shouting. There were also those who drew swords and clashed. They were jumping and collapsing and stepping all at once, they were getting excited, as if they were favourites. Cursing and counting were also heard from time to time. After watching this game for a while, Isbara Alp got out and rode towards him to stay alone and think.

XIV

Akin

Four months passed. Spring had made Ötüken beautiful like heaven. The steppes were green, and the waters swelled with the melting of the snow. There was a raid to China. A Turkish army of a hundred thousand men was prepared and waiting for the command of the Black Khan. Tulu Khan came with his army of twenty thousand men and entered the command of the Black Khan. Kür Şad and Tunga Tigin were at the head of their divisions. The Khan was to follow behind with sixty thousand of his own troops. Major Isbara Alp was in Kür Şad's division. The envoys of the Western Khan and the Chinese Khan Shen-king were in Kara Kagan's army.

On a fine day in 622, the order to march was given. Kür Shad's division was in the vanguard. 100.00 horsemen spurred their horses without looking back even a single way. When the raid started, when the war started, when Türider got on his horse, their eyes could only see ahead, they could not think of their children, wives and mothers they had left behind.

This huge army had crossed the Chinese frontier in five days with galloping marches and had come in front of the great Chinese wall.

The Chinese immediately lit a fire and announced the arrival of the Turkish army to the rear, closed the gates of the Great Wall of China and gathered in the towers.

Kür Şad, the head of the vanguard division, called Major Işbara Alp and said:

— Isbara Alp! We need to breach this wall quickly. I've thought of something for that. You'll pick ten the best snipers. These ten people, along with us two.

While I knock down the tiles with an arrow in the appropriate place, ten the most distinguished braves, good swordsmen, will climb the wall with a ladder and go down and open the door for us.

Isbara Alp did not say a word. He only said "the command is yours" and turned back. Soon he stood before Kür Shad with twenty men. Ten of them snipers and ten were swordsmen. Corporals Yamtar, Pars, Sülemiş and
Sanchar was among the archers. Arik Buka, Gok Börü and Three
The son was in the swords.

While a few captains chosen by Kür Şad, together with his own men, would distract the Chinis by making false calls beyond the Chinese wall, the main division would wait here and when ten bouncers opened the gate, they would attack inside.

On Kür Shad's honour, the attack started. Kür Şad, Işbara Alp, Yamtar, Pars, Sançar, Sülemiş and six men rode on horses and the tiles in the attacked tower of the Chinese wall.

Corporals Arik Buka, Gök Börü, Üç Oğul, and seven privates climbed the ladder on foot and leaned it against the wall.

Kür Şad and those with him were shooting so many arrows that the people in the tower could not open their eyes, they were hit and fell one by one. The ladder stood. In the forefront
Ten bouncers, including the mad corporal Gök Börü, were climbing the ladder. The corporal was coming out with his shield shielded, followed by Three Son . Chinese danger
they realised. Since they could not shoot arrows with their heads out, they were throwing stones from inside. Some of these big stones hit Corporal Gök Börü's shield and shook the ladder. But the ladder from below was held by two wrestler-like Gök Turk soldiers, and nothing happened to Gök Börü's shield, which he held with his steel arms.

As the arrows rained down by Kür Ş ad and Ishbara Alp and the others knocked the tiles to the ground, Corporal

Gok Börü took one step on the Great Wall of China, unsheathed his sword and a mighty spin in the air. This
During the rotation, if the tiles take a step back, Corporal
It was enough for all three Sons to climb the wall. When two of them started swinging swords, the other eight were committed inside. fierce sword fight began. Here, when ten Turks and the Chinese came face to face, those below were forced to cut arrows.
Kür Shad took a quick glance at the wall. He saw that a life and death struggle had started on the wall, that ten Tüıks were surrounded by many Chinese, and that many Chinese were coming from left and right.
the bouncers realised that the raid had failed. In this cramped situation, things could only be resolved quickly. Kür Şad pointed to the wall with his sword and shouted "act!". Then jump from his horse and go to the ladder. Isbara Alp, corporals and privates
and so did they. Kür Ş ad climbed the wall in one breath. Work
it was dangerous. Either they would find a way down and open the gate or 22 people would die here. There were about 50-60 Chinese in front of them. But there were just as many Chinese coming running from both sides of the wall. Kür Ş ad climbed to the highest part of the tower, pulled Isbara Alp to him and commanded him:

— Isbara Alp! I will stop those who come from here with arrows, and you stop those who come from beyond. Give orders to the best of your soldiers: While we are working with arrows, they should cut the fat with swords and open the door.

Isbara Alp shouted:

— Corporals! Break through the tiles with your swords and go down. Open the door even if you all die. The army will attack inside. Quickly!

Kür Ş ad shoots arrows to the right, Isbara Alp shoots arrows to the left, and 13 men clash swords with 50-60 Chinese against them, while Isbara
Seven corporals of Alp, namely Yamtar, Pars, Sülemiş, Sançar, Gök Börü, Arık Buka and Üç Oğul rushed into the Chinese with swords.
he shoots the foremost in the shot, Kur Shad is quicker

on the right was doing the same job. The thirteen privates were scabbarding the tiles one by one, but also selling their lives dearly.

The corporals were deeply immersed in the tiles. At the front, the big Yamtar was walking with his big shield, taking cover and never using his sword. He was crushing the tiles with a lonely gait like a wheat among the rams. He didn't even pay attention to the swords hitting his tulga and iron breastplate. In the right rear of Yarn tar, Gök Börü was waving his sword with agile attacks like lightning, killing or repelling the raiders. Behind Yamtar's left, Pars was marching step by step with his agile and well-behaved games, watching the surroundings. Behind Gök Böü was Sülemiş and behind Pars was Ank Buka. Sançar was at the back, so these six corporals formed a circle. S anchar turned back to back with Yamtar. As Yamtar moved forward step by step, so did he step by step.
was protecting the rest of this circle by retreating: Corporal Three Sons was spinning like a spinning top in the centre of the circle, correcting the situation with a couple of sword thrusts at the expense of his limping friend who was asking for help.

The work of the corporals was going well. Because Kür Ş ad 'and Işbara Alp preventing the crowd around them from increasing by knocking down the Chinese who came to help them with arrows from a distance. But this good situation did not last long. Because Kür Şad and Işbari Alp ran out of arrows and there were only five men left standing out of the thirteen soldiers fighting in front of them.

Isbara Alp ordered one of his soldiers to go down the ladder again and bring arrows. But the ladder was overturned and shattered. There was no way out now: The job would be finished here. Kür Ş ad 'and Işbara Alp joined the five soldiers and drew their swords. They had their backs to the bastions of the walls and were fighting with ten times as many Chinese. Isbara Alp made a sword to break through these Chinamen and come to the aid of the corporals. But he should have taken a trophy! He was on his way to work today. Just when he had burnt the tiles left and right and knocked down a few of them, his sword was sheathed.

and Isbara Alp came to Kür Shad again wounded. At that time a private next to the major was shot and was falling down. Just in time, Isbara Alp was able to snatch his sword from his hand and straighten their ranks again. Otherwise they would have been in disarray.

When the arrows of Kür Şad and Işbara Alp were cut down and a company of Chiniiers, who had found a way, attacked the seven corporals

The corporals, who were slowly moving forward, did not realise what had happened to them. At first they seemed to be shaken. Then Yamtar cried out with a curse:

it! These are the Continentals who ganged up with the tiles for money son of a dog, they have found the future age! .

It was a differentwhen these good troopers fell foul of the corporals, who were already tired and more than they were.

However, they came to the front door. Here it is.

If one of them would turn the latch and pull the knob, the door would open and the Sky Turks would come in. Seeing this first, the mad corporal Gök Börü cried out:

- Come on, move it. There's only a few of us left. Let's do this.

What Gök Börü called a few people were two or three times as many as themselves. The swords were rising and falling so hard that after a while there was nothing left of any of them.

What a fierce battle, what a terrible fight. A few people in this tiny place were fighting the fiercest battle of the pain. This was the work of men, steel-armed, iron-hearted warriors. For this reason, after a while, there was no one left in the square from Chiniiier, and the square was left to Gök Turks and Kıtayiar.

Seven Gök Turk corporals and fifteen Kıtay....

The fighters gradually tired. They were breathing widely. The swords that had been struck in the tired arms and that had descended into the iron tulgas and armour had been left because they were chipped,

the knives were being handled. Some were dealing with one, some with two. Yarntar was struggling with four Continents alone. The Kıtay had realised that he was a very strong wrestler, and all four of them rushed at him. What is going on upstairs now?
and they didn't know he was there.

When they came upstairs, there were three of them. In the centre, a çeri was standing against the swordsmen with two shields held with both hands, Kür Shad was on his right, and Işbara Alp was on his left, fighting against ten or fifteen Chinese.

The most deadly part of the battle below. At one point, while Corporal Three Sons was rolling in a tangle with a troop, he shouted:

- Shame on us! Are we only concerned with protecting our own evil selves? Come on, let's go. One of us turn that latch, and we'll die before we do the major's bidding.

At this word, the corporals shook themselves and acted. But in vain.... Now they are being defeated. There was no strength left in their veins. They faded, they struggled, laldn something they couldn't do it. They were bleeding everywhere. The knives were also broken. Most of the knives had fallen off before they could work and were thrown away because they and their fatigues were armoured. The corporals sensed that death was approaching, yet they could not forget the latch of the door. For a moment, they all thought of nothing else but to get rid of their armour, run to the door and open the latch.

Yamtar was the first to try it. With a last effort he got up, grabbed a Kıtay with both hands, lifted it up and threw it at the opponents. The opponents staggered and
and as he fell he ran for the door. But just as he was turning the latch, a whizzing arrow pierced his shovel and brought the big Yamtar to his knees.
collapse. One of the wounded Continentals used his arrow just in time to prevent this. Before Yamtar realised whether his glass had burnt out or not, he was attacked again by another Continentals; together they tumbled to the ground.

This time Pars jumped out. But a big Kıtay ran after him, grabbed him by the waist and knocked him to the ground.

Sanjar attacked third. After knocking down one of the two Continentals with a trip and one with a punch, he ran to the mandala. But the wounded Kıtay warrior, who had wounded Yamtar earlier, shot Sanchar in the arm this time. By that time, the two fatties, who had fallen to Sanchar's share, caught up and rushed at him.

The seven corporals and fifteen Kıtay were now struggling on the ground. His shield was hitting the wounded Kıtay. This Kıtay soldier had fallen to the ground thirty or forty paces ahead of them. He could not get up because he had taken a sword in his leg, but he was doing well with his strong arms.

Corporal Ank Buka got a fat one. But as this was a large and very strong gang, Ank Buka could hardly protect himself. Several times the corporal barely saved himself from drowning. Although Ank Buka was covered in blood, he knew that he was the closest to the mandate and saw that there was a knife on the ground a little further away. It was a long, unsheathed knife. It must have been one of the Continentals. If he could get his hand on it, they would finish the job. Ank Buka glanced around between the struggle. Four or five paces ahead, Corporal Three Sons was fighting with two troops. Poor Three Sons had fallen to the bottom. He was almost dying. Ank Buka shouted at him:

— Three Sons! There's a knife at your feet. Throw it at me and we'll be saved!

Three Sons kicked once or twice with his foot without looking round. The knife approached Ank Buka, who grabbed it with a last ditch effort. Three Sons shouted hoarsely as the corporal plunged the knife into the belly of the big Continentals:

— Keep up! I'm dying...

One of the two Continentals grabbed him by the arms and the other grabbed his throat.



A collision of life and death on the wall …

Arik Buka was not old enough to think about the Three Sons. He wanted to kill two birds with one stone. As he got up and rushed towards the door, he threw a fierce kick at the face of Kıtay who was squeezing Üç Oğul's throat. This tekrne loosened the pressure on Üç Oğul's throat and made him breathe. At the same time Arik Buka grabbed the mandala.

But the wounded Kıtay was waiting on the bowstring. He immediately shot his arrow. This time it was the worst of all. Because the arrow pierced right through Arik Buka's lung and came out of his chest. The Big Corporal recovered himself as he fell to the ground shaken. He got up again and grabbed the latch. He had seen the one who shot an arrow at him. The one who shot the corporal did not expect him to get up again, so he did not hurry to put another arrow in his bow. When he saw him getting up with his chest hurting and clinging to the peg with a last effort, he quickly placed an arrow in the bow. But he was too late. The corporal had turned the latch and was opening the door. The second arrow shot by the wounded Kıtay hit Arık Buka in the chest.

The big corporal exclaimed, smiling bitterly with the joy of opening the door:

— Be a son of a bitch!... If you're done taking down Arik Buka, film one for me....

The corporal fell silent. Standing up, his eyes closed. He fell straight to the ground. The valiant forehead fell to the ground and remained eyl.

While the Sky Turk horsemen, who were waiting for the door to open, were attacking at full speed, the Kıtay, who realised that it was too late, could find no other way out but to flee. All of them, leaving the tired corporals whom they had tried to kill and strangle, tried to flee. They were too late. The horsemen, who rushed in like lightning, knocked them all down in one attack and poured in. A few of them headed upwards and rushed to the help of Kür Şad and Işbara Alp.
They had grown up at the right age. Because Kur Shad and Isbara Alp were left alone here. The Chinaman they had knocked down.

The remaining eight or ten men were trying to finish off the two heroes.

When Kür Ş ad gave the last orders and went down to the gate with the Major, they found six corporals sitting tiredly around the dead body of the valiant corporal Ank Buka, binding each other's wounds.

By sunset the Turkish army had broken through the Chinese wall in four places, held the gates and pitched tents inside the Chinese borders.

The dignitaries were gathered in the Black Khan's ottoman. Kül Er Tigin, the chief envoy of the Western Khan, was also listening to the speeches. After a short talk, decisions were made: They were to march before dawn, and Tulu Khan was to attack from the east. Kür Shad's division would be on his side, and Kara Kagan and Tunga Tigin would march further west. With speed of , China would be attacked,

<> to grow, the arrival of the Chinese armies

and would return without waiting. Only one thing bothered Kür Ş ad. That was that the Black Khan had made Sen-king a major and put him under his command. But Kür Şad found an easy way out of this too: He sent a messenger to the majors under his command at night and announced that he would set off at midnight. Only the messenger did not go to Sen-king. While Sen-king, tired from long marches, slept soundly in his tent at night, Kür Şad took his division and plunged into China.

Kür Şad's vanguard was Isbara Alp'b. He had brought forward corporal Pars. Although Pars had received minor wounds and bruises in yesterday's struggle, he was still the most robust of the corporals. With ten privates under his command, he was watching the darkness,

(1) Ulca: Booty

on the alert. As the day dawned, they saw the tiles in the distance. Pars nothing else to do for now. Turning back, he told Isbara Alp, who was five hundred paces behind him, that the tiles
that he was in sight. While the major was making his troop by blowing the trumpet, the Chinese also saw the Sky Turks , to war.
they were prepared.

One thousand men of Isbara Alp were arranged in two ows. The major was in the centre and in front. When the horse servant blew the horn, a thousand of them suddenly rode towards the Chinis with terrible battle roars. These hordes, approaching with arrows from three hundred paces, were coming very fierce. But suddenly, it is not known what happened Fifty paces before the tiles
they stopped. After a few more arrows, they quickly turned away. What was that? The Turks were running away.

Isof the Chiniiier did not want to miss this opportunity. With the command he gave, Gök Türlderio followed . The Turks both
They were both running away and shooting arrows behind them. These arrow shots were so accurate that they would hit the tiles chasing them like a wild duck and knock them off their horses.

Suddenly, again without realising how, another sharp bugle sounded. With the sound of the horn, the Turks turned away. When the Chinese chief looked left and right, he realised that they had been mistaken. The Turks, pretending to be fleeing, had made the Chinese fall behind them, and their centre had over-run and taken the Chinese in, preparing the situation to trap the Chinese like the two mouths of two pincers. Now, when the Turks turned their backs, the Chinese were left in this pincer. When the Chinese chief chief saw that they were surrounded, he shouted "We were foolishly deceived!". Then he made his mobs draw swords. Arrow works eler Turks
he knew they'd finish themselves off. Maybe with a sword they could cut through this belt.

Ishbara Alp shouted when he saw the Chinese drawing swords:

- Draw a sword!.

This order was chanted by the captains and corporals and reached the ears of the farthest soldiers. Then the Major, who did not need to give an order, galloped towards Çiniile.

The Sky Turk horsemen, who drew swords like lightning, did likewise and came face to face with the Chinese. This battle was a very enjoyable object. Since the Chinese as inferior to them, they fought one on one and they fought on horses.

The battle lasted a long time. Soon all the tiles were knocked down and their chief was wounded and captured.

Seeing that the tiles were quickly destroyed, Isbara Alp realised that it was now time to gather his forces and pointed to the village ahead with his sword:

- Let'pillage the village. Full rein! ..

The Sky Turks attacked the village like lightning. Already at the beginning of the battle, the Chinese in the village, who had guessed the outcome of the battle, had fled on horses. Those who were not brothers were running with all their might. When the Sky Turks entered the village, there was almost no one left there. In any case, the soldiers were not looking at them either. They were collecting sheep, cattle and goods.

XV

The Rage of the Shen-King

When Shen-king woke up in the morning and learnt that Kür Shad was already gone, he was furious. He shouted and called the soldiers around him. Then he took a thousand men under his command and galloped after Kür Shad. But for some reason, these horsemen, who flew like lightning at other times, were limping this day.

Sen-king was both angry with Kür Shad and cursing him inside, but he was also afraid. He was afraid that Kür Shad would play a trick on him because of why he was late.

The Chinese lord rode on in such scepticism until noon. By the time the sun was high overhead, Shen-king had come to a battlefield, and it was evident from the dead lying on the ground that there had been a battle. There were hundreds of Chinese lying on the ground. There were also Turks among them. Shen-king first had a look at the field. Then he saw a Turk creature lying on the ground. His eyes were closed and he was breathing in short bursts. The Chinese king jumped off his horse and approached the wounded man and asked him in a loud voice:

— He's wounded! What the war? Where are our people?

The wounded Turk slowly opened his eyes. He turned his head when he saw Shen-king. Then he looked at him again and said:

— We beat you. Your people all went to the red tarn.

The Chinese chief blushed. The wounded Turks had mistaken him for a Chinese fatty. Shen-king sensed that something had to be said. In a deep voice:

— Cheri! Don't you recognise me? I Shen-king, one of the majors of the Black King, brother of I-ching Katun, he shouted.

The wounded whispered, opening his eyes again:

— We beat you. Go save your country.

The Chinese leader's hand went to his sword. He raised his head and looked at his gangs. He seemed to hear a harsh challenge, a swearing in these eyes that were staring at him. Leaving the wounded who was about to die, he jumped on the horse. He rode with a thousand horsemen behind him.

When they reached the village, Isbara Alp soldiers were plundering the village. Sen-king looked at the looting for a while. Isbara Alp's troops were entering the houses, taking what they found and loading it on spare horses. Another team was gathering sheep from far and wide and herding them. The Chinese lord turned around to make sure that his own soldiers also benefited from the plunder. He shouted to his soldiers standing in neat rows:

— Go on, !

He thought that the soldiers would disperse with joy at this command. He was surprised to see that no one moved. He shouted again:

— Don't get it? I'm telling you to loot!

But there was not the slightest movement. Sen king was repulsed. What the hell was that supposed to mean? How dare they disobey his command?
he shouted again, trembling and shaking:

— I'm telling you! Loot it!

The Chinese lord was almost furious. Or were they rebelling against him? There Corporal Pars, whom he knew very well, was shouting orders and shouting when he came back with the ulcalan he had filled in a bag, and his soldiers did not obey.

and smiled. Shen-king did not want to be further humiliated. He called one of the captains at the front of the line:

— Captain, come here! The

captain rode up.

— Why don't you heed my command? Why don't you plunder?

— We have no right to loot!

— Why?

— Major Isbara Alp took the village. He has the right.

— I'm you.

— No; it doesn't fit the genre.

When Shen-king heard the word türe, he stopped. He knew what a terrible thing the Turkic Turks were, and how heads that did not bow to it were cut off. Sen-king knew well that even if the person who did not obey the Turks was a kagan and a great hero and had brought victories to the Turks, they would still be crushed. That's why he had interrupted the captain when he said, "He doesn't obey the order." Now he did not know what to do anymore. He told the captain to wait until he came and entered the village.

He was looking for Isbara Alp. He was going to ask Isbara Alp what he should do since Kür Ş ad had withdrawn without giving him an order. Besides, he did not know the situation. Kür Shad was nowhere to be seen. He was going to find out.

He was travelling slowly with his horse in the village. The soldiers entered the houses, took whatever they found useful and left. This was a big and very rich village, even a town.

On his way, Shen-king came across a small square. Here some of the men were talking on their feet. One of the others

He was saying something aloud and the others were listening. The narrator was saying:

— The bloke was a greedy bloke. He wanted his gang to plunder the village we had taken. He hasn't learnt the Turkish language yet. Chinese mind… He won't be able to get into chieftaincy, but he will if he becomes a chachit.

Shen-king realised that he was being spoken of. He rode towards the gang, whose aikas were facing him. He was going to hit his head with his sword. But when he heard the sound of the horse, he turned back. Then the Chinese king paused. Because this was Corporal Pars. Shen-king shouted:

— Corporal! Stay in your boots!

— I'm not out of line. I'm pointing out your incompetence.

— Don't go forward...

— I'm not going anyway. I'm staying put.

— I'll put you in your place.

— With a sword?

— You'll see what for later!

Shen-king said this and went away. Pars' companions were laughing and going away one by one. Pars, as if something had come to his mind, suddenly turned round and shouted at the departing Chinese favourite:

— Or Kur Shad's whip?

When Shen-king heard this, he stopped his horse. The blood rushed to his brain. He placed an arrow in his bow and travelled. Again, he turned round and shot it at Pars, who was fumbling with the bag in front of him. The arrow whizzed through the air and landed in the ground exactly one canch to the Corporal's right. As Pars slowly turned his head and started to look for the shooter, a sharp, merry laugh rang through the village. When he heard this laughter, he immediately

Many çeris rushed out from the house and wanted to understand what was going on. Sanjar was on the shore, leaning sideways on his horse, looking at Shen-king, laughing and muttering.

— The guy still hasn't learnt how to shoot an arrow... He couldn't hit Pars at fifty paces. I wonder if he can hit the ox at nine paces…

These words and the arrow lodged in Pars' side told the matter to the Shen king çeris, who were standing on their horses fifty paces away with a rabid look on their faces. When they heard Sanjar's laughter, they all joined in and started laughing, as they always did when they heard Sanjar's laughter.

Sanjar was huddled in the mane of his horse, laughing, lifting his head and looking around, tears welling up in his eyes, then leaning over the horse again.

Shen-king was worse than the day he shot an arrow in Ötüken. Because then he was only a guest. Now, even though he was a major in the Sky Turk army, they still did not respect him and laughed at him.

When this laughter, which had made the four neighbourhoods howl, suddenly stopped, the Chinese chief raised his head. The appearance of Isbara Alp in the centre had silenced everyone. Only one person, Sançar, who had rolled off his horse, was still laughing bitterly. The major looked left and right. Two corporals ran and in one embrace put Sanjar on the horse and tied him to the mane. Then they whipped the horse and made it run. When S ançar started to laugh, there was no other choice. They always did this.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Shen-king wanted to ask Major Isbara Alp what he had to ask. As I was riding my horse towards him, was a clatter. Kür Ş ad appeared from beyond the village, followed by several majors and captains. They were coming at full rein. They were coming so fast that the Chinese king was frightened thinking that they would trample him and retreated to the shore. However, those galloping horsemen were still

Before reaching him, they stopped in front of Isbara Alp. Kür Shad said in a loud voice:

— Isbara Alp! A messenger came from the Chinese Khan. He gives us many goods, goods, cloth, money, animals to make peace with us. Black Khan agreed. We are going back.

When Shen-king heard these words, it was like boiling water over his head. What had he expected and what had he got? Kara Kagan had never planned to take China and put his family on the throne of China. While the Chinese lord was thinking about these, Kür Shad turned to him. He said:

— Your troops didn't plunder anything. They won't return empty-handed to Ötüken. I've left some goods for them outside the village. Plunder them at once!

When Shen-king gave this plunder order to the soldiers under his command, he found them very reluctant. Even one of the captains did not move. When the Chinese lord asked him why he did not go, he gave the following answer:

— Loot must be the right of the sword. We didnt do anything with our sword.

Saying these words, the captain began whistling and stroking his horse. Sen-king gritted his teeth, thinking that all the mishaps had come to him this day. He walked away from the captain.

The next day, the whole Gök Turk army was returning to Ötüken, full and in good spirits with the abundant food they had received from China. There were two people in the whole army who were not satisfied. One of them was the Chinese lord Shen-king. The readers will learn who the second one was in the future.

End of the first chapter

Part Two

I

Kıraç Ata

The river Selenge flowed silently. There was a dead silence. Sparse pine trees could be seen on the opposite hill and the sun was shining overhead. This was a place where the Selenge approached Lake B aykal.

A weary horseman was travelling slowly towards the road where the Selenge flows, looking ahead with his eyes. This was a traveller from Otüken. He was carrying nothing but his sword, bow and quiver. From his condition and the way he was travelling, it was understood that he was a great father. But he and his horse were so tired that it was doubtful if they could walk until sunset.

When they passed one elbow of Irma , the rider's eyes suddenly lit up. In the distance, a bare hill was visible on the left and three pointed rocks lined up on top of the hill. The weary traveller knew my horse. He let off the bridle towards Three Rocks. Soon he reached the foot of the hill. This place was not at all as it looked from a distance. It was realised that it was very steep. The traveller jumped off his horse and bent down to the crystal water leaking between the rocks. After he drank to his heart's content, he raised his head to the rocks. After looking for something with his eyes for a while, he started to climb. The tired horse of the tired traveller was walking slowly and trying to feed himself with skinny grass.

After climbing and ascending for a long time, the traveller reached a plain. Here he stopped, not knowing where to go. Because on the edge of this plain there were four caves like caves.

and one of the cavities could be seen rising like a tower inside. The traveller looked at the cavities for a while and then moved towards the one closest to him on the right. He stepped through the door, which was big enough for a man to enter without bending down. Inside, on a high place, four very large falcons were looking at him, ready to pounce. There was no use in entering here anyway. Because the place where these four falcons stood was nothing but a closed stone room.

The traveller withdrew and stepped out onto the plain again. Nothing could be heard but the caressing murmur of the spring below, the thin wind blowing against the rocks and his own footsteps. Had he come the wrong way?

This time he moved towards the cavity with the same slow steps. This cavity was a dark hole. He stepped inside and stopped for a while. It was silent and dark. Suddenly two embers ahead. Then two more embers came next to them. The embers began to grow. The traveller's sharp eyes looked as if they wanted to pierce the darkness. As the embers approached him step by step, he adjusted his eyes to the darkness and realised what was inside: They were two big wolves. The traveller retreated step by step, not taking his eyes off the hollow, and said: "If falcons and wolves live together, this must be it, I was not mistaken". What should he do now? Should he look in the remaining two hollows? Or he wait here? The traveller did not have time to decide, because a big bear came out of the third hollow and started walking towards him with grunts. The bear was walking slowly and the traveller was slowly stretching on the plain. It was strange that this traveller had a sword and a knife at his waist and a bow and quiver on his back, but he did not use an ambush and kept the bear busy like this. The plain they were on only one place to go down. The traveller had come to the plain from that one place and now he was quite far away from there. Besides, there was no attempt on his part to go towards this one and only place to go down. On the contrary, he was retreating towards the steep rocks. After a while

he heard the rocks touching his back. There was no more room to retreat, he came face to face with the bear. Standing up, the bear one and a half human height. There were two steps or less between him and the traveller. But the traveller did not show any alarm or fear. He was silent and motionless looking at the bear that was about to pounce on him.

The bear rushed at the traveller from this two-step path with an unexpected speed. But the moment he jumped, he thrown back fell to the ground as if he had been ploughed. The traveller, who had thrown himself on the rocks, kicked the bear in the stomach and threw it back like a ball. It was understood that this tired traveller a fierce father.

The bear that fell to the ground bellowed bitterly. The traveller didn't make a move. To the bear:

— ..forgive me if I hurt you. Otherwise you would have killed me."

Meanwhile, a white-haired, white-bearded old man came out of the fourth hollow with a tower on top and looked at the traveller who had knocked down the bear. Then, standing up, he shouted at the bear who wanted to jump again:

— ..go home, shut up!"

When the big bear, in front of the traveller's astonished eyes, understood these words and entered the hollow from which he had come out by stopping his growling, the traveller's father turned to the old man:

— "I've travelled for three days.
are you?" he asked.

The old man nodded yes. The stranger then put his hand on his chest, bowed, greeted him took a step or two to introduce himself:

— They call me Captain Böğü Alp. I am from the army of Kara Kagan. I have come to ask you to read my fortune. Will you read it? Or shall I do things my own way as I have done until now?

The old man fixed his eyes on the eyes of Bögü Alp. Then he took his hand. Without blinking his eyes, he slowly said the following:

— Captain Bögü Alp! You're 32 years old. You want to kill a great man... In nine years, what's done is done... Nine more years will pass; the day will come when you will have to use a hard sword... Beyond that, Heaven knows....

When the old man took his eyes off Bögü Alp, the young captain was startled. He wanted to say something. But without leaving him any words, both of them said:

— Stay with me tonight. At midnight I'll look at the fish and give you advice. Now get some rest. And don't worry about your horse down there, he'll find food. And no one will bother him.

Then he took out a whistle from the knitted belt around his waist and blew it four times. Four falcons responded to this sharp sound from inside. The falcons emerged from the hollow one by one and stood right in front of Kıraç Ata and spread their wings. Bögü Alp was looking at these birds with admiration. When Kam held his left arm to the horizon, one of the falcons jumped. The old man said: - "Bring birds of prey for the guest" and flew it. He did the same with the other three falcons. After the birds flew away like arrows, the two of them went towards the hollow with a tower on top. It was not dark like the other hollows. There were a few holes on the tower, so it let in light, and the stones on the side of the tower, which was shaped like a staircase, could be climbed up to the top. When he entered the hollow, the first thing that caught Bögü Alp's eye was a large hide and a pile of animal bones on the ground. These were all shovel and purse bones. Kıraç Ata pointed to the pine tree next to the bones:

— "The koumiss is full. Drink as much as you can."

The captain, who was amazed at everything here, also drank the kistern in the pine, surprised by its taste, which he had never tasted before. After drinking half of it, he left it:

— "This koumiss must have been made with the milk of Tann mares," he said.

Meanwhile, the falcons of the belly were returning one by one, leaving the birds they hunted in front of the hollow and retreating.

n

Captain Bögü Alp

At sunset, Kıraç Ata climbed to the of the tower and made his supplication to God, then roasted the birds brought by the falcons on the fire and entertained Bögü Alp. He himself ate very little. The captain did not know how the time would pass until midnight. Although nothing was happening on the surface, he was impatient on the inside. To say something:

— "Craggy Ancestor! Don't these wolves and the bear eat anything?" he asked.

— Every night, one of the wolves goes and hunts a deer. I divide it up, and they eat it. I get a share.

— So the bear'here for nothing.

— No, it's not for nothing. He waits here at night.

— And the wolves? 't they wait?

— Born with the wolf, they're noble animals. They don't fight everyone. They fight when they have to, but they fight well.

— Craggy Ata! How did you get these animals used to you?

— It's known, son, it's not asked.

— I'm . Forgive me!

The peninsula was approaching the horizon. The wind terrible noises as it hit the sharp rocks. Bögü Alp

He took out his quiver and bow and reached for the mail. The man in front of him would soon read the honey to him and tell him what to do next. The captain was thinking about things he had never thought about before. For as long as he could remember, he had never thought of anything but war, army, kagan, oil, tent, horse. Now, such things were going through his mind that even he could not understand them clearly. Even the feeling that brought him here was vague. How had he come here, how had he found Kıraç Ata? Now he was trying to remember these things respectively:

He never knew his father. He didn't know what he was. He didn't need a son either. He must have died in battle or been a prisoner. Which war he had died in was of little value. Weren't war and fat all the same?

He was brought up by his grandfather. His grandfather was a husband of eighty. Even so, even among the young brave men, there was hardly anyone who could break his back. He had told him that fifty or sixty years ago, he had defeated all the wrestlers in Ak against Istemi Khan, the great Khan of the Sky Turks, and had received a sword inlaid with gold from Istemi Khan. That sword was now in the waist of his grandson Bögü Alp. While his great grandfather was giving him his first riding lessons:

— "When a Turk rides a horse, he should not even see his own ancestor. Son! One can even give one's life when necessary. But horse, wife, and rifle; these three cannot be given away."

When Bögü Alp was growing up in the fresh air of Ötüken, his grandfather used to tell him about the old kings and kings and give him advice. Now he realised that his grandfather was a very knowledgeable person. A person who lived so long, who knew so many people, who saw so much world strife would of course be wise.

His grandfather told him about Tann, that he was sitting in a very distant and very high place in the sky, and that there were people on earth who spoke with Tan, and one day:

- Son! If you are in trouble, go to Kıraç Ata, one of the Tan eren. He is up there, at the end of the Selenge, at the Three Rocks."

When Bögü Alp was fourteen years old, his grandfather died and he was orphaned. His sisters had married and left, his uncles had died in the war. His grandfather had taught him to shoot arrows, use sword and pike, ride horses and wrestle. He also knew that his son had come to this land to fight, to fight. The grandfather had also advised him to strike down anyone who did evil to the Turkish hand, to the Turkish nation. He had also explained that the lowest of the people was the Chinese by citing many stories as examples. With this information, there was nothing left for Bögü Alp but to join the army and go to war. He joined the army and ran from raid to raid for seventeen years. He did not die even though he was pierced by so many swords and arrows. But he was again unlucky. If it were not so, would all three of his wives have died even though he had been married three times until now? Bögü Alp's children did not live either. Who knows, maybe he would pass away without leaving a son on earth.

He had never thought so long before. Now, in a place where there was no quarrel, as a guest of a Tan saint, was closer to Tan than ever, and he thought that these long thoughts came from him. Kıraç Ata had read his heart at the first glance. I think his grandfather had also said that he was related to Kıraç Ata. If he was not mistaken, their third or fourth cousins were related. It was a good thing he had come here. Kıraç Ata, who had once foretold what Istemi Kagan would do, was known by very few people among all Turks today. Those who knew where he lived would only tell their sons when they died. Those who died before they could tell their sons were many, thus those who knew Kıraç Ata were few. He was the only relic left from the years when the Gök Turk state was founded. He had told his grandfather Bögü Alp that he knew all the old kagan, war and everything. As he thought, he remembered what his grandfather had said and remembered many things.

While the captain was thinking like this, the horizon burnt out. The earth was plunged into darkness. The stars were twinkling and fading, the wind was getting lighter. For the first time in his life, Bögü Alp felt that living was sweet.

Falling asleep in the midst of this beauty, the captain, ka mm:

— "Guest, get up! It is the middle of the night". In another time and place, he would have jumped up with a sword in such sudden awakenings. However, now, since he was sleeping safely in the house of the godly man, he woke up safely, and then he got up slowly, not quickly like a lightning bolt. Kıraç Ata had lit the fire with a flint and was choosing a bone. While Bögü Alp was putting on his quiver, he brought a long, flat stone from another shore and was reading the inscription on this stone in the light of the fire. When he had finished reading, he carefully put the stone back where he had picked it up. The captain saw that the fire
He held his scapula to the fire, signalling him to stand in front of him. He began to read his babtım:

— Bögü Alp! What's troubling you? Why did you come here?

— I come from great lineage. The Khan has set up Shen-king as a major over me. Because of this Sen-king and I-çing Katun, Turks and Chinese are no different in Ötüken. The Black Khan turns a blind eye to them. If I kill the Khan, will things be in order or not? That's what I came to ask you!

Karn's gaze had changed. He looked at the burning scapula, which was wanted in the fire, and said slowly:

— Great days are coming. .. When there is famine, the moon will shine... You will not kill the Black Khan... He will be killed by grief... I see forty men gathered in a great city.... You are among them... It is raining... You fight on the banks of the river... Budun is being saved. .. You will be resurrected after a thousand three hundred years of death.
your name will remain in hearts until the end of time.

Kam was excited. He was foaming at the mouth, making violent movements. Suddenly he threw the scapula in his hand and fell to the ground. Raising his hands to the sky, he began to moan "God, God". In the opposite hollow, wolves howled and falcons cried. Bögü Alp, who had memorised all the words of Karn stood stiff. To be resurrected after one thousand three hundred years?... How could things get better without killing the Black Khan? How could he live if Shen-king would be in charge of him again? How would the moon be shattered? A sense of rebellion was bubbling up inside him. But at this moment he remembered one of his grandfather's words: He had been taught by his grandfather that the godly men are never wrong, that it is not right to deviate from their words ... Who knows, maybe there was some wisdom in these things.

While thoughts were chasing each other in Bögü Alp's mind, he suddenly thought of Sen-king. In the last raid to China, when he had failed to gain anything for his troops due to his incompetence, Kür Ş ad had reserved some goods for them and Sen-king to plunder them. Bögü Alp was so angry with Sen-king that day that he did not participate in the plunder, and even when Sen-king asked him why he did not plunder the goods, he replied: "Plunder should be the sword's right". That day he and Shen-king had a very bad look at each other, and they had a bad feeling in their hearts. When the whole army was returning to Ötüken, there was a Bögü Alp who returned without any goods and dissatisfied with the raid. Fortunately, he lived alone in the world. Otherwise his children would have starved.

And now this famous kam was foretelling that after two or nine more years of waiting, he would do great things. He had to wait helplessly. Since he was the guest of Kıraç Ata until dawn, there was no more work to do. He walked towards the tower and lay down on the post.

m

Turnaround

Bögü Alp was returning to Ötüken tired. He was full. He was not injured. But he felt a crush inside, a reluctance in his heart. When he slept at night after Kıraç Ata's words, he dreamt of terrible things. Now he could not remember well what he had seen. But the feeling inside him seemed to tell him that troubles would come from the sky. When he woke up at dawn, he looked for Kıraç Ata to say goodbye to God, but he could not find him.

When he came down from the three pointed rocks, he whistled for his horse and the horse came running alive. When the captain jumped on his horse, four
He galloped away from Pointed Rocks without looking back. And now it was noon. How pleasant it was to listen under that tree on the banks of the Selenge.
it would be.

He turned his horse towards the trees. He came to a place where the trees were dense and got off. He drank water from Selenge and lay down in the shade. The tired horse also collapsed to the ground among the trees after tearing some grass. The captain looked at his horse with astonishment. It was obvious that the horse was very tired. It was resting its head on the ground and looking at Bögü Alp with weak eyes. By the time the sun was overhead, the heat had become unbearable. The captain thought that he should set off before sunset. He had only one horse left. If something happened to him, he would be left on the ground. He was in no hurry anyway. He could set out at night and travel until the moon set, so that he could mould his horse. When he made this decision, it occurred to him that it would be a good thing to sleep and he tried to sleep. Was he asleep? Absent-minded or unconscious?

Maybe it was, maybe it wasn't. He opened his eyes with distant clattering. It was getting evening. It clear from the rattling that a few horsemen were coming. He put his ear to the ground. After listening for a while, he said, "They are coming here." His horse also raised its head and pricked up its ears. He looked like he was about to get up. When Bögü Alp told the horse to stay still with a whistle or two, it laid its head on the ground and stayed like that.

The hoofbeats were getting closer.

After a while, four horsemen rode ahead of Bögü Alp and stopped. The captain could see them from where he was lying down, through the leaves and grass. They could not see him. They had to come in front of him to see him. It was clear that one of them a captain or a major. One of them was Chinese. The captain or major, who appeared to be the head, turned to the fourth one and said: "You will leave us here." Then they approached each other and talked something. This secret conversation opened the eyes of Bögü Alp. Why these four people talking secretly in this endless, desolate steppe? Especially when there was a Chinese among them, Captain Bögü Alp was very suspicious. The conversation was getting heated. The one who said the most was Chinese. After a stern gesture from the man in charge, the Chinese man shouted angrily, "No, Tulu Khan will be angry." It was like a light in Bögü Alp's brain: These four men were Tulu Khan's men. But what was happening to the Chinese among them? Why were they talking like this here?

Suddenly three of the four horsemen rode off. They started travelling south. Then again suddenly the other one stopped and turned round. He shouted to the rider who was standing on his horse a little ahead of Bögü Alp and stroking his horse's mane:

- Corporal Pars! You'll be on your way before we disappear over the horizon and youll be back with Harun in four months!

The horseman, whose name turned out to be Corporal Pars, jumped to the ground. Kneeing on the ground: - "The command is yours," he replied.

The other three galloped away. Bögü Alp looked at the corporal and the horse from where he was lying. The corporal was well dressed, well armed, and his horse was well fed. He smiled:

- "The army of Tulu Khan is better dressed than the army of the Black Khan," he muttered. It was obvious that the corporal had good food in his sack. When Bögü Alp saw this bulging bag, he felt hungry and envious. But why were these men separated from each other? Did they have a bad wish? The captain looked at the horizon. The sun was setting. At this very moment Corporal Pars had spurred his horse and was flying south. Bögü Alp looked without getting up from his seat: The corporal was galloping, and his bag of food looked bigger than before. He smiled again: "A hungry calf thinks the white cloud is its mother's breast".

At night, Bögü Alp was galloping. The thin moon illuminated the steppe and showed the way. The wind was also his helper. The captain was flying with his sharp eyes, always looking ahead, and at the same time he was burning inside himself for not asking for some food from Corporal Pars. Then the words of Kıraç Ata came to his mind: Didn't he say that the moon would be shattered when there was a famine? In that case, it was best to accustom himself to hunger already. If he got used to hunger, he would not have much trouble in famine. But then he laughed again: "Is there a time when our nation's throat is full? We are always hungry like this, always poor like this" he thought. Then again thought of the four horsemen he saw in the evening. The Chinese among them made him feel sick. "Don't let Tulu Khan send a secret envoy to China from Kara Kagan," he said. All the Turks knew. The kagan was also suspicious of them and wasto I-ching Katun. Was Tulu Khan planning to become a kagan? If there had been a Chinese with these four horsemen, Bögü Alp would not have minded at all. But when there was a Chinese in the middle, it meant that there was a deception. Therefore, he did not like the departure of the three horsemen and Corporal Pars staying behind.

IV

Bögü Alp's New Stroke[<>]

When Captain Bögü Alp entered his tent and threw himself on his bed, which was made of thick felt, it had been a while since he had eaten his last bite of food and he was hungry again. While he was thinking about how to find some food, Corporal Pars' full sack came to his mind. Then he remembered those four horses. He thought that there must be some evil that would come to his bud in this work. Then he planned to announce this to the kagan. Of course, he had to go to his major first. Bögü Alp suddenly jumped out of his bed. He stood up as if he had been raided and reached for his sword. He remembered that his major was Shen-king, and the captain was furious. Then he suddenly hesitated: If my major is Chinese Shen-king, then let my divisional commander Kur Sh ad be alive" he thought. But again he suddenly grimaced. He was going to mention Tulu Khan's name when he told Kür Ş ad what he had seen. Then he should have told him that he was suspicious of Tulu Khan. But would it be right to complain to Kür Ş ad about his brother? The captain lay on his bed again and thought long and hard.

When the door opened and a messenger entered, he repeated the words of Kıraç Ata in his mind. messenger greeted the captain: - "Captain Bögü Alp! The kagan wishes to see you at his otbah immediately", the captain received the order:

- The Khan is in charge.

(1) Soften: Duty, work, hlicel

Then they came out of the tent together. They rushed towards the kaghan's otaku. There was a crowd around the otaku, its two gates were wide open, and the guards were giving the place a different view. The messenger introduced Captain Bögü Alp to Börü Tarkan, the head of the messengers. Börü Tarkan said to the captain "Follow me" and walked towards the kaghan on the path decorated with felt. A little behind him Bögü Alp. Tarkan and the captain knelt on the ground and greeted the kagan. When the kagan signalled them to stand up with his hand, they got up. Captain Bögü Alp, looking at the kaghan and those on his right and left, saw Tunga , Kür Şad and other tigins and likes, as well as Sen-king, and went up to the blood hill. Iking Katun looked very beautiful and joyful with the kaghan today. When Bögü Alp stood up at the kaghan's signal, Tarkan introduced him to the kaghan:

— Captain Bögü Alp, one of the captains of Kür Şad division!

Kara Kagan, Kür Shad and Sen-king looked at Bögü Alp. Sen-king recognised the headstrong captain who had disobeyed his orders during the Chinese raid and then did not participate in the raid.

The Khan's booming voice out:

— Captain Bögü Alp! The captain

kneeled on the ground again:

— Yes, Khan!

— I have chosen you as the third envoy to the Khan of B atı. You will set out under the command of Yann Tunga Tigin. Necessary horses, clothing, and provisions will be sent to your tent.

— You're in charge!

— you have anything to say, anything to wish for?

— My wish is for your health!

— Tomorrow at sunrise, you will be ready in front of the camp. Now go, get ready.

Bögü Alp knelt on the ground and retreated nine steps. Then, saluting the khan once more, he turned back and left the tent with quick steps.

Soon after he entered his own tent, the sound of horses was heard outside his door. A messenger was greeting Captain Bögü Alp and handing him the three horsemen's lined clothes, a sack of rations and a bag of money sent to him by the khan.

When the messenger delivered what the Khan had sent, he gave his last orders:

— Yann, before sunrise, you will be in front of the tent with your team and soldiers. The Khan will inspect you all.

— The khan is in charge.

V

Yumny

Captain Bögü Alp first looked at the three horses sent by the khan. Two of them were pack horses one was a riding horse. There was a lot of money in the pouch. First of all, he had to feed himself and the horses with these. Bögü Alp went into the tent and after looking at his belongings consisting of a few compasses and one or two felts, he made his decision. He would load his tent on one of his two horses and his belongings on the other, and use horse sent by the kaghan a spare. He was to take only horse servant Yumru with him. Even if he was the third envoy, it would not be appropriate to have a single soldier under his command, but with this poverty, nothing more could be done.

When the captain made up his mind, he jumped on the horse. He reached Tuber's tent. Tuber was trotting his horse in front of the tent:

— Lump!

— Here you go!

— Tomorrow you're travelling to the western kingdom. You will come with me!

— You're in charge!

— you got a spare tent?

— None.

Bögü Alp opened the pouch from the kagan. He took out about a quarter of it and handed it to Yumru:

— Get yourself a tent, a packhorse and good clothes. Leave the rest at home. Come and groom my horses before sunrise. You'll be galloping four horses. Act accordingly.

— You are in charge.

Following behind Bögü Alp, who had spurred his horse, Yumru first looked at the coins in his palm. Had the captain plundered the Chinese kagan's treasury? If not, where had he found so many coins? But time could not be delayed. In one leap he jumped on the horse and rode towards the shopping house.

He found the packhorse easily. He had some trouble to find a tent. He bought himself a nice outfit and brand-new cap. There were five silver pieces left. He gave it to his mother and told her to take care of herself until he returned and left.

Tuber was the eldest of the horse brothers. He was 17 years old. But there was only Yamtar who was bigger than him in the whole Ötüken. They called him Yumru because he was as big as a three-month-old child when he was born. His father had died in the war during the reign of Chuluk Khan. His mother was the sister of Çalık. Yumru, who was a cheerful-faced brave, worked with his mother to take care of his brothers and sisters, and the two eldest of his brothers sisters helped him. Even so, there were many evenings when he went to bed hungry. But he never complained. Those who looked at her face would always see her smiling. very strong for his age. But he was not a master wrestler like Yarntar. He had a very loud voice. That's why Captain Bögü Alp chose him as a horse servant and taught him to play the horn.

After taking the fortune, which seemed very big to him, from Bögü Alp and finishing his work, he went to say goodbye to his relatives. First he went to his uncle. Then he visited his aunt. His aunt's eldest son Gumus was also there on preparations. Before Tuber opened his mouth, his aunt gave him an explanation:

— Major Isbara Alp is going tomorrow on the second embassy to the western kagan. After his father, Gumus was taken as a horse servant.
Silver will go too.

— I'm going with Captain Bögü Alp.

— Who else will come under the command of Bögü Alp?

That's what Silver was asking. didn't know anything. She kept quiet. Silver:

— ...Major Isbara Alp is the second envoy, so he is taking two corporals and five privates besides me."

It was dark by the time Vedatash came back to his tent. Tonight they had all found enough food to fill their bellies well. Tuber had never felt such a sweet desire to sleep. It seemed that satiety made people sleep. He fell into a sweet sleep thinking that he would be well fed in the places he would go.

When he opened his eyes early, he immediately jumped up. He was going to groom the four horses of Bögü Alp. When he got on his horse and reached the captain's tent, he saw him awake too. The captain had demolished his tent and was rolling it to load the load on the horse. The lump started grooming. After finishing the grooming of all four horses with mastery and effort, he informed the captain that the work was finished. After Bögü Alp loaded his tent on one horse and his belongings on the other horse with the help of Yumru, he gave orders to Yumru:

— You go and put on your new clothes. Load up your tea and come here at once.

When it was light, Captain Bögü Alp and his horse Yumru were ready. According to the order of the kagan

-there was nothing left to do but stand in front of him.

VI

Ambassadors

When Bögü Alp was approaching the kaghan's tent with Yumru and horses, he sensed that there was a lively atmosphere around him. He was looking for Börü Tarkan, the head of the messengers with his eyes. Otherwise, his eyes were attracted to everyone but Tarkan the Börü. He seemed to see Tunga Tigin a little ahead. Then, looking forward again, he saw Tarkan the Börü standing in front of him:

— Bögü Alp! You will stand over there. Next to Isbara Alp... The Khan will inspect you.

Major Isbara Alp was standing on his horse without moving. Behind him, also on horseback, was Gümüş, the son of the former horse servant Çalık, now horse . Corporal Yarntar and Corporal S ançar were standing behind Gümüş. Five privates were behind the corporals. Behind them were loaded horses. Ahead of Isbara Alp, closer to the kagan's ottoman, Tunga Tigin was standing on a horse. Behind him were two horse servants, and behind them four corporals and twelve privates. There were also many spare horses. Captain Bögü Alp stood further away, in the same line with Tunga Tigin and Isbara Alp. He was placed behind them with his lumpy horses.

In front of the three envoys there were about forty soldiers of the kagan's troops, and they did not wait long. While a sharp trumpet sound was ringing in the air, the door of the kagan's otaku was opened. The kagan appeared. At that moment, the envoys and their soldiers and the soldiers standing in front of them dismounted from their horses, knelt on the ground and greeted the kagan.

The kaghan was followed by Kür Ş ad, a beğ and Shen-king. As Tunga Tigin was the closest to the door of the tent, the khan stood in front of him first. With a keen gaze, he looked at Tigin and the soldiers behind him; he already knew Tunga Tigin in Ötü ken. He also liked the condition and appearance of the men behind him. These were the people who would honour him in the eyes of the western kagan. He spoke to the first envoy:

— Tunga Tigin!

— Yes, Khan!

-You will give this bit to the western kagan. You will talk to him about what I told you and do as I say.

— You are in charge.

Tunga Tigin took the bitik the kaghan held out.

— What gift do have for the Western Khan?

Upon this question, suddenly Bögü Alp's eyebrows furrowed. However, his face immediately straightened and his eyes shone with joy. Tunga Tigin was counting the gifts he would give to the western kagan:

— I take a sword inlaid with gold, four hunting falcons, and two balls of Chinese silk.

— It's fine. you have a wish?

— My wish is for your health!

The Khan walked a little and stood in front of Isbara Alp.
He reviewed his data:

— Isbara Alp

— Yes, Khan!

— What gift do have for the Western Khan?

— I am taking a belt inlaid with gold, a knife inlaid with silver, and a white falcon.

— Question. Are there any good swordsmen, sharpshooters, skilful riders, strong wrestlers among the Erier?

— Var kagan.

The kagan was looking at the soldiers and corporals behind. His eyes were fixed on Yamtar. He pointed to him with his hand and started talking again:

— I've my eye on that corporal. Is he a wrestler?

— Yes, kagan!

— He was defeated at the kaganate festival. Let him not be defeated in front of the Western Khan.

— He starving then. He's not hungry now.

— you have a wish?

— My wish is for your health.

The Khan took a few more steps and frowned when he saw Captain Bögü Alp with only one horse servant:

— Captain Bögü Alp! You're going with a private?

— Yes, Khan! The

Khan's voice stiffened:

— Is this how you will protect the reputation of the eastern khan in the presence of the western khan?

— I'm going this way to glorify the Khan's fame. The Khan

looked at me angrily:

— I don't understand this

— If I had taken other soldiers with me, I couldn't have fed and clothed them.

— I sent you a pouch. Didnt you get it?

— I got it, Khan! All these preparations with that pouch, because we had nothing.

— Why didn't you have anything? Just back from the Chinese raid. 't you loot ?

— No, Khan!

The Khan paused. He was trying to overcome his anger. He asked:

— Why didn't you loot?

— We behind. We couldn't keep up with the looting.

— How come? Whose orders you under?

— I was under the command of the Chinese kong.

— guest? He's no longer a guest. Don't you know he'a division commander?

— I didn't know, kagan! The

Khan turned to :

— You didnt loot anything?

Shen-king replied, glaring at Bögü Alp:

— This captain did not loot even though I ordered him to do so. He was just as stubborn then.

— Is that so, Bug Alp?

— It's a lie, Khan! Plunder is the sword's right. Kür Ş ad had left some of the plundered goods to us out of pity. We ourselves did not shoot anyone and took his property. We did not see the face of the fat in this raid.

The word "lie" exploded like a slap on the face of Sen-king. When Kür Şad said to the kaghan: "This captain is telling the truth", this slap became a whip. Now he himself a divisional captain like Kür Şad. But he found it better to keep silent.

The Khan tried to overcome his anger and asked Bögü Alp:

— If an arrow is shot at the floor of the B atı kagan, who will shoot it?

— I'll throw it.

— Swordplay?

— I'll play.

— What if the horse was fired?

— I'm going to fight.

— ?

— I'll wrestle.

— Why have I not heard of you until now?

— The stone is heavy in its place, kagan!

— you have a gift for the Western Khan?

— Yes, Khan!

— What is it?

: . An arrow!

— It must be a mighty arrow to take to the Western Khan.

— Yes, Khan! A Chinaman had travelled with this arrow. It hit the forehead of my tulga and did not touch me. Then I shot fourteen Chinese with this arrow, and all of them had their tulgas pierced, the arrow entered their foreheads; their brains exploded.

— that enough to be a gift?

— Not enough, Khan. This arrow was made in China. They put the date of the year and day it was made on it. is a hundred years old. An arrow this old has never been seen.

— Yes. you have a wish?

— What I wish for is your health.

When the work of reviewing the envoys was finished, the kagan turned back. He rode on a horse in front of the gate of his bus station. Kür Shad and the others

and stood behind the Khan. Pipes and drums began to be beaten.

The envoys were now on their way. The first envoy, Tunga Tigin, was the first to pass through, followed by his own troops. They had drawn their swords. As they passed in front of the Khan, they bowed their swords and saluted him. Then the second envoy Isbara Alp and his soldiers passed. The third envoy, Bögü Alp, and his horse servant Yumru were coming behind. Yumru's lovely and smiling face softened the kaghan. After the envoy procession had travelled a few hundred paces in front of the kaghan, the horses were spurred. The dust from the horseshoes of the speeding horses rose into the air. The horsemen diminished on the horizon. Soon they became invisible.

VII

On the road

After moving away from Ötüken, the marching order changed. As in war marches, there were two vanguards at the front and they were travelling a few hundred steps ahead of the caravan. At the front of the caravan was Tunga Tigin, with Isbara Alp and Bögü Alp on either side of him, followed twenty paces apart by Tunga Tigin's and Isbara Alp's corporals. Horse servants were behind the corporals with horses in reserve. At the back were the privates. Every once in a while, one of the corporals would leave the caravan, gallop to the right or to the left, observe the horizon, then catch up with the caravan again and take his turn.

The three envoys spoke very little. Tunga Tigin and Isbara Alp knew each other a little. They had only seen Bögü Alp in the army. Anyway, he was not willing to talk much. The first and second envoys were always thinking about Bögü Alp talking to the kagan. When the third envoy was talking to the kagan, he did not regret why he did not mention Corporal Pars.

Four corporals of Tunga Tigin were well-dressed, well-built, well-behaved braves. Two of them, Corporal Karpak and Corporal Burgucan were brothers. Their brotherhood was evident from their resemblance. They were tall, green-eyed, auburn-haired braves. Karpak showed that he had fought many battles with the sword wound scars on his forehead and cheek. Burgucan, on the other hand, had a line extending his left eye to his temple, indicating that he had received a fatal arrow. Burgucan had poor vision in his left eye.

So the corporal, who used to be a sharpshooter, now thanked God that he could shoot as many arrows as anyone else.

Corporal Alka was a brave man who always gave the impression that he was thinking about something, with his bright eyes fixed on one point. His mother was Uygcr. That is why he was often called Uygcr Alka in Ötüken. He was very agile. There was no skilfulness he did not do on horseback. He was once a prisoner of China. Although his hands were tied behind his back, he got on a horse in a leap, and although he was hungry and thirsty, he was able to come to Ötüken on this horse with his hands tied.

Corporal Yağmur, who had just become a corporal, was not like the others. His black eyes in the centre of his dark round face were always smiling. He was seventeen years old. He had plump cheeks. Therefore, those who first looked at him would think that he was very fat. However, Corporal Yağmur was not fat. He was of medium height, slow moving. For example, he would be very slow when placing his arrow on the bow, and then he would be very agile when drawing the bow and releasing the arrow, and he would always do it with a smile.

Yamtar and Sanchar, two corporals of Ishbara Alp, were always going side by side. Sançar kept silent with a sullen face, looking ahead, and even occasionally responded to Yarntar's words with a single word or not at all.

Gümüş and Yumru, two of the horse servants, were travelling side by side and I think were the ones who talked the most among the whole caravan. Gümüş looked just like his father Çalığ. Yumru, on the other hand, was more cheerful than usual because he was sure that the four silver coins he had left to his mother would feed them for a long time. The two aunt's sons were in the most carefree days of their lives. Setting up tents in the places where they stayed, lighting fires, horses, getting up before sunrise and dismantling tents were not even a chore for them. Especially the fact that they had left a great fortune to their home filled their hearts with joy.

At sunset they stayed by a water. Tents were pitched. Fires were lit. With the command of Tunga Tigin, two soldiers stood guard. Towards the middle of the night, the guards would change and one of the corporals would control the guards.

* *

That night, Silver, who was on guard duty towards sunrise, saw a shadow on horseback approaching very slowly and silently from afar, so he placed an arrow on his bow and rode his horse. When he came within twenty or thirty paces, he stretched his bow and shouted:

— Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! Who are you?

The equestrian shadow answered with a voice that sounded familiar to Silver:

— I'm not a foreigner, I come from Ötüken.

When he approached on his silver horse, besides the quiver on his back and the sword on his waist, he recognised the famous bard of Ötüken, Çuçu, with his kopuzu hanging on the horse's saddle. The harsh conversation between the two of them at thirty paces had awakened all the people in the mansion. Because they were all on the alert. They could have fallen asleep again because it was not a stranger. But the fact that it was Çuçu had a strong enough effect to wake them up.Tunga Tigin walked towards him and smiled:

— Tell me, Choo-choo! What brings you here after us? Or did the Khan choose you as the fourth envoy?

Chuchu jumped from his horse and greeted Tunga Tigin:

— No, Tigin! I longed for my ancestor's and mother's homeland. I came here in order to see my birthplace and my old mother again if I go to the hand of B atı kagan. I hope that you will not see me among you for long.

— We are proud and honoured to have you among us. There is no bard among us. If there is a meeting of bards in the court of the B atı kagan, will you come out for the Eastern Turks?

— You are in charge, Tigin! I was born in the west, but most of my days were spent in the east. I can also be considered an easterner. Anyway, for me, there is no eastern or western Turk. It is the job of kagans and tigins to divide Turks into easterners and westerners. Not bards…

Tunga Tigin smiled again:

— You will be tired!

Then he called out to one of the horse servants:

— " Chuchu some meat and offer him koumiss!"

After Chuchu arrived, no one felt the urge to go back to sleep. It was already dawn. When the marching order was established, Tunga Tigin called out to Çuçu:

— Choo-choo! You can be anywhere you like on the march.

So the procession set out, day by day and night by night. Everything went on in order, and there was no change except the occasional hunting of game.

VIII

Khan of the West

A messenger opened the door of the tent: "Envoys of the kagan of the East welcome the great khan," and the envoys of the Black Khan entered, Tuı.ıga Tigin in the front, then Isbara Alp and Bögü Alp, and a few corporals in the back. Tüng Yabgu Khan, the khan of the B atı Turks, was sitting on a golden throne. Next to him was Yarkın Katun, and on the right and left were tigins, tarkans, likes. Among the tarkans, the white-bearded Dede Korkut stood out. The ambassadors coming from the eastern kagan had realised the superiority of these western kings from their attire at the first sight.

The three envoys and the corporals approached the throne, knelt down and greeted the kagaru and katun. At the same time, all three envoys felt something bitter in their hearts. Because all three of them had thought only of the kagan when they brought gifts, they had not taken the katun into account. Since their own kagan's katun was the Chinese I-ching Katun, whom they did not like at all, it had never occurred to any of them that they would find a Yarkin Katun of Turkish blood in the west. They could not lie. They had to embrace this first inexperience.

Tüng Yabgu Khan up:

— "The ambassadors of my kinsman Kara Khan, the khan of the Eastern Turks, have honoured us and made our hut happy," he said.

The envoys and corporals got up. Tunga Tigin began to speak:

— I am Tunga Tigin, the first envoy of Kara Khan, the khan of the Eastern TijrkJeri. I sent a message from my kagan to the great western kagan

I have more to say. I offer your gifts to the supreme khan.

Tunga Tigin turned around and took the sword with a golden casing carried by Corporal Karpak and said:

— "I wish this sword, which has seen many glorious battles, to bring good luck to the great khan," he said and handed it to one of the messengers.

Then Corporal Burgucan and Alka took the four hunting falcons in their arms one by one and gave them to the messengers:

— "Since we have heard that the great khan is a great hunter, we also offer these hunting falcons," he said.

Then Corporal Yagmur held two rolls of Chinese cloth:

— "These are the fabrics we bought from China in our last raid. If the supreme khan will have his troops, which we know to be very good soldiers, attack China together with us, he can be sure that we can find many more goods." and started to fulfil the requirements of the embassy already.

When Tunga Tigin finished his words, Isbara Alp introduced himself:

— I am Major Isbara Alp, the second envoy of the Black Khan. I brought to the great kagan a belt inlaid with gold, a knife with a silver blade and a white falcon.

Isbara took gifts from Yamtar and S anchar, who were standing behind Alp, and gave them to the kagan's messengers.

Finally, he knelt on the ground with Bögü Alp:

— My Captain Bögü Alp, the third envoy of the Black Khan! I present this hundred-year-old arrow as a souvenir to the great kagan.

There was a deep silence in Tüng Yabgu's otba. While the kagan, katun and all the elders were staring intently at Bögü Alp, Tunga Tigin and Ishbara Alp started to get angry.

they bowed their heads. Bögü Alp sensed the mood in the tent. He continued his words without changing his position at all:

— "Great khan! I know that it is unseemly to come to a great khan like you with such a small gift. We could have brought you useful gifts if there had not been Chinese interlopers in the East Turkic Hand, if there had not been bad luck and famine in our country. Forgive us for our poverty! "

Tüng Yabgu Khan liked this open-heartedness.
He mentioned it to the third envoy:

— Captain Bögü Alp! Poverty is not a good thing. But the poverty to be feared is poverty of heart and heart. The greatest valour is to be brave-hearted, hard-armed and indomitable-eyed. When there are outspoken brave men like you in the Eastern Turks, they cannot be called poor. Eastern and western are two branches of one tree. Our root is one. The valour of one of us is the valour of all of us, the poverty of one of us is the poverty of all of us.

Bögü Alp to these words as follows:

— Great Khan! On the day when your army flows with us to China, poverty will be lifted from Ötüken!

Tunga Tigin and Isbara Alp raised their heads. They liked this word.

IX

Encounter with Tüng Yabgu's Chariots

Kara Kagan's envoys were summoned to attend an inspection by Tüng Yabgu the next day. The kagan was to review his army and show it to the envoys.

First they saw the babadars practising sword on foot. Ten people on each side were fighting with swords to the sound of a drummer beating a harmonious mallet on a drum. At one stroke of the mallet, one side would bring down a sword on the other side, and the other side would take cover with a shield. At the second stroke of the mallet, the other side switched to the sword, and the first side took cover. These well-dressed, steel-armoured warriors were good swordsmen. Tüng Yabgu Khan,

These twenty men who fought with each other were introduced to the ambassadors.

— These ten people are Turgish braves. Those opposite them are Oghuzr. They are all captains and corporals. They are the chosen ones who have been tested in battle.

The three envoys of the Black Khan were looking at this sword drill with pleasure. As the drum was beating "thump, thump, thump", the swords and shields were making a harmonious and pleasant sound "clatter, clatter, clatter".

After this beautiful stroke, they watched the pike drill of about fifty horsemen two teams. These the Chigil and Yagma Cherieri, who used pikes against each other with great skill.

was. Farther away, Argu and Tuhsi marksmen, who were rivals of each other, were practising arrow shooting. In the army of Tüng Yabgu Kaghan, there were soldiers from all uruks and tribes, Tunga Tigin, after looking around him again, told the kaghan He asked:

— Great Khan! It seems there are good soldiers in your army. Fathers of every clan are gathered here. But I don't see Sugdaklan among them.

Kagan smiled:

— Sughdaks are not herdsmen. They only trade

they know how to do it. Sughdaks are not Turks.

Then, seeing the questioning on the faces of the three envoys, he added He said:

— The Sughdaks in the hands of the Western Turks are not as harmful as the Chinese in the hands of the Eastern Turks. They are few in number and do not have a separate state.

Yabgu Khan was showing his army to the envoys and telling many things. He stopped for a while and asked:

— Tunga Tigin! Would you like to play sword, shoot arrows, wrestle and fight with my troops? I heard about your raid to China from Kül Er Tigin, and it seems that you are a great fatherly person.

Tunga Tigin knelt on the ground:

— "Your command, Khan!"

The next day, in front of Tüng Yabgu Kagan's otaku, the fathers of the two kagans met. After Dede Korkut prayed to God, the games started. Tunga Tigin, Işbara Alp and Bögü Alp came out against three braves from the Western Turks and fought with swords.

Against Tunga Tigin, Tüng Yabgu Kagan's nephew Börü Tigin wielded a sword with unprecedented speed. They could not defeat Tunga Tigin in a long battle.

Division head Buğaç Beğ appeared against Isbara Alp. They could not fight either.

Arslan Tarkan appeared against Bögü Alp. Before the astonished eyes of not only Tüng Yabgu and his admirers, but also the envoys of the eastern kagan, Captain Bögü Alp defeated Arslan Tarkan in an unexpectedly skilful battle. Not a sound came from anywhere, no one said a word. Only Tuber said to himself: "A stone is heavy in its place.

It time to shoot arrows. Isbara Alp, Bugu Alp, Yamtar, Kaipak, Gumus and two other men from the army of Kara Kagan were to shoot arrows. There were ten people from the West. Starting from near-, arrows were shot towards distant targets, and those who were a bit lame were removed from the encounter. The the Easterners was in Isbara Alp. They had never expected to find the Western Turks so sharp. Kür Shad always on Tunga Tigin's mind. As time passed and the shooting became more difficult, the marksmen one by one were leaving. Of the Easterners, only Isbara Alp and Bögü Alp remained. There were six people from the West. These eight people were aiming every arrow at every target without fail. They started to shoot arrows at the moving targets. The Westerners were hitting every target and it looked like they would the marksmanship. As a matter of fact, did. After long shootings, only one more of them withdrew from the centre and there were five of them and since Isbara Alp and Bögü Alp could not fight with these five shooters, the shooting was terminated.

This time it was not only Yumru who said "a stone is heavy in its place". Tunga Tigin was murmuring the same thing.

Now the wrestling was going on. Bögü Alp, Yamtar and Gümüş came out from the East. Many wrestlers came out from the Westerners. But the three most skilful ones stayed and the others retreated by order of the Khan. The hopethe Easterners was in Yamtar.

was. But when Yamtar was defeated after a long wrestle despite all his strength and mastery, the Easterners were upset. Especially Isbara Alp was very sad. Because he had told Kara Kagan that Yamtar, who had a full stomach, would not be defeated this time. Although no one in Ötüken knew it, Bögü Alp was showing everyone that he was a great wrestler. Firstly, he defeated the wrestler who was on his side after a hard fight. Secondlyhe met the one who defeated Gümüş. He defeated him too. But Karluk wrestler who defeated Yamtar and was than him was not easy to hold. This Karluk brave, who could tear off his grip, was not only strong but also skilful. The Easterners were afraid this fearsome wrestler, who had hurt Big Yamtar's wrist, would break something of Bögü Alp. But the captain did not pay any attention to his height, weight and strength and wrestled with him head to head. Everyone admired Bögü Alp. Everyone realised that he was a unique, great wrestler. The big Karluk once grabbed Bögü Alp by the waist, but he couldn't lift him up and knock him down; on the contrary, Bögü Alp knocked him down once. The wrestling was getting faster and faster, harder and harder. Yamtar had forgotten the pain in his wrist. He wondered why Captain Bögü Alp had not fought in Ötü ken until now. Tunga Tigin and Isbara Alp were standing side by side, watching with excitement in their hearts. Seeing that at an unexpected moment Bögü Alp grabbed the big Karluk wrestler, threw him to the ground and won the wrestling match by touching his shoulders to the ground, Major Işbara Alp turned to Tunga Tigin. He said to him with a smile in his eyes:

— -'The stone is heavy in its place, tigin,' he said.

It was the turn of the horse fights. The horsemen who were to leave from in front of the kaghan's otaku were to come back to the otaku by grabbing the bricks erected four or five thousand paces ahead. Twenty horsemen from the West were entering the race. Bögü Alp was the first of the Easterners, followed by Corporal Sançar, Corporal Alka, Yağmur and three privates. Tunga Tigin thought that they would lose the race against the famous horses of the Westerners.

He was hoping for something from Corporal Alka. Tuber was sure that Captain Bögü Alp would win this race.

The horsemen lined up. The beating of the drum rose and fell three times. After the third thud, 27 horsemen snapped their whips. 27 horses jumped like lightning. For a while they all ran in one line as if they were training. Then gradually some of them fell behind. Türe Tigin, son of Tüng Yabgu Kagan, was among the horsemen. Corporal Sanchar and Corporal Alka and four Westerners were at the front, followed a little later by Türe Tigin and Corporal Yağmur. At the back was a Western major, and Captain Bögü Alp was a horse-length ahead of him. Halfway along, Alka passed them all.

Sanchar was trying to overtake the four running with him, but he could not succeed. Four Western horsemen were gradually overtaking him. Türe Tigin and Corporal Yağmur were running together horse by horse and they were enough for Sançar. Bögü Alp was struggling and overtaking those in front of him one by one, and the Western major was chasing him. Now two of the three Easterners were left behind.

Approaching the brigades, Corporal Alka was at the front. As Alka grabbed one of the bricks, something unlucky happened: He dropped the brick he was grasping. Since he was the best rider in Ötüken, he immediately jumped off his horse and grabbed the fallen brick. But in the meantime, he collided with the horse of the second Western Bahadin and fell to the ground. He quickly hit a stone and fainted.

One by one, the horsemen grabbed the bricks and returned. The last to arrive was the Easterner. When he saw Corporal Alka, their hope, on the ground, he jumped off his horse. After gently striking his face with his whip to sober him up, he embraced him and put him on his horse. He shouted out, handing him the brigand and the whip:

— Corporal! losing the battle. After we win the battle, you can die if you want, but we should faint now.

And he hit Alka's horse hard with the whip. The half-awake Alka began to run full speed ahead, while Alka himself, without any hope, continued the race on the horse.

On the way back, the race had heated up. Now Westerners were running in the front, followed Corporal Yağmur, Sançar and Türe Tigin. Further back, Bögü Alp was in a tug-of-war with five Westerners, and just behind them Corporal Alka was flying in an unconscious state. The valiant man who had put Alka on a horse was riding at the very back. Halfway along the road, Captain Bögü Alp and Alka began to overtake the others one by one. Bögü Alp was in a terrible state. Yagmur and Fftire Tigin had also left Sanjar behind. Now Türe 'Jlein and Corporal Yağmur were passing the others one by one. Soon Corporal Yagmur saw Tigin and
It was seen that he took the lead, leaving all the others in front of him behind. Captain Bögü Alp was also overtaking the others, closely by Corporal Alka. Behind them
The Westerners were running almost in a bizada. Sanchar was far behind. The three Easterners were fighting hard with each other not to be left behind. Suddenly it was seen that Captain Bögü Alp rolled with his horse: The horse was cracked.

Alka was slowly catching up with Rain. Two Eastern corporals were riding together at the front, trying to pass Tigin and other Westerners coming behind them. At one point, Yagmur saw Alka drop his whip and fall into the mane of his horse. He shouted while hitting Alka's horse with a hard whip:

- Alka! Grasp the sword tightly! Try not to faint!

Alka's horse was running like lightning, even though its owner was not leading it. Alka couldn't lift his head from the horse's mane, but he held the tuque tightly. The son of Tüng Yabgu Kagan was very close. But he could not catch up. Tigin followed by 19 Westerners.

All the Easterners were left behind. Bögü Alp was not only left behind but also on foot. S ançar was at the front of the Easterners who were left behind. He was whipping his horse and doing everything to overtake at least one Westerner, but he could not even maintain the gap, let alone overtake. There were three or four hundred paces left before the end of the race. Yagmur and Alka were still going at the head of the horse. tigin was just behind them. Rain was tired, overwhelmed. But his face was smiling as always. At one point he saw Alka sliding sideways. What was that? Alka, the best rider in Ötüken, Alka, who had escaped from China to Ötüken without falling off his horse even though his arms were tied behind his back, was now falling off his horse? Corporal Yagmur lifted Alka by his shoulders and put him on the mane of his horse, even though they were riding like lightning. Alka's bright eyes were closed. It was understood that he had fainted. Yagmur shouted again: "Grasp the turban tightly!"

The race was coming to an end. Türe Tigin could not pass the two Eastern corporals. Both of them finished first in the same race. Corporal Yagmur immediately jumped off his horse and knelt on the ground in front of the Khan. He planted the first place brigade. . Tigin also jumped from his horse. He was waiting for Alka to come and put up the second place brigade to put up the third place brigade. The fourth, fifth and the next ones always came. But Alka still did not get off his horse and did not raise his head. He was holding the brigade. When Tunga Tigin and Isbara Alp went to him and ordered him to dismount, they received no reply. When they learnt from the last rider that he had fallen and got wounded on the way, they wanted to take his turban from his hand to sew it. But Alka was holding it so tightly that they could not take it. Tunga Tigin wanted to raise his head to sober him up, to give him kımız. Having won the race, Alka's always pensive eyes of Alka were now looking more pensive than before. Alka's eyes no longer saw Tunga Tigin. Corporal Alka did not know that he had won the race.

Corporal Alka died for the glory of the Orientals.



Corporal Yagmur lifted Al ka by the shoulders, even though they were travelling like lightning on horseback. and left it in the mane of his horse.

XVI

The Collapsing Riddle

Major Bögü Alp had stopped by the shopping house on his way back from the feast given by Tunga Tigin. Since Tunga Tigin had given five silver pieces each to his guests at the end of the toy, Bögü Alp wanted to buy something for his wife Gün Yaruk with this piece. But he could not find anything useful. Bögü Alp was about to leave the shopping house because he couldn't find anything to buy when his eyes fell on someone ahead. He pretended to recognise him. But he could not recognise him. That man, who was obviously a fatherly person, had left the shopping centre before him. Bögü Alp absent-mindedly walked out of there and walked towards his own tent. Just as he was approaching his tent, a man he met attracted his attention. There was nothing unusual about this man. There were only visible traces of a recent wound from his right temple to his chin. Major Bögü Alp suddenly remembered the words of Corporal Burguçan: Burguçan had said that he had fought with Corporal Pars and that Pars had inflicted a deep wound on his face from his temple to his chin. When Pars' name passed through his mind, Bögü Alp focused his attention on him and remembered Corporal Pars whom he had seen on his way back from Kıraç Ata. It was him. He was only a little confused and tired. But what was Corporal Pars doing here? Against his katuna that he fled from Ötüken after his arrival. Then...

Bögü Alp came to the front of the tent. He hurried inside and called for Gün Yaruk:

— Day Yaruk! You know your brother-in-law Corporal Pars, don't you?

— Recognition

— Look, he's passing by the tent. He has a big sword wound on his face.

Day Yaruk rushed. He opened the felt door of the tent and looked. He saw the man with the scarred face:

— "This is not my brother-in-law Pars,"

he said. Bögü Alp was surprised; he

asked:

-Did you see it well?

— I have seen it.

He jumped out of his tent and went after the man with the wounded face, catching up with him:

— "t you Corporal Pars?" he asked.

The man with the scarred face suddenly paused. After looking at Bögü Alp with suspicious eyes, he replied, "Yes."

— We are brothers-in-law.

— I don't have a brother-in-law.

— Aren't you one of Isbara Khan's corporals? Isn't Kann Forehead?

— No!

Bögü Alp was surprised. They looked at each other for a while. Bögü Alp started to speak again:

— Then tell me: Why did you kill Corporal Burgucan?

— Corporal Burgucan?

— Yes.

— I don't recognise him.

— How could you not recognise him? How could you not recognise the Burgucan who put that scar on your face?

The man with the scarred face startled. He stiffened:

— "Who are you? Why do you keep asking me questions?"

— I am Major Bögü Alp. I suspect you. Aren't you a man of Tulu Khan? Aren't you Corporal Pars who passed by the jagged rocks along the Selenge with two Turks and a Chinese?

Corporal Pars for his sword. Just at this moment, a messenger was seen galloping ahead. The messenger was clearing the way. Because the kagan and his entourage were coming fast behind him. Bögü Alp and Pars had to make way in a hurry. But they were separated from each other, one staying on one side and the other on the other.

The Khan was passing by with a few favourites and messengers behind him. Those who were on the way knelt down and greeted him. After the kagan retreated, Bögü Alp looked in the opposite direction: Corporal Pars had disappeared.

That night three horsemen were travelling northwards along the Selenge. One of them was Major Mudur Beğ. He was talking to Corporal Pars who was with him:

— Corporal! Do you know very well that no one's behind us?

— I know, Major!

— If they fall behind us and we have to fight, our situation will not be good. Last time, although we were so many, only Bögü Alp killed three of us.

— That's true. I'm also interested in how you saw me in the woods by the Selenge.

— If Bögü Alp was not Kür Şad's man, I would be suspicious of him, but he is not. Kür Shad did not accept Tulu Khan's offer.

— Even if Kür Shad does not accept Tulu Khan's offer, he will not tell this to the Khan. He doesn't like the Khan either.

It was a cold night. The wind was blowing hard. Major Mud Mud looked at Pars with a smile:

— Do you know why Bögü Alp is so interested in you?

— No, no, no.

— He was confusing you with his brother-in-law, Corporal Pars. There was a Pars, one of the corporals of Isbara Khan, who married Isbara Khan's eldest daughter Alilah and fled to the west. Bögü Alp had never seen this Pars. Wherever he heard your name, he thought you were his brother-in-law. If he didn't think so, you would have been finished.

— Bögü Alp now learnt the real situation?

— He found out, but it was too late.

— Why?

— Because now he is lying wounded in his otaku! Pars looked at Mud Beg's face, not understanding anything.

The B Major solved the riddle:

— After I lost you, I started looking for you and tracked you down. That's when he met me. He would have recognised me too. We came face to face that night when we were swinging swords at each other. When he looked at my face as if he wanted to recognise me, I immediately shot an arrow and travelled. When I saw that he fell down, I came to find you without waiting any longer.

XVII

Scepticism

Two years passed. The people of Ötüken spent two summers and two winters struggling with poverty. It seemed like something was going to happen. But nothing was happening. The people of Ötüken the condition of those who wanted to run in their dreams but could not.

One day in 624, one of the begs entered the otag of Kara Kagan and knelt on the ground. He reported that the Chinese kagan was tired of the Turkish raids and was thinking of destroying Siganfu, his capital city, so that the Turks would not attack, and that the Chinese kagan's son Shernin was against this idea.

Since his accession to the throne, Kara Kagan was thinking in hesitations that left him alone. He knew that he had been influenced by Iking Katun, but he could not shake off this influence. Shen-king's repellent

and confusion, and he also understands that he has been

He also tolerated this in order not to offend. In order to prevent the anger of the Ötugenians, he made raids to China from time to time, but these raids did not bring as much satisfaction and profit as hoped.

A month passed in this hesitation and indecision. One day Tunga Tigin entered the kagan otag and reported that a raid to China was absolutely necessary for fulfilment. The kagan asked:

— Will Tulu Khan come with us to the raid?

(1) Repellence: Zem, slander

— He will surely come after the Khan's command.

— Send word to Tulu Khan. We'll leave in five days.

In the next three days, the kagan received the elites three times and spoke at length. I-ching Katun and divisional chief Shen-king were present at these talks. No one knew what was said between them. But when the kagan announced the raid to China, the eyes of all Turks lit up.

A few days later, the Turkish army was advancing rapidly southwards. Kur Shad, Tunga Tigin, Ishbara Khan and Shen-king were at the head of one division each and were under the command of the Khan. Tulu Khan was also coming with his own troops.

This army spread fear and death in China and reached the Chinese wall. Crossing the wall, it split into several branches and flowed southwards. Then it gathered again and headed towards the Chinese capital. The Chinese people were fleeing in droves, and the Chinese gangs were trying to escape death and captivity by taking refuge in fortresses.

The Chinese capital was in a state of confusion caused by fear. No one knew what to do or what to do. There was also a panic in the streets. Some of the Chinese officers ran away and hid in hiding places. Only Shernin, the son of the Chinese khan, was the only one who did not fall into panic and lost his composure.

Kara Kagan is one of the gang's most elite With 10,000 men, he was marching towards Shernin. In this elite army there were almost all divisional captains, majors, captains, corporals. Tulu Khan was also with them. But it was raining so much that they were soaked to the skin. The rain never stopped, soaking into their bones, and worst of all, loosening their bows and rendering them useless.

When 100 horsemen, the vanguard of the army, reached the "Seven Dragon Hill", they found a part of the Chinese army there. They were so frightened of the Turks that the appearance of the Turkish vanguard was enough to shake the Chinese army and create a commotion.

Shemin realised that his own troops would escape. To prevent this, something extraordinary had to be done. He had no time to think long and hard, so he summoned his adjutant and ordered him to immediately spare a few valiant officers and about a hundred soldiers. He ordered another officer to rush to the main Chinese army in the rear, and told it to form into battle array and advance slowly.

He rode towards Kara Kagan with about a hundred troops behind him. The kagan was standing where three bricks were erected. Shernin approached the Turkish army about a hundred and fifty paces. Not a sound was heard in the Turkish army, no sound was heard except the sound of rain. Shernin shouted from a hundred and fifty paces:

— Is the Black Khan there?

Dilmach translated these words aloud into Turkish and replied with the command of the kagan:

— The Black Khan is here.

–– I am Sherninimi, son of the Chinese khan and the Tsin minister. We owe you nothing. Why are you plundering our country?

He was silent. He wanted to see how his words would react. But when Dilmaç translated these words into Turkish, he saw that all the Turks, especially the kagan, stood like stones. There was no movement among them. Even Atlan was silent and motionless.

Shernin got up from his horse and looked back. The great Chinese army was slowly approaching. Then he shouted again:

— If we fight, the soldiers will die. What is the use of spilling the blood of so many innocent people? That's why I came with a hundred horsemen to fight the Khan one on . Whoever is defeated will be defeated!

After Dilmaç translated these words into Turkish, the face of the paper changed. It became strange. He smiled. Kara Kagan was smiling for the first time in his life. The fact that the kagan smiled without deigning to answer him had enraged Shemin. The Turkish kagan was insulting him and laughing at him. But this was no time for anger. If he didn't win the case with bravado, the Chinese state could collapse. He rode Tulu Khan, whose brigade he saw from afar. He shouted:

— Tulu Khan! We made an alliance with you. I helped you. you forgotten the oath you made? Do you want to defeat me in a head-to-head match or tie defeat to this match?

Tulu Khan never answered. He bowed head. The first smile on the Black Khan's face the last, and now he turned towards Tulu Khan with a frown. All the elders next to Kara Kagan were looking at Tulu Khan. Especially Kür Ş ad… Lightning flashed in his eyes and lightning flashed in his brain. It meant that his brother had told the truth when he had sent him the news, that he had done this despicable thing... Tulu Khan was silent, not looking at anyone. Why was he silent? Suspicion had crept into the Black Khan's mind. So Tulu Khan had made a deal with the son of the Chinese khan.

None of the elders understood anything about it.Yalıuz Major Bögü Alp had a knot in his head untied. Since he was closest to Tul Khan, he was looking at him and analysing him. Gradually a dark spot in his brain began to light up. When he looked carefully, his eyes fell on a major behind Tulu Khan. This was the major he had seen on his way back from Kıraç Ata , whom he had worked with in the dark after Corporal Burguçan had been killed.

This was the major he had seen in the shopping centre, who had wounded him with a bullet. So this is the name of Tulu Khan. the major united the son of the Chinese khan and Tulu Khan. He also acted as an ambassador and intermediary. Because he did these evil deeds in secret, he had planned to destroy those who stood in his way.

Bögü Alp looked a little further back and recognised Corporal Pars. Now there was no more dark spot. To be more certain, he looked for Isbara Khan with his eyes. Isbara Khan He was standing about fifty paces ahead of him. Bögü Alp approached him without making any noise. pointing to the bead standing behind Tulu Khan, he asked if he recognised him. Isbara Khan said that this was Major Chamur Beg. he said. I saw Corporal Pars standing further back with a sword wound on his face. and he didn't recognise it.

There was a deep silence in the Turkish army. The Black Khan was thinking. He saw the great Chinese army coming from behind. His own great army was far behind. The rains that had been falling for a long time had loosened the bowstrings. You couldn't shoot arrows with these bows. What about Shernin's words? So. Tulu Khan had made a deal with him. 'At this moment Tulu Khan was seen to say something to the likes beside him, and a moment later Tulu Khan's bands retreated about 200 paces and stopped. The Black Khan had no doubts left. Even if he started the war himself, Tulu Khan would not help him. To fight so far away from Ötü ken, inside China, with beams that could not shoot arrows and a large Chinese army.... he couldn't stand it. He ordered Tunga Tigin and sent him to Tulu Khan. Tulu Khan was chosen as an envoy by the kagan and sent to the Chinese army. A little later, while Tulu Khan was going to the Chinese palace for peace, the Turkish army was rapidly retreating towards the north.

The soldiers were speechless. After so much fatigue, after so much labour - they were returning home empty-handed. The elders were frowning. They resented the Khan's indecision. Major Bögü Alp was looking at the sky and whistling all the time, "God I think the kaghan

he closed his eyes. "He entrusted his most important work to his mortal enemy.

China was defeated.

:xvm

Corporal Sulemish

Things started to go wrong again in Ötüken. Hunger had set in. One of those who suffered the most this winter was Corporal Sülemiş. The young corporal with his two younger brothers, mother, wife and three small children was in great trouble. He could not get his affairs in order and could not get rid of hunger. He was selling whatever valuables he got during the Chinese looting one by one, and in return he was trying to starve his house to death by finding meat, koumiss, kurut, and occasionally going hunting. On a day when the last of the food in the house was gone, Corporal Sülemiş rushed out of his tent and went to him in search of food. It was an unfortunate day. He could only hunt one rabbit until the evening. As he was turning absent-mindedly to take it home, someone suddenly appeared in front of him. It was clear that the bag hanging around his neck was full of food:

— "You're Corporal Sulemish, aren't you?" he asked.

— Yes!

— You don't have any food at home, do you?

— .

— My bag is full of food. I'll give you this food if you do what I tell you.

Corporal Sulemish smiled, stroking his knife:

— . That's a lot of work.

— They are easy jobs. In addition to this food, you'll get some money.

Corporal Sulemish and the man opposite him exchanged glances. He was a well-dressed, well-armoured soldier with a good ambush.

— Let the map be yours, there is no property in Ötüken so that map can pass.
What'in that bag?

- It's full of jerky and roast meat. And a small kettle of
There is.
koumiss.

— Oh, that's good. So tell me, what's the job I'm gonna do?

The well-dressed young man moved a little closer to Corporal Sulemish and lowered his voice:

— You're from lshbara Khan's division, ?

— Yes.

— I want you to find out how many soldiers, how many corporals, how many captains are in Isbara Khan's division and tell me.

Sulemish's eyes widened:

— Does that count as private?

— You can't count them one by one.

— And how do I count?

— You will learn from corporals and captains the number of men under their command.

Sulemish put his hand to his forehead. He thought about something. Then he asked the man in front of him:

— Who are you? Why don't you count it yourself and make me count it?

Beriki laughed:

— Don't ask who I am. Don' try to find out why I want this information. Just tell me: Do you accept what I say or not?

Sulemish started to think. - He could not understand why the other man wanted to know these things and why he was giving him so much food and money.

Seeing his p the other man started to speak again:

— Corporal Sulemish! Do you want to be a captain?

— I would like to.

— Then do as I say, Sulemish

was surprised:

— Look at me! You sound like Isbara Khan or Kur Shad. it in your hands to make me a captain? And how do you know my name? I don't know you...

— I know you. I'm no Kur Shad or Isbara Khan, but I can make you a captain...

Sulemish was completely surprised:

— How can you get it done?

— If you enter Tulu Khan's service, you'll become a captain immediately. But as I said, you will inform me of the number of Isbara Khan's division.

Sulemish realised the situation. Suddenly his face changed:

— You're Tulu Khan's subordinate, aren't you?

— Yes!

For a while they both fell silent. The strange man was laughing:

— Corporal Sul6mish said, Tulu Khan will soon become the Turkish khan. When he went to China to make peace, the Chinese khan sat him on his throne and spoke to him side by side. He said he equalled him with the Black Khan. Corporal Sulemish! Keep your eyes peeled! The Black Khan led the Turkic nation into the abyss.

he's not taking me. Besides, the kaganate was the right of Tulu Khan after Chuluk Khan. Kara Kagan is a toy in the hands of Qatun. Only Tulu Khan can save us.

— I'll get you the information you want in three days.

— That's good. Then we'll go to Tulu Khan's army together. After three days, 'I'll wait for you here again at this time. The horses will be ready. Bring your children with you. . .

— It's okay.

The unknown man handed the bag full of food to Sulemish. He also gave a bag of akça. They left.

-*-*-*-

Three days later, Corporal Sülemiş was on his way to the edge of the forest where they were to meet. He the look of a man who was not travelling to the crossroads, but watching the road. He was looking ahead and to the sides. As he approached the forest, a few horsemen his eye from far away. Sulemish was about to shout the battle cry when an arrow whizzed past his ear. an arrow whizzed past his ear. Then the young corporal, standing on his horse, looked back and shouted with a war cry. At the same moment, after hearing the same shouts, horsemen galloped from far and wide. The second and third arrows fell near the corporal. He also picked up a quiver and started to draw arrows across. They were exchanging arrows from far away. After the retreating troops approached, Sulemish attacked the forest with them. When the people in the forest saw the crowd attacking, they started to run away by drawing arrows behind them. The forest was protecting them. The darkness of the evening was also favouring the fugitives. Sporadic arrows were shot, but the distance and darkness them from reaching the target.

Finally, those who escaped were saved. The pursuers could catch only one horse. Isbara Khan looked at the well harnessed and cared condition of this horse:

— He said, "This horse looks as if it was bought by the Chinese kagan." Bögü Alp replied:

— "Tulu Khan is no different from the Chinese khan. His people are well-fed and dressed like the Chinese kings".

Yamtar took a look at the horse. There was a bag on the horse and he was looking to see if there was food in the bag.

As they travelled back in the darkness, Bögü Alp remembered the words that Kıraç Ata had spoken to him: In nine years, what is done will be done; nine more years will pass, and the day will come to use the hard sword. When there is a famine, the moon will be shattered. I see many people gathered in a great city, you are among them. It' raining. You fight on the banks of the river. Your clan is saved. Your name will not be forgotten. After 1,300 years of death, you will rise again. Your name will remain in hearts until the sunset of pain…

XIV

Corporal Üçoğul

Üçoğul, one of the corporals of Isbara Hanım, was a shrewd corporal. When there was peace with China, he would go to the border and trade, even going further inland to make profit for himself. After Tulu Khan went to China as an envoy and made peace on behalf of Kara Kagan, shopping started at the border, and a

- Many Turks, one by one or in clusters, went to the border and started shopping. They were selling horses, cattle, sheep, furs; buying rice, dan, cloth. Since Üçoğul had travelled to China several times, he also knew a little Chinese.

After marrying the sister of his friend Karabudak, he had a son and him Karabudak according to his promise. Since there was not too many people at the beginning

He did not suffer from livelihood problems. When peace was made with China and the border was opened, he had reached the border with two horses and five sheep to be sold.

Bazaars were set up here and there. Turks who had goods for sale lined them up and waited, and when a Chinese approached them and offered to buy, they began to bargain. After letting his horses and sheep loose together and giving them some dry grass in front of them, Uçoğul started to eat his meal on horseback. The Chinese buyers gradually came to the corporal and started to inspect his sheep and horses. They were talking something to each other quickly. Three sons did not understand much from these conversations.

After a long wait, a buyer appeared for the sheep. A Chinese gave five silver pieces for five sheep. Three sons bought five sheep

and started to fight. In the first strike, the goat was saved from being snatched from Almıla's hand. In the second stroke, Ay Beğ's hand was covered in blood and he loosened his pressure. After the third and fourth strokes, he let go of the kid. Pars was one or two steps behind and again on Ay Beğ's left. After a quick glance at his surroundings, he suddenly reared his horse, turned back and galloped. All the horsemen did the same. Now a run towards the place they had come from had started. Ay Beğ was riding a little to the right of Aliliya and Pars was chasing him on his right. Those on Alila's left a little further behind. That's why Alila was making his horse wheel to the left. Corporal Pars was getting angry now. His brow was furrowed. Because he had made a dangerous decision. He relied on his veteran horse for this. Spurring his horse madly, he gave his last speed and as he approached Ay Beğ's horse, he suddenly made him jump. It was a mighty leap. The horse jumped over Ay Beğ with an unbelievable leap and fell down next to Aliliya and continued run. Now they were going side by side with Alina. Pars a hand on the goat. Alina didn't mind at all, only my horse was speeding up more. After a while the goat was in Corporal Pars's lap. They came side by side until they started to run. All the horsemen were behind them. Only Sen-king had disappeared.

Almi la and all the horsemen dismounted. Pars grabbed Almı la by both shoulders and pulled him towards him. He kissed her cheeks:

— ..engagement, daughter of Isbara Alp.

Major Ay Beğ was smiling. Showing his bleeding hand:

— ..Allama! You were going to put me without

hands." A joking captain interjected:

— Even if I regret not getting Alınıla, I'll be glad I didn't eat his whip. Corporal Pars is going to suffer!

Then they all shouted in honour of Alıla and Corporal Pars and wished good luck and blessings.

I-ching Katun

Katun was resentful when she heard that her brother had not won despite the trickery. He had to prevent Almıla from marrying Pars. Otherwise, his plans would fail and he would lose a great trump card like Isbara Alp. He knew that Isbara Alp would soon become a divisional commander when the envoys came from the west. Staying away from the help of a divisional chief like Isbara Alp would be an unpayable loss. Therefore, Iking Katun wanted to find a way to take Alini la to his brother by any means. The Chinese, who were the horse servants of the kaghan and served as his attendants, followed Alini la with Corporal Pars and reported to I-ing Qatun day by day where they went and what they did.

One day the katun ordered horse servants and announced that he was going for a ride. A very ornate and beautiful horse was prepared for him. He went for a ride with a major and seven or eight henchmen with him. No one knew where to go. Katun rode slowly, occasionally calling the major who came after him to his side and talking about something. Today Katun had a smile on his lips. No one knew what was going on in his head. So they reached a wood and suddenly they came across Almı la and Pars. The two fiancés had left their horses and were talking. When they saw Katun, they knelt down and saluted. Katun spoke directly to Pars:

— you Corporal Pars?

— Yes, Katun!

— Will marry Alınala?

— Yes, Katun!

— What would you ask of me to give up Alalia?

Corporal Pars frowned. His eyes glazed over. His voice became tough:

— Katun! I wouldn't give up Alini la even if you gave me the kaganate of China.

It was I-ing Katuna's turn to be furious:

— Onbilshi! Are you disobeying Katun's order?
I'm giving you an order: You're to let go of the forehead!

— No, Katun! I won't leave Alina!

— Are you disobeying my command?

— Yes.

I-ching Katun had his wish. Turning to the major: "Hold this one," he his last order. When the soldiers, who had received the order from the major to burn Pars, dismounted their horses and walked towards him to hold him, the corporal drew his sword: "Don't move" he shouted. When the soldiers hesitated for a moment to draw their swords, Alınıla jumped on his horse with a leap. With a crack of his whip, he attacked the horses whose owners had dismounted and began to whip and chase them. Pars he realised the situation. With great agility he leapt up and rushed at the soldiers who were on foot. He dispersed them with one or two sword strokes. He wounded a few of them. Then Bin head, seeing that it was his duty to fight with Pars, rode towards Pars. They started to fight on horseback. After driving and scattering the horses of the soldiers, Almıla came to the place of fight again.

rode on the foot soldiers, preventing them from calling Pars. I-ching Katun said

- He was watching with anger, hatred and fear this fight, which took place in front of him, but not at all in his favour.[1]Almıla! If she hadn't interfered, Pars would have been caught by now. Katun felt both anger and jealousy towards this beautiful and skilful heroine, and these two contradictory feelings made him very sad.

Both the pars and the major were wounded. When Katun saw that the situation was bad, ordered the major to stop the shooting. They separated. Pars was panting and glaring at Katun. Katun:

— "You will see the consequence of not obeying the command of Katun," he cried.

Pars smiled:

— All results are to enter the greasy ground. The day before or the day after....

With a signal, Katun turned back with the major behind him and the soldiers on foot started to call their horses with whistles. Pars also set off, taking Allya with him.

Before this news spread to Ötüken, the news of the return of the envoys to the kagan of B atı spread. Towards sunset, the envoys returned. Almıla told her father what had happened today. Isbara Alp called Corporal Pars to talk to him. In the midst of the movement arising from the arrival of the envoys, when the kagan gave an order for the capture of Corporal Pars, the lawmen could not find him. Because Pars-i and Allama Yanianna had taken good ambuscades and two spare horses and fled to the country of the Western kagan, to Isbara Alp's ancestor, Major Barman.

(1) Mixed up Mel'un

Pars' escape caused the knot in Captain Bögü Alp's mind to tighten a little more. Because the day after they arrived in Ötüken, Bögü Alp, Major
When he came to Isbara Alp's çadın and asked for Alınıla, he was told that she was engaged to Corporal Pars, and when he heard the name of Corporal Pars, he remembered the Corporal Pars he had seen on his way back from Kıraç Ata. Suddenly all his old doubts revived and he asked the major:

— Where's Corporal Pars? Can't I see him right away?

— Corporal Pars escaped with his forehead.

Bögü Alp had been thinking about Aliliya for months. He hoped that Isbara Alp would give his daughter to him after the games in front of the western kagan and Aliliya would not refuse. But now? ... All his hopes had been dashed in an instant, and he hadn't been able to get a good look at Corporal Pars. Bögü Alp felt a fatigue he had never felt before. Then he talked something with Ishbara Alp and left the tent.

A few days later, Captain Bögü Alp married Gün Yaruk, the second daughter of Işbara Alp....

XIV

Steppe Law

It was autumn. Cool, even harsh winds were blowing in . The four andas, namely Yamtar, S ançar, Sülemiş and Gök Börü, were gathered in Corporal Sülemiş's tent, drinking koumiss. They were remembering their friends who were no longer with them, Corporal Buğra who drowned in the flood, Corporal Karabudağ who was executed, Corporal Ank Buka who died on the Great Wall of China, Corporal Pars who ran away. Especially the absence of Pars was very obvious. They did not know for sure where he had gone. Yamtar thought that since Major Isbara Alp was at the moment with Major Barman Beğ in the west, it was possible that he had gone there.

Sulemicised:

— "I am afraid that Pars's escape with his forehead will not prevent our major from becoming a divisional commander," he said. Corporal Gök Börü was in his usual angry mood:

— "It may be. I-ing katu holds the reins," he replied.

Corporal Yamtar wondered if there would be a famine in Ötüken this winter. Besides, there was no Çalık in Ötüken this year who would wrestle and lose and give his rabbit to Yamtar.
Poor Yamtar was already distraught at the thought of the abundant and sweet food he had eaten in his other hand. Sanjar, as was his custom, was sitting with a sullen face, not participating in the conversation, drinking very little koumiss. At this time the footsteps of a horse were heard.

Sütemiş jumped out to see who it was. A little later, Corporal Burguçan came in with him. Burgucan was smiling:

— He said, "I bring you news that you will rejoice. Guess what it is?"

Sulemish was thrown out:

— a rush to China?

— I don't.

Yarntar asked:

— gift of food from the Chinese khan?

— It is not.

Sky Börü interjected:

— Or is I-ing Katun dead?

— You didn't know.

S anchar was silent again. Yamtar turned to him:

— "Sanjar! We didn't know. You guess." S ançar snapped back:

— What the !

Burgucan satisfied their curiosity:

— Isbara Alp became a divisional captain. From now on he will be called Isbara Khan.

At these words, all of them, except S ançar, smiled!"en Buguçan continued:

— Captain Bögü Alp became a major. Corporal Yağmur became a captain.

Yarntar drank another pint of mulled wine and then spoke his mind:

— All in their place. All three of them deserved it. There's just one thing missing.

— What's missing?

— I'd like to be a corporal

— Satiety is not a honour that the kagan gives you.

— If the Khan doesn't give me a full stomach, can't he give me a lot of "full stomachs" 1<> ? I would be saved from hunger this winter.

They really liked this news. The koumiss was being drunk all the time. Burguchan did not drink any more from a pudchak, he got out of their ranks, jumped on a horse and rode northwards. This ride was not without reason. He was on his way to pick up a girl whom he had been in love with for two years.

Corporal Burgucan galloped his horse. Then he trotted.
He would reach his destination at nightfall.

Halfway along the road, he found the woods ahead to be a convenient place to take a break, and as he rode towards it, he realised that the woods were not empty from the horses he saw there. A young woman and a man had dismounted and were probably resting. There were a few more people on the ground at a distance. When Burguchan Yanianna arrived, the man looked at her with distrustful eyes. It was clear that he did not like this arrival. Burgucan

en stranger asked in a steep voice:

— Who are you? What are you doing here?

— They call me Burgucan. Who are you?

— Corporal Pars!

Burgucan wanted to cut the conversation short and lie down to listen. But the other one was dragging it out:

— What brings you here?

(1) Toldu: Lamb over one year old

— To get a girl...

— They don't give him girls easily.

Burgucan laughed:

— I know how to take it.

Then Corporal Pars suddenly roared:

— You're crazy, aren't you? It like I don't know you've been after me for days. I'll show you what it means to chase Corporal Pars. Act fast, or you're dead!

Pars drew his sword with the speed of lightning. So did Burguchan. The swords touched. The young woman stood on the shore, watching the strike.

In this endless steppe, a life and death battle was taking place. According to the immutable law of the steppe, two men would fight here for an ideal, an idea, a fun or nothing, and in the end one, maybe , would fall, never to get up again, and the insatiable steppe would continue its silent life by making the body of the fallen one food for itself.

The lightning flashes as the swords clash, the war cry[1] shrieks as the strikers strike, the young woman falls.
looking on in horror at those who fought. Burgucan, after blocking an attack from his opponent, swung a hard sword. This time the sword found its mark and cut a deep wound from Pars' right temple to his chin. The blood his clothes, but he continued the fight at a greater speed without taking any offence. Burgucan started the fight exhausted, he started to get cut and started to faint. He got more tired after a hit of Pars' hit his chest and blood started to leak. They separated and breathed for a while. Then attacked each other again and continued to fight. Wide

(1) Uran: Parola

They were clashing on the field, jumping back and forth. At the hardest moment of the strike, it was seen that the sword fell from Burgucan's hand, Burgucan took a step back and grabbed the knife. With a hard pull, the knife was stripped from its sheath and thrown at Pars, who was three steps ahead. Pars fell on his knees with the knife in his chest. But with great valour, he brought his left hand to the handle of the knife. After grabbing and pulling it out, he threw it at Burguçan. He attacked Burguçan, who was staggering with the pain of the knife stabbed in his shoulder, and attacked him with a great gave him a nudge. Corporal Burgucan fell to the ground like a log. He groaned, holding his chest with both hands.

Corporal Pars could hardly stand, he was staggering. After sheathing his bloody sword with difficulty, he walked towards the horse. After respectfully putting the young woman, who had watched the fight without making a sound, on the horse, he jumped on the horse himself. Even though he was covered in blood, he made his way towards the men who appeared ahead. After a while they all disappeared into the horizon.

It was evening. A horseman was coming towards the place where Burgucan was lying. Looking with sharp eyes from a distance, that a horse was standing without a rider, and when he came a little closer, he saw that someone was lying on the ground. Then he galloped forward and jumped on the ground next to Burgucan. This rider was Major Bögü Alp. When he looked at the unconscious wounded man, he recognised Corporal Burgucan. He held the wounded man's head with his hand and called out:

— Corporal! Corporal! What have you become?

Burgucan opened his eyes with a groan. He recognised Bögü Alp:

— I obeyed the law of corruption, I'm going to Tann, Major.

— What you doing here?

— I was going to the girl I love.

— Why did you hit?

- -I don't know...

Bögü Alp's brows furrowed. Burgucan was probably delirious. He asked again:

— Who hurt you?

— Corporal Pars.

— What's that? Corporal Pars?

— Yes.

— Can you describe this corporal to me?

The vortex was turning yellow. The blood was draining from his veins. He closed his eyes. Bögü Alp repeated his question. The corporal could hardly open his eyes:

— I cut a long sword wound in his face, from the chin to the chin....

The corporal's eyes closed again. His voice slowed down: "Don't let the girl I love wait for me anymore." Bögü Alp saw that the wounded man in his arm was smiling and murmuring something. The only words he could hear were "steppe law".

The law had taken Burgucan from his sons who defied the law....

XV

Tulu Khan

Tulu Khan was sitting in his ottoman, thinking. A beğ was standing in front of him, looking at Tulu Khan's pale and sorrowful face. Tulu Khan, who had ruled the northern regions of Eastern Turkestan for two years, had developed a grudge his uncle Kara Khangrown become unbearable. Iking Katun, who had killed her father, had not been punished. Moreover, his uncle had taken this woman to the throne and usurped his right to the kingship. Tulu Khan could not forgive this. He decided to seize the throne of the kaganate and planned his actions.

At one point he raised his eyes from the ground and said "They are late". "I sent another messenger a little while ago. You are almost ready to hear the news," he replied, a moment's silence. Then a long time passed in strict silence.

Tulu Khan was now wandering around in the otaku. It was clear that he was very bored. He was talking to his favourite without looking at him:

— news from Ötüken?

— Yes. The envoys returned from the ban kagan.

— The two kagans made a deal?

— Nobody knows that.

At this time, the sound of horses was heard outside. Tulu Khan looked up. The eyes of the beloved shone:

— They have arrived.

a messenger came in and knelt on the floor:

— It's the Chinese lady, Han!

Tulu Khan gave orders to his favourite:

— Take the lady to the ottoman prepared for her. Have Mud-likle Chang-su come here.

Major Chamur Beg was one of the most favourite admirers of Chuluk Khan. After his death, he remained loyal to his son Tulu Khan and was deeply resentful that Tulu Khan did not become kagan.

Soon, Mud Beğ and the Chinese Chang-su were in front of the Khan. There was a glow on the Khan's pale face. He was smiling for the first time in months:

— "Tell me, Mud Beğ, what happened?" he said.

The major pulled a bitik out of his bosom and presented it to the Khan.

— It's all at your command, Han! We've spoken to the Chinese dauphin. He sent a lady from his mother's kinship as a konchuy 1<> . He said he would help you to become the khan of Ötüken. He will also ask for your help when necessary.

The Khan has turned Chinese:

— You tell me! Chiang-su

bowed with a challenge:

— The Chinese valiabdi Shernin sent you 10 bags of money. He did not send any other gift so that it would be heavy and not stand out.

— How was the journey?

— We've had a few close calls. Two Chinese servants died.

— How?

(1) Konchuy: Zevce

-- we were raided.

Tulu Khan looked at Mud Beg's face. The major grimaced:

— It's nothing that Chinese lackeys died. One of our own died. Almost all of us were wounded.

Tulu Khan was astonished:

— You fought a big war?

— No, Khan! We fought a Yavuz brave. We fought at night.

— Did only your father all this work?

— Yes, Han!

— Who is this yavuz bahadır?

— We didn't find out. He attacked us at night. We fought with arrows and swords. He killed three of us and wounded many others. We repelled him with difficulty.

— What did he want from you?

— We don't know.

Tulu Khan thought for a while and then asked them both:

— Do you have a wish? Mud

Like kneels on the ground:

— My wish is for your health.

Chiang-su kneeled on the

ground:

— Tulu Khan! I've offered money to those who helped me bring the conch. I wish you'd give me this money.

Tulu Khan threw a pouch at the Chinese.

next morning, Tulu Khan summoned Chamur Beg to his otgah:

— Captain! You have served me as much as you did the Khan. I'll repay you one day. Now I expect a new service from you.

-Your call.

— You will go to Ötüken to meet my brother Kür Şad and give him this bitik.

Tulu Khan handed the bitik in his hand to Mudur Beğ:

— You will also tell him that I will go to war for the throne of Ötüken and ask for his help.

— You are in charge.

— You will also tell him that everything is prepared, that I have married a Chinese conch, and that I will get help from the Chinese successor, Shernin. Then you will send me the answer you have received from him as soon as possible.

— You are in charge.

— To do this, take the best of the men you took with you when you went to fetch the ram. This purse is for you to spend where it is needed.

Tulu Khan handed a full pouch to Mudur Beg. The major took it and knelt on the ground:

— "Your command will be fulfilled," he said and left the otag.

A little later, three horsemen were galloping on the road to Ötüken.

XVI

The Collapsing Riddle

Major Bögü Alp, on his way back from the feast organised by Tunga Tigin, stopped by the shopping house. Tunga Tigin had given five silver pieces each to his guests at the end of the toy, and Bögü Alp wanted to buy something for his wife Gün Yaruk with this piece. But he could not find anything useful. Bögü Alp was about to leave the shopping house because he couldn't find anything to buy when his eyes fell on someone ahead. He seemed to recognise him. But he could not recognise him. It was obvious from his sword that he was a fatherly person, and that man had left the shopping house before him. Bögü Alp absent-mindedly walked out of there and walked towards his own tent. Just as he was approaching his tent, a man he met attracted his attention. There was nothing unusual about this man. There were only the conspicuous marks of a recent wound from his right temple to his chin. Major Bögü Alp suddenly remembered the words of Corporal Burguçan: Burguçan had said that he had fought Corporal Pars and that Pars had a deep wound on his face from his temple to his chin. When Pars' name passed through his mind, Bögü Alp focused his attention on him and remembered Corporal Pars whom he had seen on his way back from Kıraç Ata. It was him. Only he was a little confused and tired. But what was Corporal Pars doing here? Everyone had heard that he had fled from Ötüken after he had defied the clergy. What then? …

Bögü Alp came to the front of the tent. He quickly went inside and called Gün Yaruk:

— Day Yaruk! You know your brother-in-law Corporal Pars, don't you?

— Recognition

— Look, he's passing by the tent. He has a big sword wound on his face.

Day Yaruk twitched. He opened the tent door felt and looked. He saw the man with the scarred face:

— "This is not my brother-in-law Pars,"

he said. Bögü Alp was surprised; he

asked:

-Did you see it well?

— I have seen it.

He jumped out of his tent and went after the man with the wounded face and caught up with him:

— "t you Corporal Pars?" he asked.

The man with the scarred face suddenly paused. After looking at Bögü Alp with suspicious eyes, he replied, "Yes."

— We are brothers-in-law.

— I don't have a brother-in-law.

— Aren't you one of Isbara Khan's corporals? Isn't Kann Forehead?

— No!

Bögü Alp was surprised. They looked at each other for a while. Bögü Alp started to speak again:

— Then tell me: Why did you kill Corporal Burgucan?

— Corporal Burgucan?

— Yes.

— I don't recognise him.

— How could you not recognise him? How could you not recognise the Burgucan who put that scar on your face?

The man with the scarred face startled. He stiffened:

— "Who are you? Why do you keep asking me questions?"

— I am Major Bögü Alp. I suspect you. Aren't you a Tulu Khan man? Aren't you Corporal Pars who passed by the jagged rocks along the Selenge with two Turks and a Chinese?

Corporal Pars grabbed his sword. Just then a messenger was seen coming from Herden at full gallop. The messenger was clearing the way. Because the kagan and his entourage were coming fast behind him. Bögü Alp and Pars had to make way in a hurry. But they were separated from each other, one staying on one side and the other on the other.

The Khan was passing by with a few favourites and messengers behind him. Those who were on the way greeted him by kneeling on the ground. After the kagan retreated, Bögü Alp looked in the opposite direction: Corporal Pars had disappeared.

That night three horsemen were travelling northwards along the Selenge. One of them was Major Mudur Beğ. He was talking to Corporal Pars who was with him:

— Corporal! Do you know very well that no one's behind us?

— I know, Major.

— If they fall behind us and we have to fight, our situation will not be good. Last time, although we were so many, only Bögü Alp killed three of us.

— That's true. And I don't know how you saw me in the woods on the Selenge.

— If Bögü Alp was not Kür Şad's man, I would be suspicious of him, but he is not. Kür Shad did not accept Tulu Khan's offer.

— Even if Kür Shad does not accept Tulu Khan's offer, he will not tell this to the Khan. He doesn't like the Khan either.

It was a cold night. The wind was blowing hard. Major Mud Mud looked at Pars with a smile:

— Do you know why Bögü Alp is so interested in you?

— No, no, no.

— He was confusing you with his brother-in-law, Corporal Pars. There was a Corporal Pars of Isbara Khan, married Isbara Khan's eldest daughter Alınıla and fled to the west. Bögü Alp had never seen this Pars. Wherever he heard your name, he thought you were his brother-in-law. If he had not thought so, you would have been finished.

— Bögü Alp now learnt the real situation?

— He found out, but it was too late.

— Why?

— Because now he is lying wounded in his otak! Pars looked at

Mud Mud Beg's face, not understanding anything.
The B Major solved the riddle:

— After he lost you, he started looking for you and tracked you down. That's when he met me. He would have recognised me too. That night we face to face while we were swinging swords at each other. When he was looking at my face as if he wanted to recognise me, I immediately shot an arrow and travelled. When I saw him falling, I came to find you without waiting any longer.

XVII

Scepticism

Two years passed. The people of Ötüken spent two summers and two winters struggling with poverty. It seemed like something was going to happen. But nothing was happening. The people of Ötüken the condition of those who wanted to run in their dreams but could not.

One day in 624, one of the begs entered the otag of Kara Kagan and knelt on the ground. He reported that the old Chinese kagan was tired of the Turkish raids, he was thinking of destroying Siganfu, his capital city, so that the Turks would not attack, and the son of the Chinese kagan, Shernin, was against this idea.

Since his accession to the throne, Kara Kagan was thinking in hesitations that left him alone. First of all he knew that he was under the influence of Iking Katun, but he could not shake off this influence. He also understood that was being a repellent<1> and interfering in Ötüken, but he tolerated it in order not to offend Katun. In order to prevent the anger of the people of Ötüken, he made raids to China from time to time, but these raids did not bring as much satisfaction and profit as he had hoped.

A month passed in this hesitation and indecision. One day, Tunga Tigin entered the kagan otag and declared that a raid to China was absolutely necessary for fulfilment. The kagan asked:

- Will Tulu Khan come to the stream with us?

(1) Repellence: Zem, slander

— He will surely come after the Khan's command.

— Send word to Tulu Khan. We'll leave in five days.

In the next three days, the kagan received dignitaries three times and talked at length. In these speeches I-ching
Katun and division chief Shen-king were present. No one knew what was said between them. But when the Khan announced the raid to China, the eyes of all the Turks lit up.

A few days later, the Turkish army was advancing rapidly southwards. Kur Shad, Tunga Tigin, Isbara Khan and Sen-king were at the head of one division each and were under the command of the Khan. Tulu Khan was also coming with his own troops.

This army spread fear and death in China and stood against the Chinese wall. Crossing the wall, it split into several branches and flowed southwards. Then it gathered again and headed towards the Chinese capital. The people of China were fleeing from every corner and the Chinese soldiers were trying to escape from death and captivity by taking shelter in castles.

In the Chinese capital there was confusion born of fear. No one knew what to do or what to do. There was also a panic in the streets. Some of the Chinese officers ran away and hid in hiding places. Only , the son of the Chinese khan, was the only one who did not fall into panic and lost his composure.

Kara Kagan, the most elite of his clan
With 10,000 men, he was marching towards Shernin. In this elite army there were almost all divisional captains, majors, captains, corporals. Tulu Khan also with them. But it was raining so much that they were all soaked. The rain never stopped, soaking into their bones, and worst of all, loosening their bows and making them useless.

When 100 horsemen, the vanguard of the army, reached "Seven Dragon Hill", they found a part of the Chinese army there. They were so frightened of the Turks that the appearance of the Turkish vanguard was enough to shake the Chinese army and arouse turmoil.

Shemin realised that his own troops would escape. He had to do something extraordinary to prevent this. He did not have time to think long and hard, so he summoned his adjutant and ordered him to immediately spare a few valiant officers and about a hundred soldiers. He ordered another officer to rush to the main Chinese army in the rear, and told it to form into battle array and advance slowly.

He rode towards Kara Kagan with about a hundred troops behind him. The kagan was standing where three bricks were erected. Shernin was about a hundred and fifty paces to the Turkish army. approached. Not a sound could be heard in the Turkish army, except the sound of the rain. Shernin shouted from a hundred and fifty paces:

— Is the Black Khan there?

Dilmach translated these words aloud into Turkish and replied with the command of the kagan:

— The Black Khan is here.

— I am Shemin, son of the Chinese khan and the Tsin minister! We owe you nothing. Why are you plundering our country?

He was silent. He wanted to see how his words would react. But when Dilmaç translated these words into Turkish, he saw that all the Turks, especially the kagan, stood like stones. There was no movement among them. Even Atlan was silent and motionless.

Shernin got up from his horse and looked back. The great Chinese army was slowly approaching. Then he shouted again:

— If we fight, the soldiers will die. What is the use of spilling the blood of so many innocent people? That's why I'm here with a hundred horsemen. I've come to fight the Khan one on one. Whoever is defeated will be defeated!

After Dilmaç translated these words into Turkish, the face of the kaghan changed. It became strange. He smiled. Kara Kagan was smiling for the first time in his life. The fact that the kagan smiled without deigning to answer him enraged Shemin. The Turkish kagan was laughing at him, insulting him. But this was no time for anger. If he didn't win the case with bravado, the Chinese state could collapse. He rode towards Tulu Khan, whose brigade he saw from afar. He shouted:

— Tulu Khan! We made an alliance with you. I helped you. you forgotten the pact you made? Do you want to defeat me in a head-to-head match or tie defeat to this match?

Tulu Khan never . He bowed his head. The first smile on the Black Khan's face was the last, and now he was frowning at Tulu Khan. All the elders next to Kara Kagan were looking at Tulu Khan. Especially Kur Sh ad. … Lightning flashed in his eyes, lightning flashed in his brain. It meant that his brother had told the truth when he had sent him the news, that he had done this despicable thing... Tulu Khan was silent, not looking at anyone. Why was he silent? Suspicion had crept into the Black Khan's heart. So Tulu Khan had made a deal with the son of the Chinese khan.

None of the elders understood anything. Only a knot in Major Bögü Alp's mind was untied. Since he closest to Tul Khan, he was looking him and analysing him. Gradually a dark spot in his brain began to light up. When he looked carefully, his eyes fell on a major behind Tulu Khan. This was the major he had seen on his way back from Kıraç Ata, the one he had worked with in the dark after Corporal Burguçan had been killed.

This was the major he had seen in the shopping centre, who had wounded him with a bullet. So this is Tulu Khan's man.
the major united Tulu Khan with the son of the Chinese khan, and the two were
and as an ambassador and intermediary. Since he did these evil deeds in secret, he planned to destroy those who stood in his way.

Bögü Alp looked a little further back and recognised Corporal Pars. There was no more dark spot. He searched for Isbara Khan with his eyes to be more sure. Isbara Khan was standing about fifty paces ahead of him. Bögü Alp approached him without making any noise. pointing to the man standing behind Tulu Khan, he asked if he recognised him. Isbara Khan said this was Major Mudur Beg. He pointed to Corporal Pars, who was standing further back with a sword wound on his face.

and he didn't recognise it.

There was a deep silence in the Turkish army. The Black Khan was thinking. He saw the great Chinese army coming from behind. His own great army was far behind. The rains that had been falling for a long time had loosened the bowstrings. You couldn't shoot arrows with this bow. What about Shernin's words? So.
Tulu Khan had made a deal with him. 'At this moment Tulu Khan was seen to say something to the likes beside him, and a moment Tulu Khan's bands retreated about 200 paces and stopped. The Black Khan had no doubts left. Even if he started the war himself, Tulu Khan would not help him. To fight so far away from Ötü ken, inside China, with beams that could not shoot arrows and with a large Chinese army....
he couldn't stand it. He ordered Tunga Tigin and sent him to Tulu Khan. Tulu Khan was chosen as an envoy by the kagan and sent to the Chinese army. A little later, while Tulu Khan was going to the Chinese palace for peace, the Turkish army was rapidly retreating towards the north.

The soldiers were speechless. After so much fatigue, so much labour, they were returning home empty-handed. The elders were frowning. They resented the Khan's indecision. Major Bögü Alp looked up to the sky and whistled, "God, I think the kaghan

he closed his eyes. "He entrusted his most important work to his mortal enemy.

China was saved.

XVIII

Corporal Sulemish

Things started to go wrong again in Ötüken. Hunger had shown its face. One of those who suffered the most this winter was Corporal Sülemiş. corporal with his two younger brothers, his mother, his wife and three small children was in a lot of trouble.

He could not get on his way and could not get rid of hunger. He sold whatever valuables he got during the Chinese looting one by one, and in return he tried to find meat, koumiss, kurut and starve his house to death, and occasionally he went hunting. On a day when the last of the food in the house was gone, Corporal Sülemiş jumped out of his tent and went to the forest to find food. It was an unfortunate day. He could only hunt one rabbit until the evening. As he was turning absent-mindedly to take it home, someone suddenly appeared in front of him. It was clear that the bag hanging around his neck was full of food:

— "You're Corporal Sulemish, aren't you?" he asked.

— Yes!

— You don't have any food at home, do you?

— .

— My bag is full of food. I'll give you this food if you do what I tell you.

Corporal Sulemish laughed as he stroked his knife:

— . That's a lot of work.

— They are easy jobs. In addition to this food, you'll get some money.

Corporal Sülemiş and the man opposite him exchanged glances. He was a well-dressed, well-armoured soldier with a good ambush.

— Let the map be yours, there is no property in Ötüken so that map can pass.
What'in that bag?

— The kunit and the kettles are full of meat. And a small pots of koumiss
There is.

— Oh, that's good. So tell me, what's the job I'm gonna do?

well-dressed young man approached Corporal Sulemish a little closer.
she lowered her voice:

— You're from Isbara Khan's division, ?

— Yes.

— I want you to find out how many soldiers, how many corporals, how many captains are in Isbara Khan's division and tell me.

Sutemish's eyes widened:

— Does that count as private?

— You can't count them one by one.

— And how do I count?

— You will learn from corporals and captains the number of men under their command.

Sulemish put his hand to his forehead. He thought about something. Then he asked the man in front of him:

— Who are you? Why don't you count it yourself and make me count it?

Beriki laughed:

— Don't ask who I am. Don't to find out why I want this information. Just tell me: Do you accept what I say or not?

of milk. - He could not understand why the man in front of him wanted to learn these things, why he tried to give him food and money in abundance.

Seeing his the other man started to speak again:

— Corporal Sulemish! Do you want to be a captain?

— I would like to.

— Then do as I say, Milady

was surprised:

— Look at me! You sound like Isbara Khan or Kur Shad. it in your hands to make me a captain? And how do you know my name? I don't know you...

— I know you. I'm no Kur Shad or Isbara Khan, but I can make you a captain...

Sulemish was completely surprised:

— How can you get it done?

— If you come under Tulu Khan's command, you'll be captain in no time. But as I said, Isbara Khan will let me know the number of your division.

Sulemish realised the situation. Suddenly his face changed:

— You're Tulu Khan's elder, arent you?

— Yes!

For a while they both fell silent. The strange man was laughing:

— Corporal Sulttmish said, Tulu Khan will soon become the Turkish khan. When he went to China to make peace, the Chinese kagan sat him on his throne and spoke to him side by side. He said he equalled him with Kara Kagan. Corporal Sulemish! Keep your eyes open! Kara Kagan led the Turkic nation into the abyss.

it doesn't go away. Besides, the kaganate was the right of Tulu Khan after Chuluk Khan. Kara Kagan is a toy in the hands of Qatun. Only Tulu Khan can save us.

— I'll get you the information you want in three days.

— That's good. Then we'll go to Tulu Khan's army together. Three days later I'll be waiting for you here at this time. The horses will be ready. Bring your children with you…

— It's okay.

The unknown man handed the bag full of food to Sulemish. He also gave a bag of akça. They parted.

Three days later Corporal Sutemish was on his way to the edge of the forest where they were to meet. He had the of a man who was not travelling to the crossroads, but watching the road. He was looking ahead and to the sides. As he approached the forest, a few horsemen caught his eye from far away. Sulemish was about to shout the battle cry when an arrow whizzed past his ear. Then the young corporal, standing on his horse, looked back and shouted his war cry. At the same time, after hearing the same shouts, the horsemen galloped from far and wideThe second and third arrows fell near the corporal. He too picked up a quiver and began to draw arrows across. They were exchanging arrows from far away. After the rearguards approached, the Sutemish attacked towards the forest with them. When the people in the forest saw the crowd attacking, they started to run away by shooting arrows. The forest was protecting them. The darkness of the evening was also favouring the fugitives. Sporadic arrows were shot, but the distance and darkness prevented them from reaching the target.

At last the fugitives escaped. The pursuers managed to catch only one horse. Ishbara Khan looked at the well harnessed and groomed condition of this horse:

— He said, "This horse looks as if it came from the brother of the Chinese khan." Bögü Alp replied:

— "Tulu Khan is no different from the Chinese khan. His soldiers are well-fed and dressed like the Chinese kings".

Yamtar looked at the horse. There was a bag on the horse and he was looking to see if there was food in the bag.

As they travelled back in the darkness, Bögü Alp remembered the words that Kıraç Ata had spoken to him: In nine years, what is done will be done; nine more years will pass, and the day will come to use the hard sword. When there is a famine, the moon will be shattered. I see forty men gathered in a great city, you are among them. It' raining. You fight on the banks of the river. Your clan is saved. Your name will not be forgotten. After 1,300 years of death, you will rise again. Your name will remain in hearts until the sunset of pain…

XIV

Corporal tJçoğul

Üçoğul, one of the corporals of Isbara Hanım, was a kind corporal. When there was peace with China, he used to go to the border and trade, even going further inland to make profit for himself. After Tulu Khan went to China as an envoy and made peace on behalf of Kara Kagan, shopping started at the border, and a

- Many Turks went to the border one by one or in clusters and started shopping. They sold horses, cattle, sheep, furs; they bought rice, dan, cloth. Since Üçoğul had travelled to China several times, he also knew some Chinese.

After marrying the sister of his friend Karabudak, he had a son and him Karabudak according to his promise. Since there was not too many people at the beginning

He did not suffer from livelihood difficulties. After the peace with China and opening the border

He had reached the border with two horses and five sheep to be sold.

Bazaars were set up here and there. Turks who had goods for sale lined them up and waited, and when a Chinaman approached them and offered to buy, they began to bargain. After letting his sheep and his sheep free together and giving them some dry grass in front of them, Uçoğul himself started to eat his meal on horseback. The Chinese buyers gradually came to the corporal and started to inspect the sheep and horses.
They were talking quickly to each other. The three sons did not understand much of these conversations.

After a long wait, a buyer appeared for the sheep. A Chinese gave five silver pieces for five sheep. Three sons bought five sheep

for three bags of rice. The Chinaman resisted, saying that he had given him a sovereign because there was no rice, and that he could even buy four bags of rice with this sovereign. When he saw that the corporal did not hesitate to ask for rice instead of scrip, he sidled up to him and shamelessly challenged him:

- "You look like a good Turk. Listen to me well: Sell me the sheep by taking this alecalan. Then go straight to Siganfu and sell your two horses there. As much rice as you want.
and go home."

This thought seemed very soft to Three Sons: - "Alright, Chinaman! Let it be as you say", he gave the sheep to the Chinese and bought five silver alecha. The Chinaman, who was very happy with this sale, winked his eyes:

..=; "Now I'm going straight to Siganfu But you can't use your sword put it down. They will not let you in with a sword," he said. Then he said snarling: "Because Turks are naughty.

Now there was nothing left for Corporal Üçoğul but to go to the capital of China. He took two horses in tow and put his horse to bed.

The next evening Three Sons was entering . He had wrapped his sword in felt and placed it on the back of one of the sold horses. As he entered the city gate, the Chinese police station interrogated him briefly, and when they found out that he had come to sell his two horses, they took one akça of land tax and let him in. Three years ago, he had sought and found a guest house for himself, pulled his horse into the carriage himself, took the felt from his back and brought it to his room. The narrow streets of the Chinese city and the stables were troublesome for the corporal and his horses, who were used to the open air, but there was nothing to do.

At dusk, Üçoğul sat down on a wooden cushion in the large courtyard of the guest house and ordered food for himself. There were a few other guests. Everyone was , talking to each other. After a while, a man came in.

One who appeared to be an officer entered, followed by two others, and gave orders to the host. When he came in, everyone except the Three Sons stood up and followed him to China.
and greeted him visibly. The landlord respected this newcomer very much and always spoke to him as "our favourite". This
After taking a look at Üçoğul, the Chinese chief sat down somewhere nearby and began to eat with his companions.
The three sons were waiting for the food they had ordered, but it never came. Because the owner of the guest house and his two servants
he was serving this new Chinese favourite. The corporal was bored. He grabbed the passing squire by the arm and pulled him to himself:

— "Look here, yarnakl, you brought the food for those who came after me. What about mine?" he asked in harsh voice.

The squire, who had been grabbed by the iron wrist of the three sons and pulled to him, began to tremble with fear. He said in a slow voice: "This is the aide of Kien-ching, the Chinese viceroy." The corporal raised his voice:

— I don't care about the Yaverse! I've already come and ordered dinner. This dinner will be here soon, don't you realise?

After saying these words, the squire, whom he had pushed off with a quick shove, was thrown a few steps and fell to the ground. Chinese squire,
He heard Üçoğul's words in a jagged . He heard Üçoğul's words in a jagged Chinese and realised that he was a Turk. The aide was himself a Turk born of a Chinese mother. He came to China at a very young age.
because he couldn't speak Turkish. He only understood a little. He had not forgotten his Turkishness. When he saw the other and realised that he was a strong father, liked it. Turning to the corporal:

— "Yigit! Who are you?" he asked.

— Corporal Three-son of Isbara Khan's division!

At the name of Isbara Khan, the squire stood up. Isbara Khan was known to the Chinese.

— What are you doing here?

— I'm here to buy a horse.

— How many horses do you have?

— Two.

Yaver was interested. Turkish horses found herlces buyers in China:

— Bring your horses and let's see.

The three sons went to the field. As he was about to untie his horses and take them out, the squire he had just thrown to the ground appeared at the door of the stable in a hurry. He gasped: "Oh my brave! Don't come out of here! Now Prince Shernin's men have come to the guest house. There will probably be a fight," he said.

The corporal didn't understand much:

— "Hey, what are you saying? How run away from a fight?" he replied. The squire was rubbing his hands:

— It's an abattoir! You don't know. The three sons of the Chinese khan are such enemies that their men kill each other wherever they see each other.

Without listening to the three sons, he came into the courtyard his horses. A man dressed as an officer and three men behind him were standing opposite the adjutant who had just spoken to him. Since Üçoğul was a Turkish corporal, he realised that a fight was about to start here. Undoubtedly, he could not be a spectator in this fight. He had to hold one of the two sides. When it was necessary to holdit would be right to hold the side of the squire he had just spoken to. After all, there were three against four. Moreover, the squire had spoken to him in a friendly manner. The three sons rushed to his room without giving it much thought. Quickly opening his fleece, he took out his sword and armed himself. Then he ran to the courtyard. The battle had begun. Shernin's officer and three of his troopers attacked the squire and two of his troopers. Kien-ching's adjutant ran until the three boys had run twenty paces,

He was left alone because two of his soldiers had been destroyed. The situation changed when the three sons came to the squire's side. After a few attempts, he knocked down the second one a little later with his first strike. The Chinese vassal's squire was delighted with this unexpected help.

he was so overjoyed that he was shouting war cries. The people in the courtyard were scattered. Some ran away, some stood on the shore and watched the fight. But this battle did not last long. Üçoğul, a novice soldier

After a few sword clashes with the Chinese, the Turk swung a sword. With this swing, the Chinese's head was severed from his body and fell to the ground. Left alone on the opposite side and the Chinese

the Chinese officer who fought with the viceroy's aide.

when he saw him coming towards him, he saw no other way out but to run away. He ran with great speed and disappeared from the door of the courtyard.

The Chinese vassal's aide returned to Üçoğul with a smiling face:

— Yigit! I won't believe you even if you say you're not Turkish anymore. What's your name?

— Three Sons

— My name Karakulan. I am also a Turk. But over the years I have forgotten Turkish. I understand but I can't speak. Now you are my guest. I can't let you spend the night here anymore. We'll go to my house. You can sell your atiar to the Chinese veliabd and get good money. If you sell it here, they'll cheat you...

A little later, Üçoğul was sleeping in a nice bed in Karakulan's house, having pulled his horses into his stable and having eaten a meal that he had never seen in his life and would never see in his life, and he was tired after twenty-five years living in Ötü ken without resting for twenty-five years.

XX

Karaku/an

Corporal Üçoğul had been a guest in Karakulan's house for a month. Karakulan had sold his horses at a good price to the Chinese valiabd and given the money to , and had never failed to entertain him. Now he was speaking Turkish with . At first he had a lot of difficulty, but after a few days he got the hang of it. Only occasionally he could not remember some words, then he would say Chinese instead.

Karakulan could not forget the help Üçoğul had given him in the fight in the courtyard of the guest house and did his best to repay him. If it hadn't been for Üçoğul, Karakulan would be dead now. Karakulan tried to get Üçoğul to join the Chinese dauphin's retinue, but was refused. The Chinese crown prince accepted Üçoğul into his court and thanked him for saving his squire and gave him a beautiful sword, a silver inlaid belt and a bag of gold coins. After such hospitality, Üçoğul was ashamed to leave immediately, but Karakulan insisted and extended his stay in his house. Because his mother was Chinese, Karakulan looked more like a Chinese than a Turk. But in swordplay, horsemanship and valour, he was closer to a Turk than a Chinese. As the days passed, their friendship and closeness increased and he was telling about the tricks in the Chinese palace: The Chinese kagan had three sons. One of them was the heir-apparent Kien-ching, of whom Karakulan was the heir. One was Shemin, the most valiant of them all. One of them Yüen-kie. All of them did not like each other, but

The other two were acting together against Shemin. Once they had even slain Shemin, but he had survived.

After telling these things, Karakulan used to go hunting with outside the city, trying not to bore him. One day when he was returning from the hunt, he opened up to Üçoğul completely:

— Corporal! I really want you to spend this winter in Siganfu, because the three sons of the Chinese khan are secretly preparing against each other. Soon, they will surely share their trump card with the sword. I would like to use the help of a brave man like you in this matter. If you are among us, we will defeat them.

Because they asked him for help, Üçoğul could not say "No, I cannot stay". But his heart was not willing to stay here:

— "I have a home in Ötüken. They will wait for me," he wanted to object. Karakulan found the answer to this too:

— I'll send word to Ötüken and report to your homeland.
I'll send some maple too:

Üçoğul could not resist this brilliant offer. A Chinese who knew the place because he had travelled to Ötü ken, accompanied by two of his friends with compasses, a bag of akça, a horse load of rice and dan, set off for Üçoğul's house, while Üçoğul was about to spend a winter in the Chinese capital
He's settled in Karakulan's house.

Karakulari was not married. But there were many young women in his house. Until then, Üçoğul had not enquired who they were. Now some evenings, when Üçoğul was having dinner with Karakulan, these young and beautiful Chinese girls were playing instruments, singing and playing games. Even the dress of these girls was strange. Their arms and breasts were quite bare. Three sons had never seen anything like this before. At Karakulan's table, there was red-coloured sake, and when he drank it, the Three Sons saw the world in a strange way. Even this bloodless, lifeless, puny Chinese

Even the girls were pleasing to him. Especially these girls had a beautiful odour, which made Üçoğul's head spin as they approached him.

As the nights go by, the girls get closer and closer to Üçoğul, offering him their own water with their own hands. They would sit and even kiss him. One day, at a time when he was in a foggy mood again, the Three Sons could not stand it and he kissed the prettiest of the girls. Then his brow furrowed as if something had suddenly occurred to him. He asked Karakulan in a stern voice and in Turkish:

— Karakulan! Who are these girls? they married?

— No, why do you ask?

— Why? If they're married, they'll kill me in Ötüken. be!

— they kill him? Why?

— Don't you know the Turkish species? is killed.

Karakulan smiled:

— I don't know the Turkic species, as I left Ötüken when I was very young. But you don't do anything to these women by force … They kiss you themselves.

The three sons smiled bitterly:

— That's what they did to Corporal Karabudak. But the judges wouldn't listen.

They were silent... Three Sons' eyes blurred. Looking at an indistinct place:

— "Poor Karabudak! He was killed by an arrow like a commoner."

— And how would he be killed?

— You don't know? - Oh yeah… Of course you don't know. In the Turkish race lineage people are killed their blood in the ground

not drained. He was strangled to death with a bowstring. That's how they killed Karabudak. She's my sister-in-law. My son's name is Karabudak.

While the Chinese girls played the saz and sang songs, Üçoğul drank another bowl of water and ate another snack:

— Karakulani What are these girls?

— These are all claws. <>

The three sons had already heard what a kimak was. He did not need to think any more. Here in the city of China, when he drank water like them, he became dizzy and passed out. He grabbed the slender-faced girl who was making love to him next to him and pulled her towards him. Karakutan was laughing with laughter. In Turkish:

— "Three sons! Only Turkish kings are not going to enjoy these Chinese beauties. We are kings in our own way," he said. He also had a Chinese beauty on his lap.

She was a fierce Chinese beauty whom the Three Sons drew towards him with love. When the corporal woke up the next morning, he found her in his room. He couldn't remember when or how he got there. This is how it happened

continues and the Chinese beauty Corporal has three coming out of her. It was like he was her blood. She stayed with him every night, cared for him, showed him all the care a woman shows to her husband. Üçoğul started to like her too. He was thinking about his wife in Ötüken. Compared to this autumn-apple cheeked, hazel-eyed, tall, agile, pars-eyed singleton of Karabudağ, this Chinese beauty was very insignificant. But there was something incomprehensible and attractive about her that fascinated Üçoğul. And especially that smell... Üçoğul was always dizzy when he smelled this odour, which even the most beautiful flowers do not have. Then he realised

(1) Crop: Cariye

The fact that she was feeble, weak and weak seemed strange to Üçoğul. Where was the woman who could squeeze the water out of a stone in Ötüken, where the gentle, cowardly woman here? But despite all this, he still liked it and did not want to leave. Why had she promised Karakulan? If she hadn't promised to spend the winter here, she would be in Ötüken now; she wouldn't have been troubled by this Chinese beauty.

Karakulan looked very happy: "Chinese women are not like Turkish women, but they too have their beauty", she said, then burst into laughter: "If a person ate the best food every day, he would get bored and crave for tasteless food".

Karakulan was not a bad person at all, but his morals had changed. He didn't know the law of Ötüken at all. It was probably impossible to do otherwise in China.

Sometimes he told that he was going to stay in the palace of the Chinese dauphin and did not come home, then Üçoğul became the owner of the house. The head of the Chinese servants showed great respect to him and again organised the music, made the cook cook good food and his day. Üçoğul's girlfriend was now jealous of him from the other girls. If Üçoğul looked at one of them with a smile, she would cry. The corporal said to himself: - "This despicable China has corrupted my morals too" and consoled himself by thinking that he would get rid of them when he went to Ötüken in a month or two.

Winter had passed and spring had come. Üçoğul almost returned to Ötüken. One day Karakulan approached him:

- "Three sons! In order to put an end to the rivalry between his three sons, the Chinese Khan has summoned all three to the palace for tomorrow. Tomorrow there be bloodshed in the palace. Perhaps the heir will take the Chinese throne. You will help us in this fight, won't you?"

The Three Sons had been waiting here for months to get into this fight. "Of course," he replied. Karakulan clung to his neck with joy. He explained the work to be done. That night they went to bed early without making the saz.

The next day everything was ready. Karakulan had given a highland quiver to Üçoğul, and had made Uçoğul join them. Three hundred warriors came to the palace courtyard with the crown prince and stopped, then the crown prince went inside with his aide.

Three sons were waiting. Fighting on foot was not going to be pretty, but it was better than nothing.

The other sons of the Chinese khan had also come to the palace with their own guards. It was almost the beginning of a fighting festival here.

Corporal Üçoğul suddenly saw Karakulan coming running. Yaver, as he approached, shouted in Turkish: "Üçoğul, come after me," he shouted. While Üçoğul, who shot out like an arrow, was catching up with him, Karakulan was in the middle of running.

He told :

— Shernin was triggered. He killed both Veliabdi and Yüen-kie with an arrow from a distance.

Three-son stopped the squire by the shoulder:

-- Where are you going? -- Then let's fight.

— It's no use fighting after the Dauphin is dead. Our soldiers won't fight anymore.

— Can't we two go and hit him? Can't we avenge Velialid?

Karakulan pulled Üçoğul's arm and started running again:

— There are thousands of soldiers in the palace. What can you and I do? Three-son, who was running beside Karakulan, asked:

— Where are we going now?

— To save our lives...

— What about the soldiers we left in the courtyard?

— They'll be fine. They'll be Shernin's gangs right behind us.

The three sons continued running with a harsh curse. They were on their way to the aide's house. Since no one knew what was going on in the palace, everyone was respectfully making way for the aide.

At last they reached Karakulan's house. The servants were ordered to prepare the riding horses of Üçoğul and Karakulan and two spare horses. With great haste they took their ammunition and provisions. Karakulan took a few bags of gold with him.
he did not forget. He told the head butler, who was looking at him in astonishment, that they would be coming in a few days and to keep the house as he knew it until they arrived, and jumped under him. The three sons
and so he did. They galloped through the streets of the city and came to the gate. They were not asked anything because Velialid's aide here. They went out of the gate. They were safe.

It was then that Üçoğul thought of his Chinese lover whom he had left at the squire's house. He asked Karakulan what would become of them. He replied with great indifference:

— They will seize my house. The contents will either go to Shernin's palace or to his aide's house…

The three sons almost cried:

— That girl loves me. Why didn't we take her together?

Karakulan laughed:

— Did you think the Siganfu girl was a girl from Ottawa? She's already forgotten you. Maybe she's alone with her new lover.

Three-son spurred his horse with another curse.
Then he asked as if something had suddenly occurred to him:

— Where are you going?

— To Ötüken … To my homeland... Mother Earth does not hesitate to embrace her unfaithful sons.

XXI

Kıthk

Three more seasons have passed. Husbands died. New babies were born. Babies got used to walking, little children got used to riding rams. Mares foaled; ineiders calved. In the forests, the grey wolves began to hunt. Yamtar, Sanjar and Üçoğul became captains. The beginningless, endless time marched on. The winter months of 627 came. Karakulan became a captain under Tunga Ti gin. Since he knew the inner side of China very well, his knowledge was used by the Black Khan. While Karakutan and Üçoğul were fleeing from the Chinese capital, the Chinese khan Shernin took the name of "Tay-tsong" and started to act harshly against the Turks.

That year the winter was very harsh. It was snowing snowing and storms were howling in Ötüken.

When Captain Yamtar, who had not eaten for three days, returned home empty-handed after hunting before sunrise and labouring until sunset, what he saw was very sad: His wife was starving, his one-year-old son was dying. The others were also miserable. But the little boy could not bear the hunger at all.

Yamtar ran out. He had to find something to eat. He had taken a few steps when he came face to face with Gök Börü.

Corporal Gök Börü was not angry this time, but angry, even mad. He shouted at Yamtar:

-Captain Yamtar! What's this disgrace? I don't have a single horse, a single sheep. They're all dead. And now my little daughter is starving at home. What are you doing?

- Theres nothing to do. I only have one horse left. We'll slaughter it and eat it. Come, I'll give you a piece.

At once they both took quick steps towards Yamtar's stable. Yamtar's last horse had died last night. There was no way out. They smashed the dead horse. Right there they lit a fire
and roasted it. After the fire was out, they went back to their tents, eating the roast meat they had shared. They were late. Because when they entered their house, Yamtar's son, Gök Börü's daughter was dead.

Yamtar was trying to save his weak, ankle-stricken cancer by feeding him meat. He hadn't eaten for three days,
The stomach of this poor young woman, who had only had one or two mouthfuls for a long time before that, would not accept dead horse meat. She wanted fresh meat, koumiss. Faced with this situation, Yamtar did not think much. He jumped out of the tent and ran to Gök Börü, "come after me" he said.

It was night. The cold made their skin tingle and their faces freeze. Captain Yamtar was walking like a giant in the darkness with his big body, and at the same time he said to Gök Börü
the captive Chinese live in abundance while the owners of Ken starve to death. Will that do? We'll take food from their hands by force. As if I-ing Katun and Shen-king weren't enough.
A few more Chinese admirers or scholars come out every day. They confuse Ötüken with the advice they give to Kara Ka ğan. And our Khan believes them. this okay? I
I'm a captain. You're still a corporal. Then the Sen-king division commander who couldn't hit the big Corporal Pars at fifty paces... He was saying, " that OK?

They came to the houses where the Chinese were living together. Yamtar, a man who knew what he was doing

He entered one of the Chinese houses. In this house there lived one of the Chinese who had become rich in Ötüken, and lived in abundance with his wife and his Chinese servant. Seeing a large Turkish captain and a corporal enter with a stern face, the Chinese turned pale. Yarntar roared:

— Hurry up, you Chinaman! Pile all the food over there!

The landlord's astonishment had passed. He wanted to headbutt me:

— I'll report you to the Black Khan. I am the shen-king he's my mate. And then...

The Chinaman couldn't finish. There was a clatter. With lightning-like speed Yamtar drew his sword and swung it, decapitating the Chinaman.

His wife could not stand and collapsed on the floor. The servant ran, trembling, bringing the koumiss, dried and fresh meat. After Yamtar had carried it all on his back:

— He said, "Come on, Sky-Brother! me."

Gök Börü stayed inside for a while longer. Then he ran He caught up with Yamtar:

— "I got the rest. Otherwise, I'll tell I-ching Katun they would complain and make us cry."

They shared food on the way. Everybody ran to their own tent.

Yamtar was trying to save his cancer from death. But everyone in the house was hungry. Everyone wanted good food except Yarnlar, who had a tripe so strong that he could praise the meat of a dead horse. He didn't mind his old grandmother so much, but when he looked at his sons, who would go into battle tomorrow as braves, his heart ached. His youngest son was dead. His diseased wife was also in very bad shape. When Yarntar was depressed, he turned against the Chinis and thought, "Tan is doing this because he is angry with us because of the Chinis.

The rations the Chinaman had gathered at home were almost gone. There was little left for Yamtar. Yamtar was getting hungry as he looked at this beautiful food, and as he got hungry, he was rattling the roast of the dead horse. He could not take his eyes off the pudding he had reserved for his wife for the next day, when footsteps were heard outside. The door opened and Sulemish came in. His complexion was pale. As the light of the burning kindling hit his face, he looked completely yellow:

— "Yamtar! We are starving. I have one blood left alive in the house. Can't you give me some food for him?" he begged. Without thinking, Yamtar grabbed the puddle of koumiss. He allocated half of it for his own blood and handed the rest to Sülemiş. giving a piece of kurut as big as a fist:

— "Here, give these to my sister-in-law," he said. Then he tore off a piece of the dead horse's roast:

— "You eat this too," he said, handing it to me.

The next morning Corporal Sançar got up early and slaughtered one of the last two horses he had and roasted it well. After saving a big piece for himself, he jumped on the horse and started to visit the houses of his ancestors. First he visited Yamtar, whose house was the most crowded. Big Yamtar was crying. Because that night both his grandmother, one of his sons, his younger brother and his wife had died. He was sighing, saying that the sky had fallen on my head, and tears were pouring down his cheeks. Sornurikan and Sanchar, who did not know how to speak: "Try to save the rest" and gave him a big piece of meat. Yarntar, who had almost always been hungry, for the first time in his life did not touch the food when there was plenty of food in front of him. He gave meat to his four-year-old daughter and three-year-old son and told them to eat. When Sanjar left, he stood cross-legged, looking at his children who were eating the meat with appetite, not making a sound, but the drops were falling from his eyes as if they were abundant and lush.

Sanchar then went to the house of Corporal Sulemish. Sulemish's complexion was yellow and his eyes were red. He was smiling bitterly. Sanchar realised the situation: Sulemish's wife had died. Sanchar could not find a word to say. He left a piece of meat there.

Then he entered Gök Börü's house. The crazy corporal was not at home. One of his three children had died. His old mother was dying. His wife was weak, lying on her bed, his two children were crying from hunger. When Sanchar brought the meat, the two little ones attacked like hungry wolves.

young woman laughed. The old granny did not move at all.

Captain Sanchar was on his way home when suddenly he stopped his horse: Someone was lying on the ground, his face was not visible. But Sanchar jumped to the ground and scanned his head: It was Corporal Karpak. At first Sanchar thought he was frozen and wanted to rub his face with snow. Karpat was not frozen. When he opened his eyes and looked at S anchar, he could only say: "Don't bother; my work is done".

— Are you hurt? Karpag's

gaze changed:

— a wound a promise? Your blood killed four of my children. I've been hungry for nine days.

Sanchar lifted him from the ground with great effort and placed him on his horse. He himself rode with difficulty and rode towards his house. He placed Karpag on his bed and gave him a thin piece of the meat he had reserved for himself. But Carpath did not take it, his eyes shone strangely:

— "Give good news to I[illegible]ing Katun. Another Turkish corporal is dying. Soon Corporal Karpak was gone.

XXI

rebellion

Tulu Khan, who survived the terrible winter better than Kara Kagan, was sitting in his otba on a cold spring day when Major Çamur Beğ came in:

— "Tulu Khan! A messenger from the Black Khan has arrived. He wants to see you."

The Khan has given the order:

— Come on!

Soon Börü Tarkan, the Black Khan's chief messenger, entered and knelt on the ground. Tulu Khan seemed a little surprised that it was Tarkan the Börü who had come to him. He was angry inside. asked in a harsh voice with a ring of sarcasm:

— Say, Tarkan Börü! Does the great kagan wish to favour me by sending the chief khan?

Tarkan the Börü, a very tough man, responded with a full voice:

— No, Khan! Famine and starvation have left no man in Ötüken. There was no other messenger to send, so the Black Khan sent me.

Tulu Khan's face hardened:

— What is the Khan's command?

— Sırtarduşs, Dokuz Oğuzs, Bayırkus rebelled.

— Yes?

— The Great Khan has appointed you to crush this rebellion.

— Only my own turf?

— No, no, no, no! Kur Shad and Isbara Khan divisions will be under your command.

Börü Tarkan took out a board from his side. This board was written by Kara Kagan. He handed it to Tulu Khan with respect. Tulu Khan was not at all honoured by this heavy hand. It was not a pleasant thing to fight with such valiant people as Sırtarduşs, especially Doguz Oguz, and to fight for the throne of his uncle Kara Kagan, whom he disliked. Börü looked at Tarkan with sharp eyes:

— What did they rebel against?

— Hunger. The Black Khan demanded taxes to feed Ötüken.

— The Khan is now asking us for blood tax.

Tarkan the Beaver was silent. He was also looking at Tulu Khan with a sharp gaze. With the experience of his age, he understood what was in Tulu Khan's heart. Behind his looks and words was hidden the pain and longing for a lost fortune.

Tulu Khan asked, uncomfortable with Börü Tarkan's gaze:

— Are the troops of Kur Shad and Isbara Khan divisions complete?

— No!

— Can the Nine Oghuz with so many troops be defeated when they accompanied by Sırtarduş and Bayırkolar?

— This winter in Ötüken, both horses and men died. The troops that Kara Kaga will send to you are hungry men. It is the kaghan's command that you should take your own troops and crush the rebels.

There was another silence. Then Tulu Khan was heard to say, "The khan is in command." But Tulu Khan was smiling as he said these words, insulting the kaghan. Börü Tarkan turned red with anger.

Fifteen days had passed. Tunga Tigin entered the kaghan's tent and knelt on the ground:

— "Things are bad, kagan," he said. The Black Khan had already been fussing for two days. He did not think the delay of the news he was waiting for was good. "Is Tulu Khan new?" he asked. Tunga Tigin said "yes" with a mournful voice. Then he completed the news with these words:

— Our troops scattered. The Nine Oghuz broke most of them. Tulu Khan is returning with very few troops!

— Are Kur Shad and Isbara Khan alive?

— Right, but not solid.

— Bring them here as soon as they get here.

— You are in charge.

Towards the evening, Tunga Tigin, fulfilling the order of the Khan, brought Tulu Khan, Kurshad and Isbara Khan into the khan's ottoman. The three chief chiefs saluted the kagan. Kara Khan was very upset. He asked in a stern voice:

— Tulu Khan! How was the battle?

— Too bad, Khan! Because our horses were weak and our troops were tired. We were attacked by valiant warriors.

— Can there be any excuse for such a great defeat, such as a horse, a tired soldier, and valiant fat?

DEATH OF THE BOZKURTES



The Sky Turks, some on horseback, some on foot, were sailing towards the bridge, and the big Yamtar and Yumru, entering the water up to their chests, were reaching the opposite shore from the bridge, which they held on their shoulders with more than human strength.

Tulu Khan is silent. The defeat was indeed great. The Khan was now talking to Kur Shad, who was wounded in the shoulder and arm:

— Kur Shad! Didn't you think that this defeat would shake the Gök Turk kaganate to its foundations?

— The Gök Turk kaganate will not be shaken from its foundations by being defeated by the Nine Oguz, Khan! Because the Nine Oghuz are our own tribe. They will come to their senses in the end. What shook the Gök Turk Khaganate from its foundations is something else.

Black Khan asked, looking angry:

— Tell me: shook the kaganate to its foundations?

— are the Chinese in Ötüken. Especially these Chinese who are in charge.

— What do you mean? You mean the Shen-king?

— The Shen-king and people like him…

— I'm the one who made him a major!

— The command is yours, Khan! But your command cannot prevent the fall of the kaganate.

This harsh answer made the kaghan red in the face. He asked in a bitter voice like a slap:

— you do your homework in the war?

— We did it! The Nine Oguz were attacking like a gale, like fire. While the bow-stretching wrists of our weak soldiers were trembling, each arrow of theirs was knocking down a Gök Turk. There was no way to prevent the defeat. Had it not been for Captain Yarntar and a private named Yumru, our troop would have been completely destroyed.

Kagan was curious. He knew Captain Yamtar.
He also remembered the lump. He asked:

— What did they do to save the gang?

— They crossed the collapsed bridge over a rushing stream on their shoulders.

— What did the Nine Oguz do when they crossed a single bridge?

— They took them. We met them with arrows.

— Who with him?

— Isbara Khan, Bugu Alp and some captains!

Black Khan looked carefully at Isbara Khan. He was wounded on his face and chest. He was standing upright. Black Khan loved Isbara Khan for some reason he did not know. He asked him:

— Isbara Khan! Who were your friends who delayed the Nine Oguz with the rain of arrows?

— Besides Major Bögü Alp, we were accompanied by Captain S ançar, Captain Üçoğul, Captain Yağmur, Corporal Sülemiş. Not all of us had done what Kurd Shad had done alone.

— your wounds deep?

— These wounds won't kill me, kagan! But there's another wound that's been eating away at me: Corporal Sulemish died in battle.

— Isbara Khan! One is born at home and dies in battle. A Sky Why does the death of a Turkish corporal touch you so much?

— Because his death was not like everyone else's, Khan!

Isbara Khan had his eyes fixed on one end of the ottoman. He was seeing that moment of the battle again. This was such a valiant sight that one could not forget it until his death: The Sky Turks were fleeing towards the bridge, some on horseback, some on foot, and the big Yamtar and Yumru were up to their chests in the water, and they were being held on their shoulders with more than human strength.

crossing the bridge the opposite shore. From the bridge
Only two people could pass side by side, and the one who reached the opposite shore was saved from death. Kür Shad, Isbara Khan, Bögü Alp, Sançar, Üçoğul, Yağmur, Sülemiş are on the right side of the bridge,
Standing on his left, they were shooting arrows at the Nine Oguz who were attacking from afar. Kür Şad was a piece of lightning that day. He could no longer be called the sniper of Ötüken. He was now like an arrow Tans. He was bringing it into shape, knocking down two people with one arrow. Two or three wounded soldiers, who had been left unattended, were picking up the arrows shot by the Nine Oghuzes and bringing them to them. But the Nine Oghuzes were attacking with such disregard for death that if they were not stopped a little longer, they could destroy the Gök Turk army. At that time, it was seen that Bögü Alp had released horses to the approaching Nine Oguz and stopped them alone. It was a diversion, a distraction. But it did not last long enough for the Gök Turks to cross to the opposite shore. At that moment Corporal Sülemiş, who had run out of arrows, jumped out of the boat. He ran to the thin tree at the left head of the dog and tied himself to this tree with his belt under his armpits. This happened so quickly that no one but Isbara Khan saw it. While Bögü Alp was retreating in blood in front of his fat, Sülemiş was waving his sword and shouting loudly to the Nine Oguz. He was challenging them.
When the Nine Oguz saw him, they showered him with arrows. Suddenly Sulemish was riddled with holes. But because he was tied, he didn't fall, he was still swinging his sword. Yigit Corporal had bought the Sky Turks the longest time they needed. Right
All the remaining ones were able to cross to the opposite shore. The valiant head that did not bow down at his resurrection was bent to the right, his tulga fell from his head, his face was covered in blood. There were forty arrows in his body. Corporal Sülemiş was dead. But he was still holding his sword tightly, and in the face of the galloping attack of the rebellious Nine Oghuz, who did not understand why he did not fall even though he had been hit by so many arrows, he was standing with his neck bent like the bloody banner of the Gök Turk Kaganate.

Sky Turk to cross the bridge was Isbara Khan. Süle mish's blood, which watered the soil abundantly, told Isbara Khan: "Ötü- '

I died so that Turkish law would be enforced in Ken 'de". Then Yamtar and Yumru left the bridge and crossed to the opposite shore, where they were taken out by their friends and put on horses.

Isbara Khan seemed to see all this war, all this bravery again. When he was telling these things to Kara Kagan, he was also listening with trembling and getting excited.

The speech was over and the three chieftains had left the otba. That night, all the people of Ötüken were in darkness. It was one thing to be defeated by the Nine Oghuz, but the arrest and imprisonment of Tulu Khan in chains had a lightning effect, and the people of Ötüken resented the kaghan from within.

xxm

Captain Rain

Captain Yagmur Beğ had returned to his own tent after visiting the luthier to have his wounds treated. Even though it was the end of summer, the wounds he had received in the last Nine Oguz war had not healed. The butler had made Yağmur laugh by saying that it was necessary to eat well in order for the wounds to be repaired quickly. Because like all the people of Ötüken, Captain Yağmur also suffered from famine and went to bed hungry many nights. His mother, his wife, his sister, his little son were all enduring the famine together.

He had to find a remedy for this. First, he approached Tunga Tigin, under whose command he was, and asked him to give him some food and help him. Tunga Tigin smiled:

- "If you can find something more than enough to save us from death, take it," he replied. Then Yağmur took a few knives and daggers from his ancestors and grandfathers and set off for the Chinese border. He decided to sell them and bring some food.

On the evening of his departure, he saw that many of his fellow Thracians were also travelling towards the Chinese frontier. Few travelled alone. Most of them were travelling in teams of two, three, four and five. The next day Yagmur Beğ joined three of them and made a team of four. One of his comrades was the Black Bard, whom Ötüken knew very well. His kopuzu was hanging on his neck. The second was Çalığ's son Gümüş,

The third was Corporal Pars, who had a long sword wound on his face. During breaks and night stays, the Black Bard would pick up his kopuz and play beautiful melodies, sometimes running.

They were sitting in the mansion before they reached the Chinese border, watching the moon. Since they had no food left, they drank plenty of water and lay on the ground. The Black Bard was strumming his kopuz again. After touching the strings for a while, he must have grasped the melody he wanted to find, so he to sing on the one hand and play on the other:

The Turk jumped; China
was terrified. The bloody
taste of the sword
indelible.

Rain, Pars and Silver were listening with a stone silence. The Black Bard was singing:

Hunger has become a mate, it
will not go away; Our poverty
will not end. Our pain has
ascended to the sky.
The Black Khan won't hear.

Long, my days, long, God
give strength to the kopuza,
you starved and defeated
us Nine Oguz.

The Black Bard was suddenly silent. He bowed his head. None of them understood why he was silent. They were waiting for him to start up again and break their hearts. It is not known whether the bards had size in their words and kopuz. But they were
While playing and singing, Ötüken beats like a single heart. Now Ötü far away from Ken, on the edge of the Chinese frontier.

They found in the Black Bard's melodies an illusion from , they wanted this illusion to never pass, to never end. But the Black Bard did not raise his head. What was going on? Was he immersed in something? Or was he counting? Captain Yağmur, who was closest to him, put a hand on his shoulder:

- "Ozan! Play," he said.

The young captain looked up in the light of the moon and saw the Black Bard's face was grey and his eyes were old. This old
In their hearts, there was the sorrow of a hearth destroyed by the last famine. The famine, which took a few people from every house in Otüken, swept away the Black Bard's house ; his wife, his sisters-in-law, his children,
His brothers, his orphaned nephews had all died. There were seventeen less people in the Black Bard's house and he was the only one left.

Then Yagmur Beğ took his kopuz from his hand. After a few turns on the strings, he started to play and sing:

My family comes down from
hunger, I have a torn aba on
my back. My wife is grieving,
my son is hungry; Hey my
father, oh my father!

The trees are gnawed by
the angles of Ötüken.
Where are the baches of
China?
Hey dad, oh my dad!

Does the sword stop in the
scabbard? Lord, give us
soon Mr *sword in the raid.*
Hey dad, oh my dad!

No one knew that Yağmur was a minstrel. He had learnt to play the kopuz and sing from his father.

His father used to sing "hey son, aman son" to him. Now he was playing his kopuz saying "hey dad, aman dad" in remembrance of his father, who was now dead.

four comrades stayed for a day in one of the markets on the Chinese frontier, sold their goods and bought food, and then returned to Otü ken. The first passed without incident. second while they were resting on a hillock where they stopped at noon, they saw that a dust was rising from the north and a dark figure was beginning to grow. The people of Ötüken, who had their eyes fixed there, realised that a mass of horsemen was slowly moving towards them. But they could not guess what it was. It was unprecedented to see such a crowd heading towards the Chinese border for shopping. Silver, whose sharp eyes were fixed on the crowd, shouted: "There carriages among them". "Is there an exodus from Ötüken?" Captain Yağmur replied. This word aroused a pain in all of them. Because now, Ötüken is the land of Nine Oghuztarla Sııtar-

. was in the hands of the showers…

They were waiting without understanding anything. When the caravan came a little closer, the Black Bard : "They are all Chinese". Then they all stood up at once. Corporal Pars stroked his sword. Rain got on the horse in a leap.

These were not soldiers. There were women and children among them. But where were they going?

Gradually the caravan approached the four Thracians. At the front two men dressed as soldiers. They had quivers on their shoulders and swords on their waists. Women and children rode on the carts, and the goods were loaded. There were some people on foot, but most of them were on horseback. The strange thing that they took many cattle and sheep with them. Where did these Chinese find so many animals when Turkeli was starving? Captain Yagmur shouted as if giving orders to the head of the caravan:

- Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Who are you? Where are you going?

One of the two men dressed as hussars at the head of the caravan replied :

— You are returning to China with the order and permission of the Black Khan.

— Are you all Chinese?

— We are all Chinese in Turkeli.

— Why are you going back to China?

— In order not to die from the famine in Turkeli.

The smile on Captain Yağmur's face suddenly disappeared. There were enough goods, cattle, cattle, snakes and rations to feed the whole with the Chiniiier who said that they had escaped from the famine. The four friends looked at these goods and thought of their relatives who had died of famine. Suddenly, the veins of bozkurtism boiled in all of them. They were looking at a sign of Captain Yağmur. The young captain asked in a stern voice, thinking that the steppe law was in force here, not the Kara Kagan species:

— If there is a famine in Turkeli, where did you get so many cases?

The Chinese have been tested:

— You like it, brave! We earned all this by buying and selling.

Like all Turks, Yagmur's mind was not in favour of getting rich by buying and selling. Especially while the Turks were starving, it was the biggest injustice in the world for the captive Chinese to get rich by buying and selling. He made a quick calculation by himself. Then he shouted at the Chinese in a steeper voice:

— Tell your comrades: Tell them to spare one fourth of their provisions, goods, cattle, horses. Then you can go to China with your lives intact...

The Chinese's face became confused. He too was making a calculation and counting on his own numbers against four:

— By what right do you want our property?

— Our sword is with the truth!

— You're a brave man! We have a sword too. If you want sweetly, we'll give each of you four sheep. But we won't give you a quarter of all our possessions.

The captain's eyes darkened:

— Now I'm not asking for quarter of your property. That was what I asked for a while ago. Now I want half.

The Chinese laughed:

— "I was just giving away four sheep. Now not even a kid."

Yagmur Beğ quickly drew an arrow from his quiver and before the Chinaman could react, he shot him in the chest. The Chinaman fell from his horse to the ground with a groan, and after a few struggles he remained motionless. deep silence fell over the place. The Chinese were very crowded. But very few of them had an ambush. The four people in front of them were armed from head to toe. The two sides looked at each other with greed. Then the captain's command was heard:

— Act quickly. Set aside half of what you have and half of what you don't. If you argue again, I'll take all your property. Come on, quick!

When they realised that the situation was getting worse and that all their goods were in danger, they understood that there was no other way out but to spare half of what they had. Those at the back of the caravan also realised the situation by shouting from front to back.

At the captain's command, Silver rushed forward, organised the animals taken from the Chintis, and performed this task single-handedly and with great skill. Then one by one
there was a commotion: A Chinaman rode up the Sky Turks. He shouted in an angry voice:

— It was unfair to me. Three sheep were taken instead of two.

These words were spoken against Rain. Then suddenly the eyes of the Chinese who saw Corporal Pars lit up:

— He said, "Corporal Pars! Tell that friend of yours to return one of the sheep."

Yağmur and Kara Ozan were surprised that this Chinese man spoke in proper Turkish and talked to Pars as if they had known each other for forty years.

Pars was not answering. The Chinese kept saying and gesturing with his hands. Captain Yağmur silenced the Chinese with a stern voice:

— You don't talk to a corporal when you're a captain!

— Corporal Pars is my comrade.

— Chintil, you think you're a Turk? Why does Corporal Pars have to be your doorman? Who are you?

The Chinaman's deceitful face was full of evil smiles. He looked at Rain and Pars, and seemed to enjoy doing evil:

— Great beğ, I am not a Turk, but in the otbahs of Turkic elders many times. I have sat at the feast with Tulu Khan many times. I have fulfilled many orders of Tulu Khan. This Corporal Pars was also in Tulu Khan's army. That's why he's my comrade-in-arms. My name "Chang-su".

Yagmur and Black Ozan exchanged glances. The Chinaman was in high spirits because he had put a fit between them. He even had a vicious thought in his head to make these Turks fight right then and there and save their property. He continued his words in order to get the others involved in the fight:

— I've travelled with him many times. I know that Yavuz is a father. I even watched from afar one day when he fought with a valiant man from Ötüken. Although he was wounded

he killed the person in front of him. And he told me the name of the dead man. I think it was Corporal Burgucan.

— Corporal Burgucan?

Rain told me that. So the man who killed his own friend was the Pars who was with him now. Yagmur reached for his sword. But he quickly recovered himself and shouted at the Chinese:

— Will shut up? Or shall I shut up? The Chinaman

was silent. The captain gave his last order:

— Come , stop your nagging and get going!
Quickly.

The Chinese streamed southwards. The four Turks were left with about fifty horses, a few hundred cattle and sheep, and bags of provisions. Captain Yagmur wanted to interrogate Corporal Pars before the division:

— "Tell me, Corporal! Are you the one who killed my comrade Burgucan?" he asked in a sharp voice. Pars was not one to be intimidated by anything:

— "Yes, I killed him," he replied.

— A man fights with a man, but your comradeship with that sullen Chinaman shows that you are not a good man. Tell me, why did you kill Burguchan?

— I was a comrade with the Chinese because we were both in Tulu Khan's army. As for Burguchan, I killed him because he in my way.

After realising that Pars killed Burguçan, Yağmur had no intention to talk more. The other one did not seem willing to give more accounts. Eagle
they were watching each other with their gaze. Suddenly they attacked each other, drawing swords. On the horse, a fierce beating began.

XXIV

God is angry with the Turks

The sun had brought another summer to Turkeli. But Ötüken longer belonged to the Sky Turks. The Sırtardush
They had become dominant, and their khan had become a rival of the Gök Turks under the name of Çur Bilge Kagan. The terrible famine had passed, the dead had died and the rest were left. Yamtar, S ançar and Gök Börü were drinking koumiss. Yarntar was in a good mood because his stomach was full and his back was strong. The conversation turned round and round to Tulu Khan. After Tulu Khan was released from prison, he did not recognise Kara Kagan and sent an envoy to China to ask for help. He was not deterred claiming the throne of the Gok Tüık Khaganate. Yamtar:

— "The Chinese khan did not help Tulu Khan this time," he said.
Sky Börü:

- "Because Tulu Khan has lost his best messengers," he replied.

Yarntar asked:

— Who are these good messengers?

As always, Gök Börü spoke and furiously:

— His chief envoy was Major Chamur Beğ. While Tulu Khan was in prison, he was slaughtered by the buğa< [1]> . He was disembowelled and died. There was also his deputy, corporal Pars.

Yarntar's eyes widened:

[1] To hit To hit with a horn

— What Pars? Our Pars?

— about our Pars? Another Pars. That one too, Captain. I like rain.

Yamtar was relieved. With this relief he drank another mudjug of koumiss. Gök Börü finished it:

— There was also the Chinese Chang-su. Whenever Tulu Han sent envoys to China, this guy used to do the mending. Captain Yagmur sent Silver after him and had him cleaned.

— That's good. If I see that captain, I'll give him two pints of koumiss.

They were in Yamtar's tent. They were eating fried meat and drinking koumiss all the time. At one point Yamtar He put his hand on his back and patted it. Then he said:

— If I woke up, I'd think it was winter. it cold or what? I'm cold even though I've drunk so much koumiss. I've never heard anyone say they were cold like this in the summer.

Skybearer blew his hands:

— You mentioned the lick. My hands are frozen too. Or did we drink too much koumiss and got drunk?

— The world feels warm to the yawning person. We're almost freezing.

Sanchar, who never interfered, also realised that he was cold. How could it be so cold in the hottest month of summer? Surely was something wrong in this. Sanchar got up and went to the door to find out. The sun about to set. Yamtar and Gök Börü, whose backs were turned to the door, heard a cold wind touching their backs and turned their heads towards the door, and they realised that Sançar had fallen to the ground from the noise outside the door. Sançar's famous laughter rang out behind him. The two looked at each other for a moment, then jumped up and opened the felt on the door. Oh my God!…. Big Yamtar's eyes widened and his mouth opened. Only "wow, wow, wow!…"

Crazy Gök Börü was so surprised that he rolled on the ground in astonishment. It was snowing in the middle of summer. Sançar's foot slipped on the snow in front of the door and fell to the ground. On the one hand, he agreed, and on the other :

— "When we were drinking koumiss in our tent, four months had passed and winter had come and we didn't know it," he complained. Meanwhile, Yamtar's five-year-old daughter and four-year-old son
They were running, stumbling through the snow. When Yamtar saw them, he recovered a little and asked:

— Oh, man, what is this?

The big captain was looking at them and questioning them as if these little children were the ones responsible for the snow in the middle of the summer. The girl looked at her father with fearful and confused eyes, shivering from the cold and chattering her teeth together:

— Dad! We were out in the countryside and suddenly it started snowing. We're so cold, dad...

But Sanjar's laughter drowned out all sounds, making it impossible to speak. Yamtar was at a loss what to do. There was no other way to silence Sanchar except to tie him to the back of his horse and make him run. However, Sanchar's horse was not here now. Besides, if he tried to deal with Sançar, he and his children would freeze too. He lifted Gök Börü, who had fallen to the ground, and shouted:

— Quick, bring Sanjar inside!

He himself grabbed the children and went inside. He immediately wrapped them in a felt and sat them down. He put his winter fur coat on his back. When he grabbed Sançar, who was about to join and whom Gök Börü had brought inside and left on the ground, he put him on Gök Börü's back. He thundered as if he was giving a horn in battle:

— Have S anchar run in the desert. You'll warm up and he'll join in and save his breath. Hurry up! …

While Gök Börü with Sançar on his back was running inside the tent, Yamtar quickly took out the spare tent poles and broke them. He set them on fire with a tinder. There was nothing else to do in order not to die from the sudden winter. He brought the children to the fire. Then, taking off his fur coat and throwing it on the ground, he took Sançar from the back of Gök Börü, who was already tired. After telling him to put on the fur coat and go in front of the fire, he himself started to run Sançar in the tent. Since Yamtar was very strong, he would not get tired quickly, but since the tent was narrow, he had to run round and round, making him dizzy and staggering as he ran. Sanchar, on the other hand, was laughing with tears his eyes, laughing, coming to the degree of participation, and at the same time saying: - "Look at Yamtar! … He runs better than Kara Kagan's stallions". The children, seeing such a thing for the first time, started to laugh and laugh. Crazy Gök Börü first looked at Sançar in a furious rage. Children's laughter reminded him that there was really something to laugh at. He was also struck by the fact that Yamtar's huge fur coat he looked like a child. He started laughing too. Yamtar was staggering and runningsweat dripping from his forehead, saying:

— That's good. I'm hot. Otherwise I'd freeze to death. And you're laughing! ... What' there to laugh about? Not much, really…

And he couldn't stand it and started laughing too. Sanchar, who was laughing, was on his back, but he was also laughing, laughing, laughing, while spinning round and round in the tent.

For five days in the hottest part of the summer, Turkeli was freezing and suffocating as if it was winter. Those who were not prepared froze to death and fell to their deaths. Everyone was filled with fear. This must have been the anger of God. Even the oldest people of Turkeli were afraid of such a

They had neither seen the cold nor heard about it from their ancestors and grandfathers. Yes, probably God would be angry and resentful against the Turks. Everyone was thinking about this, looking for a reason for this.

Of course God would be angry. Kara Kaghan did not stay in one place, he was moving from one place to another. The Turks were no longer
They did not burn their dead, they buried them. The Kagan did not listen to the words of the Chinese I-ching Katunsent to the Turk
as divisional captains. Tulu Khan forgot the situation and pursued the cause of establishing a separate khanate. As if the trouble from the Chinese was not enough, the khan now to rely on the words of a Chinese scholar named Chao-teyen.

Yamtar wondered how he had survived that night. He had not only saved Sanchar from joining, but also saved the children, Gök Börü and himself from freezing. While they were just recovering from the last famine, this five-day frost had again killed many of their livestock and them in a miserable situation. The cold had passed, but chill hadn't gone out of his knuckles. There was an incomprehensible there was pain, there was great fear. It seemed to them that trouble was about to fall from the sky.

One evening Captain Yamtar had just got up from dinner with his children when suddenly the door of his tent opened. In the dim light of the tinder, Yamtar had no difficulty in recognising the stalking petrol of Gök Börü. Yamtar realised that something unusual was happening and asked, "What's wrong, Gok Börü?" He also saw that the other was trembling. Skybearer couldn't say a word. His jaws were clenched together.
and stared at Yamtar without moving. What could have made this madman from Ötüken, who had never been afraid of anything in his life, tremble like this?

Slowly the fear of the Sky-Borour infected Yamtar, for God's anger was pouring down on them these days. He grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her: "Tell me-

what's what?" he shouted. Gök Börü did not open his mouth again; he only grabbed Yamtar's arm and pulled him out of the door of the tent. He showed the sky to Yamtar, who thought he would see snow or ice again, but was relieved to see nothing of the sort. Yamtar was startled; his eyes widened and he looked at the sky again. Then he grabbed Gök Börü's collar and trembled with fear: "What is this?" he shouted. The two of them started to tremble as if they were each other. Because three moons were shining in the sky. While they were standing like this, they suddenly heard a shout from a distance. Then there was a running, a rumbling. Soon the whole Turkeli was standing. They were shouting, making noise with their swords and shields, raining arrows into the sky. Yamtar said, "There is no stopping" and took Gök Börü into the tent and took him to the place where the compasses stood. They quickly put on a sactak each. They took a sword and a shield and ran outside. They started to hit the shields with their swords and shoot arrows into the sky. The shouting of thousands of men, women, children and children made a terrible noise; dogs howled, horses neighing, cows bellowing, adding to this noise.

They cried out in vain, waiting in vain for the three months to unite. The moons did not unite until sunset. It was only after darkness had descended that the hearts of these frightened and excited people were a little relieved. They retired to their tents and slept. They could not be called asleep. They were all passed out from fatigue.

But there was one person in the whole Hand who couldn't sleep. Major Bögü Alp thought about Kıraç Ata's words until morning. These words, which had been engraved in Bögü Alp's brain, were gradually being realised. Kıraç Ata had said: "Great days are coming... When there is famine, the moon will be shattered... You will not kill the Black Khan... He will be killed by grief... I see forty men gathered in a great city.... You are among them... It's raining.... You are fighting on the banks of the river. Budun is surviving... Your name will be remembered.

you will be resurrected after the annual resurrection of the dead until your name will remain in the hearts ".

After the famine, the moon was shattered. So it was time for Black Khan to die of grief. Bögü Alp had not understood Kıraç Ata's words so well when they were spoken. Now, after things had happened, he realised what great truths those words, which he had not grasped before, were, and he thought deeply. Who were the forty men gathered in a great city? Where could this great city be? Especially to be resurrected after one thousand three hundred years of death....

Bögü Alp had an incomprehensible trouble in his heart. He had left his tent before dawn and was wandering in the countryside and slopes. He himself did not know where he was going. He did not realise what he was doing either. When he came to himself he saw that he was leaning on a mound and the sun was about to rise. Suddenly a thought like lightning flashed in his brain: I wonder how it would be if he went to Kıraç Ata again? I wonder if Kıraç Ata was alive? Bögü Alp was about to decide to go. Suddenly his eyes were fixed ahead. Then he stood up from his seat and looked around. Strange thing!. Red from the earth
there was smoke coming out. I've never seen anything like this he had never seen: It was incomprehensible, unbelievable that after the snow in the summer and three moons in the sky, now a red mist was coming out of the ground.

As the sun was rising, the mists were increasing and turning into smoke. While Bögü Alp's steps were dragging him towards his house, many people were looking at the red smoke covering the ground with astonishment and fear, and many others were waiting at the door of their tents. No one could understand what was going on. Neither kams, nor bards, nor elders, nor elders could find any explanation for these events. Everyone sensed and heard that a catastrophe was looming over their heads, and with the resignation of not being able to do anything against it, they craned their necks and kept silent. Winter, famine, famine, hunger, pestilence ravaged , many died, people and horses were left without food. Tan-

:t 's anger was probably not yet over, for now there was a frost in midsummer, the moon was split into thirds, and red smoke billowed from the ground.

God's anger against the Turks had not yet passed.



He showed Yamtar the sky.

XXV

Disruption

The following spring came early to Turkeli. These people, who were exhausted by all kinds of troubles coming down from the sky, were united in thinking that nothing but raiding to China for some sustenance would be of no use. They could not understand what the Khan was planning and why he did not give the order to raid. As the order to raid was delayed, rumours and gossip increased, and those who did not hesitate to openly speak against the kagan increased.

I-çing Katun was receiving news about who was speaking against the khan and himself through his Chinese men. When he heard that Major Bögü Alp was among them, he thought that it was necessary to prevent it, and if he did not prevent it, it might lead to a bad result. Bögü Alp's eye was caught from a branch.
he had heard that he was an unflinching brave. Moreover, she was the daughter-in-law of Isbara Khan. I-ching Katun told Kara Qaghan
He summoned Ulug Tarkan, who was his loyal favourite, and did not delay in giving his orders. Everyone knew Bögü Alp. Especially

After he sent an envoy to the Western Khan, and reputation
had p When Ulug Tarkan found the major, he asked in a stern voice:

— Major Bögü Alp! You spoke against the khan and katun, is it true?

— That's right, Tarkan!

— Then I'll imprison you to await the king's command.

— All right, let's go!

Just at this moment, a messenger on horseback came and galloped away with the order of the Black Khan to gather the troops. Then Bögü Alp, sensing that something was wrong, said:

— "Ulug Tarkan! Did the order from the khan to come here?" he asked.

— No, no, no, no, no! I got it from your katun.

— Then I won't go with you.

— Why?

— I-ing Katun can't order you to put me in a hole when the Black Khan is calling me to the army to go to war.

— I-ing Katun gave me this order.

— Even if he does, it's worthless. After I get on my horse soon, I won't recognise I-ing Katun's order.

Ulug Tarkan did not resist much. Because he saw that Bögü Alp was right. Even if he resisted, he realised that the major would not listen and that he would have to fight him one on one. Even after a one-on-one fight with Bögü Alp, there was little chance that the katun's order would be fulfilled.

Ulug Tarkan is back.

Major Bögü Alp could not understand what kind of raid this was. Isbara Khan's army had not come to the raid. There was no Kur Sh ad division either. As for Tulu Khan, far from raiding together with Kara Kagan, he had become his supporter and entered into friendship with China. When Kara Kagan's army was marching towards China, he attracted Tulu Khan to him, and at a time when China was getting stronger

The Black Khan was marching with two divisions of troops. Moreover, the head of one of these two divisions was the inappropriate Chinese Shen king.

On the first night of the journey, at their lodging, Major Bögü Alp was talking about these things with Major Ay Beğ. They had left their horses to graze on the endless steppe and lay down on the ground. The horse servant Yumru was a long way ahead, sitting cross-legged with his pipe at his waist, sharpening his sword. Bögü Alp said:

— Ay Beğ! Do you know why we raided with two divisions? know why Isbara Khan and Kur Shad were not in the raid? Do you know what we will gain or lose in this raid?

Moon Like smiled bitterly:

— We should ask I-ching Katun and Shen-king. After suffering so much hunger, we, our women and children, should have charged into China.

The two majors got into a heated discussion about what seemed to them a riddle. At first they spoke very slowly. Then their voices grew louder. It hardened enough for the Tuber to hear. Tuber said that he was a simple soldier.

The number of mercenaries going to raid for him was of little interest to him. He did not see any difference between attacking with ten divisions or raiding with two divisions. Until now he had always seen only one fatty in front of him. After he had taken down one, other ones would appear, but no harm would come to the Tuber. Even if the oil was a hundred divisions, it was not as if a hundred divisions would come against the Tuber all at once. A private from any division within this hundred divisions would come to him, and Yumru would have beaten him anyway. It would have been the same if the others had come after he had beaten him. Why were these majors sitting around counting soldiers? Tuber didn't have time to think much about it. He fell into a sweet and comfortable sleep under the cool night wind, on the ground, looking at the stars.

The majors did not hear the passing of midnight. They did not even recognise the shadow that was slowly approaching and standing behind them. Or rather, they realised it, but they did not think it necessary to look for a night watchman who was about to pass by.

But the shadow hovering over their heads finally caught the majors' attention. They looked up angrily at the sentry and jumped up from the ground. This shadow, which they had ignored as a sentry all along, was Black Ka ğan himself.

The two majors knelt on the ground. Kagan looked at them with a gloomy gaze: "You are thinking wrong, majors". Then he finished his words by seeing them standing silent and motionless like stones:

— If we were to gather all the gangs of Isbara Khan and Kur Shad, it would not amount to a division. Half of them are horseless. Işbara Khan and Kür Ş ad with their corrupt gangs and ank horses will protect Turkeli against any attack while we are away. Do you know how many people and how many animals died in the last famine and starvation? You don't know. I, the Turkish kagan Kara Khan, In order to equip this army, I distributed to the soldiers the two or two hundred horses I had left from thousands of horses. I have nothing but the only donkey I ride.

After saying these words, Black Khan walked away with quick and hard steps. The two majors were very upset about this. Bögü Alp could not sleep until morning.

Two days later, when the Gok Turk army reached Uyang Mountain, the scouts reported that the Chinese had appeared. According to the information brought by the predecessors , the Chinese army consisted of five or six well-dressed and well-fed divisions. Kara Ka-

ian was most worried about whether Tulu Khan also on the other side. The fact that Tulu Khan and none of his gangs were present in the Chinese army was the only consolation for Kara Kagan. Otherwise, it was not so easy to fight against a three times superior enemy with two exhausted and purified divisions.

Bögü Alp was placed as a reserve on the right flank of the Tüık ten. From very high slope overlooking the whole battlefield, the major was carefully observing the march and formation of the Chinese army. The army was marching in three lines, in tight formation. The kagan had planted his three bricks right there and led Major Ay Beğ as the vanguard.

Ay Beğ got up with a thousand people under his command. Then he accelerated. Five hundred paces before the oil, a sharp horn rang in the field. Then they were seen galloping. They were shooting arrows at the same time as they rode towards the tiles with their battle roars. They raced like this until they were two hundred paces away. Then another trumpet sounded. It caught Bögü Alp's eye that Ay Beğ's thousand had suddenly turned back and started to flee. This feigned escape was being made just in time. Because the two Chinese divisions in the first line had rushed forward from the right and left to surround Ay Beğ. Ay Beğ was not trapped. After pulling all his troops to the right with a trumpet, he turned back again and attacked one of the Chinese divisions. The khan liked this ma nevra, and he brought out another thousand against the Chinese division advancing from the left.

Ay Beğ was now fighting within a thousand paces of Bögü Alp. Like a falcon entering a flock of crows, he dived into the swarm and smashed them to pieces. Watching the battle from a high place in cold blood, Bögü Alp slowly murmured: "The Khan is right". Because on this day, the Turkic horses could not run with their usual lightning speed, and the Turkic arrows could not pierce the Chinese chests with their usual unerring flight. Even from a distance of a thousand paces, one could see how much the Turkic horses were more ankle-deep than the Chinese horses.

Ay Beğ had been grazed again and was running backwards, trying to batter the tiles with arrows fired behind him. Meanwhile, Bögü Alp's eyes were diverted from Ay Beğ nearby and turned in the direction of the kagan. He saw that the three brigades of the kagan had been raised and the two armies were engaged with all their might.

He was not to move unless he received an order from the kaghan. But the fact that the Chinese attacked the kaghan with five divisions and he stood against it showed that he could no longer give orders. He looked at Ay Beğ again. Let Albız take it!.... As Ay Beğ drew his sword and attacked the Chinese, he was hit by an arrow and fell down, and his mount, which had landed on his side, began to retreat rapidly. Bögü Alp shouted to Yumru, who was standing a little behind him: "Sound the attack horn!" and then he picked up his bow. As the trumpet rang, Bögü Alp's thousand horses leaped like lightning. Bögü Alp joined the remaining horses of Ay Beğ and attacked at full rein. He had made up his mind. He would not go back on his decision whether he did or not.

As he rode towards the Chinese, he first shot arrows at them and knocked down their foremost troops to the ground. Then he rallied his troops with a trumpet and rode as fast as he could behind the Chinese army. In order to do this, it was necessary to make a big curve and travel further than the Chinese. Taking advantage of the brief moment of confusion of the Chinese, who did not realise what was about to happen, he advanced like lightning. The Chinese had realised the situation and attempted to prevent Bögü Alp by cutting him off. Then the major's voice boomed:

— Captain Yaglakar!...

Again an equally harsh voice answered amid the noise of battle and horses:

— Here you go!

Bögü Alp gave his order by pointing his sword at the Chinese horsemen who were coming behind him and trying to prevent him from falling behind the Chinese army:

— Stall these incoming tiles until I reach behind the oil!

— You are in charge.

Captain Yağlakar was a Kyrgyz who was brought to Ötüken at the age of three. For many years, he had been planning to find an opportunity to overcome Mount Kögmen and go to his ancestral homeland, to see his father's hearth, but every year there was an obstacle. When he received this order, he realised that he had to give up his hopes of overcoming Kögmen. Because to delay a division of Chinis with his own hundred horses meant to reach to the Abyss very soon. But the thought of his imminent death never made him feel any anxiety. The great Kyrgyz captain, with a very loud and majestic voice, in which the strangeness of saying goodbye to the life also resonated, quickly gathered his soldiers around him, and with a hundred men he rushed into ten thousand Chinese. Yaglakar was knocking down a Chinese with every sword stroke: "Al! For the sake of Mount Kögmen... " he was shouting. And his soldiers
they were ecstatic. They, too, were chanting "For the sake of Ötüken", "For the sake of Kara Kagan", "For the sake of I-çing Katun", "For the sake of I-çing Katun", "For the sake of Ötüken".
"For the sake of Shen-king", "For the sake of Shen-king", and at the same time they were melting like snow in the sun.

Captain Yaglakar is really going to Kogmen.
-like a rampage. He almost burned his way through the Chinese division. But his horse was shot and he found himself on the ground. An arrow shot from close range pierced his flank. The world went dark in his eyes. Hundreds of horses passed over him. But the valiant Kyrgyz Kyrgyz and his hundred soldiers had given Bögü Alp the time he needed. The major dived into the Chinese army like a wolf into a flock of sheep. It was strange battle. Five Chinese divisions were driving two divisions of Kara Kagan backwards, and Bögü Alp was chasing these five divisions, followed by the Chinese division chasing him.

Bögü Alp fought hard that day. He received wounds with arrow and sword. He separated many Chinis from his sweet life. He sacrificed hundreds of his valiant men. But he couldn't prevent the rout. Major, the great losses he inflicted on the Tinii

Therefore, he could take solace in the fact that he had prevented the defeat from reaching the level of extinction. As a matter of fact, the Chinese could not follow the Turkish army, and they themselves could easily cross the great desert. But he could not be consoled. All of his captains and most of his corporals were lying on the battlefield. Bögü Alp's thousand was down to three hundred men, and Kara Kağan's two divisions were halved when he crossed the desert.

XXVI

Deception

Kür Şad had left Börü Tarkan in his place in Gök Türkeli and was galloping southwards towards the kagan's army. There were five more horsemen behind him. When the messenger from the kagan brought the news of the defeat, he angrily grabbed his sword, but when he heard that an envoy was to be sent to China for peace, he threw down his scarf: "Peace?" he shouted like crazy. Kür Şad thought of running to the kaghan in order to prevent the messenger from going, and after leaving Börü Tarkan in his place, he told him to be very vigilant, because there was a possibility that the Chinese would take advantage of the opportunity now and attack Turkeli from the east-south; he set off with the messenger, a captain, two corporals and a horse servant.

He was always looking ahead with his sharp eyes. But he could not see where he was looking, because a thousand and one kinds of thoughts were passing through his brain with lightning speed. Kür Şad was angry at the indecision of the kaghan; he knew that Turkeli would gain nothing by making a war or a peace. Although they were broken, diminished, and angered by hunger and famine, they believed that if they gathered all their available forces and fought against China, they would be satisfied and there was no other way out. As they had heard that their ancestors had done in ancient times, hundreds of years ago, they had sent their women and children to the north, with all the horsemen they could gather, to make a lightning-like attack on China, then to retreat and return to the north, and after driving the Chinese who would fall behind them away from their own homeland, to fight them in a death-defence war.

was the right thing to do. It was necessary to gather all the horsemen of the kagan, Isbara khan, himself, and even the remnants of Tulu khan's army. If this was not enough, the western kagan could also be asked for troops. To send an envoy to China for peace before everything was done... Kür Shad's mind was boggling at this.

Kür Ş ad and his five horsemen arrived at the army of Kara Kagan at dusk. There was a deep silence in the army. The tired and wounded soldiers of this army, who had left the majority of their lives on the battlefield, showed a weariness. They did not have much food with them when they left their homeland for the raid. They would plunder China and find goods and provisions. After losing the war, this hope was dashed and hunger started again. There was no other way but to go back to their homeland and eat the little and half food there. The arrival of Kür Shad suddenly revitalised the whole army.

Kara Kagan was sitting alone in his ottoman, thinking with a sad face. Kür Shad's arrival dispelled the tension on his face:

— "Kur Shad! We have lost the war."

— If we lost one, we can win the second. Kagan smiled

bitterly:

— I was left with ten thousand horsemen, exhausted and mostly wounded. Most of the elders are dead. Can a war be won with such a number of troops?

Sparks flashed in Kür Ş ad's eyes and went out:

— If you give the order, we will send a messenger to the land and to Isbara Khan, bring many and try our luck again.

Black Khan looked at him with stern glances. Then he asked in an unexpectedly soft voice:

— Are we going to leave the future the Gök Turk Kaganate to a trial of fortune?

Kür Ş ad answered harshly like this:

— Trying luck is the only way to make peace. Because with peace we accept in advance that our future is darkened. If we try fortune, there is a chance of winning.

The Khan said in a humble voice: "I sent an envoy to China for peace".

Kür Shad and Kur Shad exchanged a glance. Sorrow oozed from the kaghan's gaze. In the other one, sparks of a fire that was about to blaze were seen. His voice became steeper and steeper and he started to sing:

— You did badly to send an envoy for peace, kagan! Now the Chinese will ask a lot from us. Accepting their demands is equal to being a prisoner of China. Give an order: Let's send a messenger to the country and gather all our troops here. If they talk to us like men, fine! If not, let us raid again. Shall we wait here and starve to death? Or will we raid and maraud to live? I ordered Börü Tarkan to be ready on my way. 200 horsemen are waiting for the order to set off. If Isbara Khan comes with his troops, we can teach the Chinese a lesson. If we are defeated, our situation will be no worse than it is now. At least they will not be able to boast that the Turkish khan has bowed down.

Khan was thinking with his head bowed down. It was clear that he was in indecision again. There was a deep silence in the otag. Then the kagan raised his head. Looking into Kür Shad's eyes: "Do as you wish." Kür Shad knelt on the ground:

— Your command, Khan!

He rushed out. He told the two corporals he had brought home after giving an order, he gave one to Tarkan the Börü and one to

He sent them to Isbara Khan. They were going to ensure that they would come with all their forces. After the corporal who went to Börü Tarkan had finished his work there, he was to go further north to Tulu Khan's hand and try to bring troops from there. When this was done, Kür Şad called the captain and his own horse servant to him. He gave them a secret order. These two set off at full gallop and then walked among the army in order to send the soldiers closer. Kür Shad had done a crazy thing and sent his captain and his horse servant to the western kagan. Hadn't the Black Khan told him to do as he wished? So he did as he wished and sent a messenger to the western kagan and asked for help with the greatest speed. There was no time for much thinking and preparation. Since he wanted to keep this secret and not to be heard by anyone, he had sent only a captain as a messenger and had only his own horse servant with him. He did not send any money, provisions or helpers with the envoy. If these things were done, not only time would be lost, but also it would be heard and spread. In short words, he told the captain about the size and weight of the work he was going to do, told him to find his food on the way, to go very fast and ordered him not to say anything to anyone about the softness they had received until they reached the western kagan.

Kür Shad did not sleep that night. The condition of the army looked more pathetic than he thought. The heavily wounded were moaning, and there was not a sip of our drink to put in their mouths. One of the sentries died, bleeding from his wounds. Bögü Alp, the greatest hero of the last war, fainted after cauterising his wounds with a red-hot iron. There were more or less no officers left in the army. One of the two division chiefs, Tunga Tigin, remained on the field. The other division head, Sen-king, was unharmed. Kür Şad's blood boiled when he saw this evil man, and he could hardly keep himself from killing him. Only Bögü Alp was left of the majors. He was also exhausted. Kür Shad made the three corporals who were still alive to count the whole army, struggling until morning. The Chinese did not regard Sen-king as a man.

Apart from the Kaghan and himself, there were 1 major, 4 captains, 2 corporals and 9850 soldiers left. 600 of them were too seriously wounded to fight. Whichever of Börü Tarkan and Isbara Khan gangs came first, Kür Shad would feed these 600 soldiers with their food and send them back. So he would have 9300 people left in his hand. With 200 people coming from Börü Tarkan, they would increase to 1.300, and with Isbara Khan's gang they would become stronger. But alas!... Fortune would have turned away from them. Because the corporal who came at dawn reported that Isbara Khan's gang was coming, but Isbara Khan, who was very ill, was not at the head of this gang. Kür Shad frowned and asked:

— How many of them are coming?

Then he received the following answer with a heavy heart:

— 400 people! Isbara Khan is only useful on his side

He detained 20 privates. They don't have horses either.

Kür Shad was disappointed. While he thought that a division would come from Isbara Khan, to meet 400 people was to bury his hopes in the ground. But the will of the valiant Kür Shad was not shaken, even if he was hopeless, he did not refrain from doing his duty. While he was sending 600 seriously wounded back with a few soldiers, 200 horsemen sent by Börü Tarkan also . Although he had not slept all night and worked all night, he tried to organise the army without feeling any tiredness. He was thinking about what he could do against the great Chinese forces with an army of 2.700 men. All he could do to buy some more time. Maybe some soldiers from Tulu Khan's army would come, and if more time was gained, maybe the western khan would also come to his aid. With this in mind, he organised the army and made many captains majors and corporals captains. He did not give a single soldier to the Chinese Shen-king, but summoned him to his side and said in a stern voice:

- He said, "I've made you the Khan's squire."

Shen-king was insulted because Kür Sh ad, who was a tü men head like him, took him from the head of his troops and made him a kagan's aide. He had no right to do this. He was going to complain to the kagan. But before Sen-king could implement this decision, there was a fluctuation in the army; a messenger from the Chinese kagan had arrived.

K ara Khan, accompanied by Kür Şad, Şen-king and Major Bögü Alp, received the Chinese envoy in his tent. A Chinese officer who knew Turkish had come to act as a dilmaç. The envoy was a very cheerful man. He showed great respect to the Khan. Firstlyhe consoled the kaghan for the defeat he had suffered and said that the war was a matter of fortune, that many valuable kings and chief kings had also tasted the pain of defeat, and added that the value of the Black Khan would never decrease with this. Then he asked the conditions of the kagan to make peace. At that time Kür Shad stepped forward:

- "Khan! If you give the order, let us discuss this matter among ourselves beforehand". Kara Kagan was relieved that they asked him for peace terms while he was expecting very heavy conditions from the Chiniiers. He accepted Kür Shad's request: "I will inform you about it later" and ended the conversation with the envoy.

Kür Shad also expected heavy conditions from the envoy. But when he did not see any heavy conditions, he was not relieved like Kara Kagan, on the contrary, he felt troubled. He did not know where this distress came from. He found something evil in this matter with an intuition, and his heart was troubled because of this. Bögü Alp, on the other hand, with his face yellow from anaemia, immediately left the kagan's seat and looked after the Chinese envoy.

Both Kür Şad and Bögü Alp were suspicious of the presence of Sen-king in this speech. Since they had always known him to be evil, every evil that happened to them, every evil that would come to them

they were looking for his finger in trouble. He was Chinese. That reason alone was than enough to make him bad. The two of them talked it over, then decided to keep an eye on Shen-king and assigned a trusted corporal to keep an eye on him.

The Chinese envoy had erected his tent on the highest place there. He was accompanied by two privates and a cook besides the mandarin officer. The Turks looked at him strangely, as it seemed ridiculous for him to be travelling with a cook even in a time of war and in the field. The cook cooked twice until the evening and even gave some to two wounded Turkish soldiers. He was a very idle, very talkative man. He kept saying something in Chinese, and when the Turks could not understand him, he called for a linguist and tried to speak with his help.

- This is good food. It strengthens the body.

It repairs wounds quickly.

The Turks were very hungry. They ate what they were given without making a sound.

But the indiscreet cook wouldn't shut up:

— Are your wounds deep?

A Turk answered:

— Sword scratch...

And opening his bloody robe, he showed the cauterised wound on his chest. The cook gave a strange cry:

— What line? Hollow, hollow!... This wound won't heal with this much food.

Saying this, he brought the Turk some more food.

His jaw was working again:

— I'd like to give it to all the wounded, but I don't know if it's enough. How many wounded are there?

— What's a private without wounds? Almost all of us are wounded... The cook was pitiful:

— Pity!... What a pity. This war is so bad! Thousands of our troops died. The rest returned to China exhausted.

The Turk found these words strange:

— Our side died too. What'there to be surprised about?

The Chinese looked at the Turk with pitying eyes, while entertaining him with various kinds of food:

— You can at return to your dormitory and rest . Our wounds will heal.

The Turk was furious:

— If we were going back home, those who stayed at home wouldn't come here either. One is born in a tent and dies in a meadow.

That night Kür Şad and Bögü Alp were walking among the soldiers and talking. The corporal who had been watching Senking did not see any suspicious behaviour from him. Kür Şad was about to leave Bögü Alp to go to bed after a long sleepless night. Suddenly they saw a big fire not far away. Although Kür Shad had forbidden burning wood, lighting such a big fire was a violation of the order. They quickly walked towards the fire. In front of the mound where the Chinese envoy had pitched his tent, there was some harsh talking. A Turkish sentry warning them it was forbidden to light a fire and to put it out immediately, and the Chinese envoy was saying something in Chinese, while the cook to cook his meal. It was strange gluttony to cook at this late hour. When Kür Şad and Bögü Alp arrived there, the sentry knelt down:

— "Kür Shad! These guys don't understand Turkish," he shouted. Kür Shad ordered the guard:

— Put it out!

The sentry walked towards the fire. When he grasped the cook who wanted to pass in front of him, he knocked him down. Then he quickly took off his robe from his back and covered the fire and extinguished it. Then Dilmaç, who came running from the front, spoke to the envoy and asked Kür Şad the reason for this behaviour. Kür Şad looked at the ambassador and the dilmaç with contemptuous eyes:

— "Aren't you a soldier? Do you not know that firewood is not burnt in armies at night?"

Dilmaç spoke to the ambassador again. Then, after asking for their forgiveness in a very respectful manner, he said that he was not aware of such an order.

A little later, when Kür Ş ad passed out from fatigue and Bögü Alp from the weight of his wounds on the black earth, as if they were thin felt, the envoy and Dilmaç were talking in a slow voice in the Chinese envoy's tent. Dilmaç was saying:

— Since Yanlan is dead, that means you've come here more or less There's 10,00 of them. They must be 15.00 now, judging by the way they've called in their rearguard. Our cook did his job well. We signalled the number of Turks to our men with a fire signal. We would have reported that many of them were wounded if Kur Shad had not extinguished them, but...

The messenger interrupted:

- Thats enough. Our guys will come with 60.00 men. We'll beat the Turks because it'll be done right.

XXVI

Inside the Trap

The sun had risen when a messenger awakened Kur Shad, who had fallen asleep, and told him that the Khan was waiting for him. But there was a sleeplessness and silence in the whole army. The rations brought by the bands of Isbara Khan and Börü Tarkan the day before had been distributed to the whole army and there was not a morsel of food left this morning.

When Kür Şad entered the kaghan's tent, he saw that Bögü Alp and Şen-king had arrived. When he saw the useless, heartless Sen-king in the kagan's otu, among the people who were to discuss the most important affairs of the Turkish kaganate, he was suddenly worried. He considered it a bad luck.

Kara Kagan had convened the meeting to discuss the reply to the Chinese envoy. Kür Shad took the floor and argued that it was dishonourable to make peace when the Chinese had won the last war. Based on the authority given to him by the kagan, he sent a message to the army of Tulu Khan and the western kagan and asked for help, and explained in sharp words that it was necessary to delay the Chinese envoy until this help came, and if this was not possible, it was necessary to fight another war with the army they had.

The news to the western kagan had an intimidating effect on the kagan.

— "Do you expect help from him?" he asked.

— Let us not fail to do what is necessary and leave the rest to .

The Khan resisted this idea:

— The Chinese have sent a messenger for peace. So they have no intention of fighting. In our weary state, what's in it for us to step on the tail of a sleeping snake?

— We will win our honour.

There was a deep silence in the otag. Then Kur Shad concluded his words as follows:

— As if it was not enough that we landed in Yanya, if we return home being defeated by the Chinese, our name and reputation will no longer exist in Turkish hands. No tribe will recognise us. There will be no Sky Turk kaganate.

Seeing the Khan looking at him with questioning eyes, Bögü Alp said:

— "Kür Ş ad is right. Peace will save the lives of many of us, but it will kill our ancestral reputation".

The Black Khan turned towards Shen-king:

— "What do you think?" asked the crooked, crooked-spoken Chinaman smiled:

— "You know the truth, kagan," he replied.

At this time, a horse was heard running outside, a clatter. Something was spoken in a harsh voice. Then one of the guards at the door of the otaku was seen to enter and kneel on the ground:

— Great Khan! Captain Yamtar wishes to see you.

The Khan sensed that bad news was hidden in this untimely visit. "Come," ordered. the great Yamtar was in the tent. The kagan looked at the captain, the biggest-bodied man of the Sky Turks, and then said:

— "Captain Yamtar! What have you got to say?" he asked.

Yamtar's answer created an air of astonishment in the otaku:

— The Chinese ambassador fled with his entourage.

Kür Shad and Bögü Alp exchanged glances. The Khan asked again:

— 't the guards send them?

— The guards are crying!

— How you know about this?

— I heard that they had a lot of food. I went to their tent to ask for some. There was no one there. I saw five or six Turkish soldiers lying around.
- - They had Chinese food. I realised they'd been netted. The food was so good, I didn't eat it.

Before Yarntar finished his words, another horse was heard outside. Captain Yagmur, who entered without listening to the guard, saluted the Khan:

— "The Chinese army is rapidly approaching from the south," he said. The Khan up with a stiff stance:

— He commanded, "Let the bricks be raised and the trumpets sound the trumpet of war."

As Captain Yagmur rushed out of the otag, Captain Selchik knelt on the ground in front of the kaghan and said in an angry voice:

— The Chinese from the east also, from the west also behind us
- they're dangling," he said.

Kür Shad and Bögü Alp looked at each other again. Major: "The meaning of last night's fire is now clear," he muttered.

After the Khan ordered everyone to take his place, he jumped out of his tent. The trumpets were blowing, the Sky Turks were running and jumping on their horses. With the organisation made by Kür Shad, the army was entering into a state of war. But there was no one to ride his horse.

They could only find the time. On the signal given by the Chinese envoy with fire at night, the Chinese army marched rapidly and surrounded the kaghan, and the Chinese envoy the kaghan by surprise, who did not expect an attack because he was in the Turkish army.

Kür Şad took Isbara -Han and Böıü Tarkan, the strongest and the most worn-out soldiers of the Gok Turk army, under his command and attacked the Chinese coming from the south, while Bögü Alp rode with his own horse against the Chinese division coming from the rear. They were besieged and had no time to manoeuvre. Soon the two armies came face to face. Now it was only swords and pikes.

Yagi was attacking towards the three brigades of the kagan and wanted to take him captive. The kagan, together with the horse servants around him, shot arrows at the approaching Chinese, while Kür Shad and Bögü Alp fought a hand-to-hand sword fight.

Although the Chinese surrounded the Gok Turk army first, they could not do anything successfully. They struggled like this until noon. But in the afternoon, when the Turks became fewer and fewer, the situation began to change. Kür Şad and Bögü Alp gradually retreated and approached the khan's neighbourhood. They were as if they were dead from fatigue. These soldiers, most of whom were already wounded and hungry, were falling from their horses one by one and dying by decorating the eternal steppe with their blood. On the battlefield, the sounds of swords and pikes hitting the shields and tulgas and entering the body of the soldier made a horrible harmony, and this harmony was mixed with the war curses, swearing and the groans of the wounded.

It was now evening in the field where thousands of Turks and Chinese were lying. Kür .Shad, who had received many wounds from the swords and face was covered in blood, took a quick look around him. There were only two or three thousand people left. The Khan was well surrounded, trying to protect himself. They were stuck in a narrow place. The Chinese surrounding them were boiling like sand. Kür Shad thought it was necessary to save Kagaru. He looked around to see Bögü Alp. Major was nowhere in sight. He will think a lot

there was no time left. As he was rapidly riding towards the kagan, he caught his eye. He gave him the command "Sound the gathering horn". While Tuber was blowing the gathering horn, Kür Shad came to the kaghan and told him:

- "Khan! While we delay the oil, you burn them and reach home. Keep your bricks here to deceive the tiles."

There, captain Selchik and Yamtar caught his eye. He gave orders to them and some of the soldiers with them. Taking the kaghan in the centre, they started to break through the Chinese band and make way for the kaghan. Kür Ş ad was helping them from afar, knocking down the Chinese with his unerring arrows. After a while he stopped his help. Because he knew that he was obliged to hold and delay the Chinese with a few hundred Chinese troops remaining with him.

Yumru was also with the kaghan. Yamtar and Yumru, the biggest men of the Sky Turks, were bringing their swords down on the heads of the Chinese with great blows, and the Chinese they hit fell lifeless without making a sound. Captain Selchik was using the pike, and the kagan was helping Selchik with his bow in his hand, hunting the Chinese one by one. Three or four horse servants were behind the kagan, they were trying not to let the fatty approach by drawing arrows backwards.

The sun had set and the kagan and his entourage had travelled far. If the Chinese had known that the kaghan was among those few people who were trying to break them, they would have done otherwise. But since Kür Shad fought by raising the three bricks of the kagan, they attacked there in the hope of holding the kagan and did not hesitate to spend their troops.

It got a little darker. Fist and two of the horse servants fell wounded. The Khan ran out of arrows, his sword was sheathed, and his pike was left in the chest of a Chinaman. He had no ammunition except the knife at his waist. Yarntar saw that the were almost defeated after he checked one more in blood sweat and said: "Behave, Black Khan!" he cried. This shout caused a ripple among the Chinese around them.

He did. There must have been some among them who spoke Yiddish, because they started shouting something and attacked harder. It was not clear what they were saying, but Captain Selchik shouted "Kieli Han! Kieli Han!" he realised that the Chinese had sensed that the khan was here. Because those dog-faced Chinese used to call the kaghan "Kieli Khan" because they couldn't get their tongues to associate with the Black Khan. When Captain Selchik saw that the Khan was in danger, he realised that he could do nothing but lie to save him. Captain Selchik detested lying. It was too much for him to lie like a Chinese, but there was no other way to save the Khan. Oh, this evil lie! ... His grandfather had died in God's anger because he had lied, and his father had been killed by the order of Chuluk Khan because he had lied his way through his whole life. It was unfortunate that now he was going to lie himself and be killed by the Chinese for lying. Captain Selchik:

- "Yes, I am the Black Khan! Don't you recognise me, you Chinese?" he shouted. Then he turned his horse round and plunged into them. There was again a stir and shouting among the Chinese. They attacked the captain with fury. Selchik was very handsome because he was from the tribe of Yagma. That's why the Chinese must have thought that the kaganate suited him so much that they attacked to catch him, swung swords, poked pikes, but they couldn't overcome him. Taking advantage of this mistake of the Chinese, the kagan, with Captain Yarntar and a horse servant behind him, was riding towards the north. Eight or ten Chinamen had fallen behind them, but they did not know it was the kagan, so they did not take it hard.

While Captain Selchik was fighting with the Chinese, he was shouting, cursing the Chinese and mocking them. But this mockery did not last long. . His horse was shot first. When the Chinese, who wanted to capture him intact, saw that he continued the fight on foot and was not in a condition to be called intact and that he was covered in blood to keep his dead

they attacked. As Selchik fell to the ground exhausted, covered in blood, his strength gone, he thought of his son in the dormitory: "I wonder if my son will die by lying like my grandfather, my father and me". This thought was Captain Selchik's last thought.

While Kara Kagan was riding through the tiles with the time gained by Seljuk, the Chinese realised the situation, realised that they had been deceived and started to run after him. Kagan's horse was a fierce horse which was unique in the whole . No horse could match him. Yarntar knew that he could not run beside the kaghan with his wounded horse like himself. He had no arrows left in his quiver. He asked the horse servant, who was running beside him, if he had any arrows. He didn't have any either. Then he said to the kaghan:

- Black Khan! While we carve the oil a little more, you reach your homeland, as long as the kagan is alive, Gök Turkeli will not fall!....

Then he ordered horse servant to return. In the now darkening steppe, both of them plunged into the tiles chasing them....

death of the boyzkurt



...he staggered and fell to his knees.
He hadn't stopped laughing.

XXVIII

The Last Laugh

It was as if a whirlwind of trouble had blown across the steppe. For who knows how many millennia, the rising and setting sun had never cast its rays on such a pathetic sight. Had the fortunes of the world changed? Or was a new era beginning?

Ten thousand Turks lay lifeless on the battlefield. They had died so that the kagan, the epitome of Sky Turkeli, could be saved, and they had separated so many Chinese from their sweet lives for this cause. Could the kagan have survived and become the head of the nation? These dead could no longer think of this anxious thought. Those who were thinking about it were two or three thousand people who were now wounded and captive to the Chinese.

Kür Shad, riddled with wounds in eight places, was looking at the battlefield with eyes full of fire. The blood of ten thousand Turks and ten thousand Chinese was reddened. They had fallen into the trap of the lying Chinese and were defeated and destroyed. Because of the jinxes that had been going on for how many years, the great Gök Turk army was finished, and all that was left was two or three thousand prisoners in blood. Kür Şad's heart was burning with an endless pain, an irreparable ache. The kagan had been saved, but would he be the head of Gök Turkeli and save the state as well? The Chinese had taken Kur Shad's horse because he was a descendant of the kagan. He was looking at his war mates from a high place. The heroic Bögü Alp stood like a monument of bravery in his bloodstained clothes, with his tulga-less head and straw-coloured skin. On the other side, a captain was swaying on the ground, clenching his teeth, blood dripping down his forehead from his

wiping. One of this captain's legs was broken. Although he was pummelled and bandaged, the blood did not stop, he was clenching his teeth, shaking his head in pain, and struggling with more effort than his strength.

Next to him, a sullen-faced Captain S ançar stood still, pressing one hand to his chest. His hand and the place where he pressed it were covered in blood.

Kür Shad turned his gaze a little further away; Captain Yagmur's eyes, which were always smiling, even in the bloodiest battle, were no longer smiling, but were looking at Yamtar with a gloomy look, as blood oozed from the sword wound on his cheek. Captain Yamtar lay with his huge body on the earth, grimacing, occasionally moaning softly. On his forehead and cheek were deep swords.
he was wounded. A pike had pierced his right arm, and a sword had sliced through his chin. It wasn't much. If it wasn't for the arrow that pierced his chest and came out of his shoulder blade... The arrow was lodged in the body of the mountain captain.

Next to Yamtar, Captain Üçoğul stood cross-legged, his head bowed, his elbows resting on his knees, his head in his hands. His shoulder was covered in blood. Blood was oozing down his chin and some tears were mixing with this blood.

Corporal Gök Börü, whose robe was torn to shreds, was kneeling down, pressing both hands to his left eye and cursing an unknown person. Gök Börü's left eye was blinded by an arrow, and his palms were filled with blood. His shredded robe
There was a wound, at least a scratch on every visible part. The madman of Ötüken fought even after he fell from his horse, after his sword fell, he grabbed his knife, and after he ate a sword in his knife-holding hand
He attacked with a fist, ignored the sword he was beaten, the pike poke was too much for him, but when an arrow from the side hit his eye, he could not stand it and fell down. He could see his surroundings with his one remaining eye. What happened

he didn't know. He also did not know that the Sky Turk army was finished and he was captured. He felt great pain and tried to reduce his pain by cursing.

A little further on, Yumru, the henchman of Bögü Alp, was resting his head on the chest of a dead captain, looking up at the sky with horrible eyes and moaning incessantly. Next to him, a sergeant, his face unrecognisable from his wounds, lay on the ground, whistling as he winced, lifting his head, then lying on his back again.

Kür Şad's sharp gaze searched for an uninjured soldier. There was none. The lightly wounded would help the heavily wounded. There was no other remedy. It was impossible to recognise the ten thousand dead one by , but it was certain that Sen-king was not dead. He smiled bitterly. In all likelihood, was the only one who had survived this rampage alive and well. Who knows how that cowardly Chinaman had slipped away while they were in the market for their lives.

They surrounded by Chinese gangs with pikes and bows. They were on the alert, watching for wounded Turks. Farther away, the main large Chinese army was trying to organise itself, and was recovering its wounded.

Kür Shad got off his horse with difficulty. He approached Yamtar by walking with difficulty. He called for a slightly wounded soldier and with his help he pulled out the arrow stuck in Yamtar's chest with difficulty. His breath was cut off and Yamtar was unconscious. Some of the heavily wounded were dying, some whose blood had not stopped were dying. Kür Ş ad summoned a couple of men of valour to him and made them burn the pieces torn from the robes of the dead with a flame and the arrow coming out of Yamtar's chest. With this

- Starting with Yamtar, we've been able to treat the injuries of the wounded around him.

he started branding.

It was a furlong before sunset. The prisoners began to march southwards in the centre of the Chinese horsemen. To the right and left of the Chinese gangs guarding them

His army was going in heaps. Many wounded were saved from death by Kür Şad's cauterising, and the lightly wounded were put in the arms of the heavily wounded by his orders. Apart from Kür Shad, they were all travelling on foot. Hungry, thirsty; they were going to go on foot all the way to China until they were wounded. Half of the Chinese army had left to raid Turkeli. Kür Şad was thinking about what would happen to the old men, women and children who stayed at home, and he was begging the Turkish God to save them.

Suddenly his eyes fell on Bögü Alp. Although he was exhausted, he was carrying someone on his back: This was the captain whose leg was broken. Kür Shad got off his horse. He and Bögü Alp exchanged glances. They were not saying words, they were talking with looks. They put the captain on the horse. Blood was still flowing from his severed leg and his face was getting whiter and whiter.

The madman of Ötüken, who could not see well with his remaining eye, was walking by holding on to the arm of another soldier.

Big Yamtar was being dragged alone, and Tan and himself knew what he was going through. The Chinese were stabbing those who were a little behind with pikes. Although they had not been on the road for long, eight or ten of them were missing.

Kür Shad was startled for a while. Being taken to China, where they had gone as conquerors and raiders, now as captives, suddenly weighed heavily on his heart. He almost shouted with a shout that made the earth and sky groan. His face turned red. If Bögü Alp had not said a word, he might have passed out. The major pointed to the captain on the horse: "He is dead. Let's leave this one and put a living one on". They lowered the captain, whose legs were cut off, and stretched him on the ground. Kür Şad had turned his head back to look for someone most in need of a ride when a roar of laughter stopped first the prisoners and then the Chinese: Captain Sanchar was laughing his famous laughter and staggering with his blood-soaked hands on his flanks, pressing them against his wounded chest. At any other time, Sanchar's laughter would have reached the whole army.

and made them laugh with laughter. But now they were not laughing, they could not laugh, they felt a thin wire breaking inside them. This laughter, which penetrated all the prisoners, made two of them shudder. Captain Yarntar and Corporal Gök Börü, who were Sançar's ancestors, were shaking every time that laughter broke out.

When they realised that they could not make him run by tying him to the back of his horse, as they had done in the past, they suddenly winced. Gök Börü's one eye was now able to see his surroundings well.

He saw Sanjar, he saw Sanjar joining him, he his battle companions on foot. The Chinese with ambushes around them had inflamed all his veins of madness. "Sanchar!" he shouted in a voice that rumbled across the steppe. Sanjar!" he shouted. Sanchar did not care, he on his knees on the ground laughing and shouting with the loudest, most joyous laughter:

-Look at the work of God. A herd of rabbits is taking the Grey Wolves captive. The wet crows have defeated the falcons

As Yamtar, spotting Kür Ş ad's horse, approached to ask permission for Sançar to mount it, the following words rang in the ears, minds and hearts of the prisoners amidst laughter:

— Look at the Sky Turks!... They were all without horses... Only one horse was travelling with a captain with a broken leg... I would say we are leaving and going to establish a state in Siganfu, but there is no Kara Kagan among us...

At Sanchar's laughter, all the prisoners and the whole Chinese army stopped, which caused a commotion among the Chinese. After the chief of the Chinese guards pointed at Sanchar and said something, a few Chinese ran towards Sanchar. But he was not interested at all:

— "Yamtar, the size of an ox, has been captured by a Chinese as big as a goat and is being taken away," he cried, tears streaming from his eyes.

It was clear that the Chinese had come towards Sanchar with a bad will. The foremost was about to take a poke with his pike.

Standing next to Sanjar, Tuber held the pike in his hand and shouted, "One stop! Poor Tuber was staggered by a the head from the second Chinese coming from behind, while the other one poked Sançar with a hard poke. S anchar fell to the ground. But his laughter did not stop:

— Look at Captain S ançar! The mangy Chinaman is making himself sick, but the great Sky Turk can't do anything.

Sanchar was laughing, laughing, laughing, laughing as he said these things. When another Chinaman saw that he was still silent, he swung his sword at Sanchar's head. Sanchar fell down again and then got up on his knees again. He was laughing again, shouting with laughter:

— Is that how you play the sword? Did we lose to these mangy dogs? Shame on you....

Gök Börü and Yamtar rushed out to attack the Chinese around Sançar. Bögü Alp stopped them, holding with one hand and the other with the other: "Too late," he said.

Meanwhile, one of the Chinese drew an arrow from his quiver and shot Sançar from behind. When Sanchar was hit by the arrow, he stopped laughing for a moment. His eyebrows arched and he stood straight. Then he continued stagger laughing and making the place ring:

— They'll say Captain Sanjar got an arrow in the back. And the shooter is that Chinese bastard....

Saying this, Sanchar took a few steps. Then he staggered to his knees. He hadn't stopped laughing. His voice was still that loud. This time another Chinaman drew an arrow and shot him in the chest. The captain jumped up again. He was laughing again:

— The Chinese have a brave one too! And he's a sharper shot than our division chief Shen-king.
If Kagan saw you, he'd make you Tarkan....

Finally, Sançar was hit by a sword between his shoulder and neck and fell on his side. The arrows in his chest and back kept him on his side. After the third arrow hit him in the flank, he could not get up any more. But his laughter was still ringing, only every moment it was getting slower, weaker and fading. The Chinese were hitting the guard with sword and pike, and as Sançar laughed, they were becoming furious.

The mocking laughter gradually ceased. A deep silence fell over the land. Then, with Yarntar riding on a single horse and Bögü Alp holding the arm of Gök Börü, the caravan of prisoners flowed southwards.

Night had fallen on the steppe. There was a bright moon in the sky and a cool wind in the air. Captain Sançar's body, riddled with arrows and shattered by swords and pikes, was lying on the chest of mother earth. The place where he was lying had turned red. His face facing south was still smiling. There was a meaning in this smiling face, mocking the Chinese, blaming their bad fortune, angry at the Black Ka ğan. Far away from the place where this laughter rang, long after the time when the laughter rose to the sky, these laughter, this glorious mockery and glorious death would be forgotten until a scribe would inform the descendants of the Sky Turks.

At night, long after the prisoners had disappeared from the horizon, angels descended from the sky. They left the body of this sullen-faced and cheerful brave of Ötüken, the heroic Captain Sançar, who did not speak when he sulked, and when he laughedthey raised his spirit, made of steel and fire, to the sky. They sang the hymns of honour and victory and carried him to the plane.

More than thirteen centuries have passed since Captain Sanchar went to ascension. In the unknown place where he fell, on moonlit summer nights one can still hear anguished laughter and hymns of honour. These hymns are the sound of the wind. Everyone hears it. But not everyone can hear that agonised laughter. Its echoes far and near

Only the hearts in which the fire of Mount Tami burns can perceive the hands. This grim laughter will go on for years, perhaps centuries, until the descendants of Captain S anchar hold a victory ceremony at the place where he fell.

End of the Second Section

THE DEATH OF THE BOZKURT



Chapter Three

I

One Year Later

The Black Khan had been standing still for a long time, his sad gaze fixed on one place, which gave a more bitter meaning to his face, which was pale with sadness. The events of the last year flashing before his eyes with lightning speed. He remembered them all with a pang in his heart, but this pang became unbearable when he remembered that he had been a prisoner for three months. When he came to Isbara Khan alone without an ambuscade, he found him honoured in his tent, and as soon as he wanted to return to his own homeland, he learned that one hundred thousand children, women and old men who remained in his hands as his subjects had been captured by the Chinese. Isbara Khan had with him twenty kings and three or four thousand women and children. Not a single horse was left. While they were in such a situation, the Chinese army came, twenty soldiers and a few women and children a long arrow war with Kara Kagan under the leadership of Isbara Khan and after shooting the last arrows, they were captured.

The Black Khan could not remember how he had come to Siganfu as a prisoner. He wondered how the cap a Turkish kagan did not anger Tan and why it did not rain beta from the sky. Every day for three months, his pride had been wounded, his honour had been whipped, and his soul had been poured with sorrow. When he learnt that the mansion he was given to live in was the house of the Chinese khan's chief of officials, he was struck by lightning, and at night his tongue was speechless and his arm was stiff. After lying in a heap until the morning, he recovered a little, but his arm did not regain its former strength.

The Chinese capital was like a dungeon for the kaghan, who was used to riding horses in the steppe, endless plateau and living in the open air. He did not even look at the big gardens, ornate flowers and ponds of the mansion where he was sitting. He was only thinking deeply and bitterly.

When Ulug Tarkan, who was never the same as the Black Khan, entered the room with his shoulders, which seventy years could not bend, but collapsed by captivity, and knelt on the floor, the Black Khan turned his sorrowful eyes to him:

— "Ulug Tarkan! Greet me as if I'm a khan now. You can't respect a prisoner."

Big Tarkan stared at the ground, his eyes still hard in the centre of his reddened face:

— God created time and threw the sons of men into it without a rifle. Sword, pike, arrow… These are only useful against the sons of men. If God has given us death, if He has made the Turkic nation unholy, let us work to prevent it. Even a prisoner, you are still the Sky Turk khan. And I am your lalan and Ulugh Tarkan.

The Khan did not answer. Everything that reminded him of the past filled him with grief. His brain worked like lightning between two points, carving his heart and leading him to death: The Sky Turk kaganate and captivity.

Ulug Tarkan started speaking again:

— The Chinese khan also gave Tulu Khan the command of special troops. But Tulu Khan did not like it. Because he thought that Isbara Khan was also a special cavalry commander and he was superior to him.

The Black Khan was looking at Ulug Tarkan. There was an interrogation in their flow. Tarkan continued:

— Tulu Khan hoped for the kaganate. When the Chinese khan saw that he had no honour for this command, he also gave him the city of Peping. Yann will be on his way.

Black Khan asked with a faint smile:

— Lala! Why are you telling me all this?

— Because you are the Turkish khan!

— The Turkish khan without army, without troops, without ambush, without country...

— Your sergeant a prisoner here, waiting for you. Your ammunition is in Chinese storage. And in your country live the Sırtardush. One day they will all unite under the shadow of the wolf-headed banner.

— We won't see that day.

— Our sons will see. If our sons can't see it, our grandchildren will.

The Black Khan suddenly stood up. If he had been in Ötüken, this rising would have signalled great anger. Now it only showed an unbearable pain. Ulug Tarkan sensed this and, trying to be as calm as he could, said the following:

— Isbara Khan and Kür Ş ad will come to see you.

Kara Kagan loved Isbara Khan very much. Isbara Khan, who was loyal to him to the end, was a person who endeared himself wherever he went with his good morals, bravery and handsomeness. As a matter of fact, even the Chinese loved him, and the Chinese khan showed such trust that he made him the commander of his own special gangs. Isbara Khan had achieved this rank without working against his own nation. Reconciling the moons was not a task for everyone.

Kara Kagan was always a bit reserved towards Kür Ş ad. This was probably because he was the brother of Tulu Khan. Although Kür Shad had never collaborated with Tulu Khan, Kara Kagan could not warm up to him for some reason. Kür Shad had made great sacrifices to save the kaganate. But Kara Kagan could not trust him as much as he trusted Isbara Khan.

They both came together. They greeted him as if they were greeting the khan in Ötüken. Then they began to speak with great solemnity as if there was a Sky Turk kaganate. All this was hurting the Black Khan. With a bitter voice, he said that he could not talk about such things anymore, because he still had not recovered from the shame of being a prisoner for three months.

At these words, Isbara Khan was silent out of respect for the kaghan's grief, and Kür Shad stood up a red face:

— "You've been a prisoner for three months. Ours has been a year. Who will revive the kaganate if we give up everything in grief? We all have our share of blame in its destruction. We all have a part in its resurrection," he said.

The Khan remembered that he had had such a discussion with his nephew before the defeat. Kür Shad, who was a warrior to the end, always said too much, thought too much and did too much. Kara Kagan told him about it:

— It was Tulu Khan who destroyed the kaganate.

In these words there was a spark of anger against Kur Sh ad, the brother of Tulu Khan. Kür Sh ad was quick to realise this:

— Black Khan! You were no less than Tulu Khan in destroying the Sky Turk Khaganate!

If the Khan had taken a sword to the head, he wouldn't have been so shaken. He raised his voice:

— Wasn't it your brother who secretly negotiated with the Chinese for the throne?

— It was my brother who made a deal with the Chinese. It was my uncle who married I-ching Katun, the Chinese woman who had been the wife of my father's khan, and led the Turkish army to war at her pleasure.

Kara Khan, Ishbara Khan, Kur Shad and Ulug Tarkan exchanged glances and fell silent. Then Kür Shad continued to speak in the commanding voice of his war days:

— Aren't you the one who made Shen-king's rascal a division chief? In whom did the Chinese captives in Ötüken indulge their trust? Because Tulu Khan is new with his weak army.
Why didn't you have him put in chains? Why didn't you have him killed when he made a deal with China?

The Khan raised his hand and shouted "Enough". Then he stood up:

— "My marriage with I-ching Katun is to conform to the Turkish genre. When the agha dies, his wife marries the yenge. Don't you know?" he asked.

Kur Shad responded:

— I know. I also know that whoever kills the Khan is killed.

— Kur Sh ad! You speak like Tulu Khan's envoy.

— No, no, no, no, no! I speak as a Turkish shad of the Bozkurt lineage.

A mocking tremble appeared in the voice of the Black Khan.

— Is that why you became an officer in the Chinese khan's private cavalry under Tulu Khan?

— The sword I wear will be drawn not for the Chinese khan, but for the Turkish nation.

–. If you weren't Tulu Khan's brother, I'd believe you.

The contempt in these words struck Kur Shad's face like a sword. At that moment a sharp sound was heard: Kür Shad drew his sword with lightning speed and a step towards the kaghan. This swift action made Isbara Khan and Ulug Tarkan reach for their swords, while the Black Khan stood still like a stone.

For a long moment, Kür Shad and the kagan looked at each other with sore eyes.
Then Kur Shad took another step:

— "I had forgotten that you are the Turkish khan," he said. He was putting his sword which he had drawn from its scabbard, back into the scabbard for the first time in his entire life without drawing blood. Then he finished his words in a very slow voice:

— Time will show both the right and the wrong.

Kür Shad said this and went out. They were silent. The Khan was silent even though he wanted to say something, Isbara Khan was silent because he was hiding something, Ulug Tarkan was silent because he knew everything.

After a long time of silence, the Khan sat down, face grim, and gestured for the others to sit down as well. Then Isbara Khan said the following words, which eased the tense nerves a little:

— This morning, he argued with Tulu Khan and threw a knife at him. Thank God Tulu Khan dodged with a small wound in his arm. Otherwise… Chiniiier will be very happy that the Turks are fighting with each other!erdi....

II

Heartache and Heartache

When Yamtar tightened his belt, he realised that it was very thin. Even during the famine in Ötüken, it had not become so thin. He sat cross-legged at the foot of a tree and wondered why this was so. He couldn't get enough. He was not fed as much as he would have liked. they were. The Chiniiier had given them land and told them to cultivate it. Many more months would pass before Yarntar could reap what he had sown. They also cultivated land in Turkeli, but all their food did not depend on the land alone. They used to hunt game, bird birds, make koumiss, slaughter sheep and calves. These were not available here. They gathered nuts from the trees, but the nuts of one tree could feed Yamtar for two days at most. The children they had left behind when they fought the last war had been captured and brought to Siganfu. Now Yamtar had to feed himself and his eight-year-old daughter and seven-year-old son. As if this sadness was not enoughliving in Chinese houses made of wood was very heavy for him. What kind of creatures were these Chinese! If they wanted to move, these houses could not be moved. Where were the beautiful houses of the Turks and where were these wooden houses? Desperate Yarntar was trying to get used to sleep in this wooden house like a tree wolf. Especially not being able to ride a horse and run in the countryside...

He was going to endure it all. If it wasn't for the captivity.

The scrawny, sullen, black Chinese, whom he did not take as a dog, whose neck he would tear off if he was caught, were giving a cow. When they gave him a field like other Turks, a Chinese

The officer, accompanied by an old, senile Chinaman, came to Yamtar and supposedly taught him how to sow the field. Yamtar knew how to plough the field, how to sow wheat and grain. When he told the Chinese that he knew how to do this, they mocked him:

— "This is not barbarian work, it's not like shooting arrows. Especially flowing…" they said.

The pure-hearted Yamtar thought: "Maybe ChiniHer's cultivation is different," and he is willing to learn.
and he said, "Well, teach me and I'll see." But it was not at all the other way round for the Chinese. Moreover, with his weak arms, he couldn't stick his back deep into the soil.
He could not lift, could not work fast. Yamtar said, "Give it to me" and took the belt from the Chinese officer and started to survey the field in front of his wide-eyed eyes, with skilfulness and quickness. He said to the Chinese officer as he let go of the belt:

— He said, "Leave this job and teach me how to build a wooden house." He had a long debate about whether a tent or a wooden house was better.

Yarntar was surprised when the Chinese officer said that he would learn the Chinese language after he got used to this job:

. –– "What? Chinese? What the hell is Chinese?" he exclaimed.

Until then, Yarntar had never thought of the Chinese as having a separate language. He had never spoken to the Chinese face to face. Until now, he had spoken to the Chinese in the language of swords and arrows and got along very well. Now he was speaking Turkish to himself.

The Chinese officer was also surprised when Yamtar exclaimed that it was not Chinese:

— Are you having fun with me? Of course it's Chinese.

— What do I care if it's Chinese? Why should I learn it?

— talk and deal with the Chinese.

— 'm talking to you and reminiscing.

— You understand me because I speak Turkish.
Not all of the tiles speak Turkish …

— Darling! I'm not going to talk to all the Chinese. You're more than enough.

— speak with another Chinese?

— that a problem? You come over and be a slicer.

— What kind of a person are you? Am I going to leave my job and work for you? What if I leave? What if an officer who doesn't understand Turkish comes here?

Yarntar thought for a while, then realised that learning the Chinese language was too much for him:

— "Look at me! I cannot learn the Chinese language. The Chinese should learn Turkish," he replied.

Although months had passed that day, he had not learnt a single word in Chinese. He almost forgot how to ride a horse, shoot an arrow, wrestle, let alone learn this abominable Chinese. Even though he was a captain in the Sky Turk army, was he going to spend his days like the common people here only by ploughing fields, selling crops and buying other things with the money he earned? While Yarnuır was overwhelmed in these dark thoughts, Gök Bör&#xFFFD;; came to him and collapsed. The madman of Ötüken, who had lost one of his eyes in the last defeat, had also lost one of his two children left over from the famines in the chaos of tutsa.ldık; he had no news from the dead or the living. He settled in the house neighbouring Yamtar with his seven-year-old son and started to cultivate his field. It was not pleasant to look at the world with one eye. One day he said to Yamtar:

— "One cannot see well with one eye. But even that is too much to see us imprisoned in this filthy Chinese city." Now the two are sitting side by side, in their hearts

Although there was a reaction of emotion, a turbulence of thought in their brains, they were staring ahead, at an indistinct place, without speaking. After a while, Gök Börü began to speak as if shaking off a heavy burden:

— Yamtar! Did you hear that Tulu Khan died on the way to ?

— No!

— He died with blood pouring out of his mouth. He was 29 years old. The Chinese khan made Tulu Khan's son "Urku" as Peping's beadman in his place.

Yamtar looked at Sky-Bor's face. Sky Blind understood what that look meant:

— "Urku is now 14 years old, but he is a robust, valiant tigin. He remembers his grandfather, Chuluk Khan," concluded.

They fell silent again. Suddenly, Gök Börü's son appeared. He said the three Chinese were looking for him. Gök Börü, who had been speaking calmly all the time, suddenly felt his veins swell with madness:

— "Let Albız have it! What do these dogs want again?" he shouted. Then he took off and started walking fast. Yamtar did not like this course at all. Although he could not get up from his seat, he reluctantly acted. He, too, began to walk slowly towards Gök Börü's house.

When the mad Gök Börü angrily came to the garden of his house, he looked hard at the three Chinese in front of him. One was an officer and one was a private.
One of them turned out to be a slicer. "What do you want?" he shouted. Dilma

— "Sky Blind seii misin?" He asked.

— Me.! Whatever you have to say, say it quickly and go away!

As Gök Börü was shouting and raging angrily, Dilmaç and the officer spoke something in Chinese. Dilmaç:

— "You haven't cleared the whole field. The officer orders you to do so in five days."

Gök Börü was surprised. He looked to his right, left and behind. Then he turned into a dilmaca:

— I don't understand. Who's giving orders?

— Officer.

— Which officer?

— That's the officer next to us.

— What does he command?

— He's ordering the field to be cleared.

— Which field?

— Your field.

— What the hell are you talking about?
What the hell is the warrant officer doing?

Dilmaç spoke something in Chinese again. Then

— The officer : We gave the fields to the Turks, and since they are captives, we can give them any orders we like. Furthermore, the officer said …

The Chinese linguist couldn't finish. He got angry. He started laughing. Gök Börü shouted, completely angry at the Chinese laughing:

— Tell me! What else did he say?

— He said: This Turk speaks so high with one eye. I wonder how high he would speak if he had two eyes?

Skybug was hit in the most emotional place. Suddenly he went mad. He turned to the Chinese officer:

— "Don't you like the one-eyed corporal Gök Börü?" he shouted. Then the rabid shouting :

— Mutts have two eyes, but that doesn't stop them from being mutts!

Dilmaç was startled. He took a step back. The officer reached for his sword and grazed four fingers from its sheath. Gök Börü turned red:

— Why are you making fun of my captivity? I've beaten many dogs like you. Your sword won't cut the skin of one-eyed Corporal Gök Börü, don't you realise?

Gök Börü's voice rang out in the neighbourhood. Suddenly he rushed at the Chinese officer. Before he had time to draw his sword, he slapped him like steel on his left cheek. This Turkish-style slap was enough to knock the Chinese officer to the ground. Amidst the shouting of Dilmac, a lot of Chinese were running from far and wide, and the Chinese soldier next to them was also running.
He brought his sword down on Gök Börü's arm and it covered in blood. The madman of Ötüken, after looking at the Chinese like a man who was a little bit hurt by being hit in the arm by a small child, looked at the Chinese coming towards him. Then:

— "Now you're all worth quite a lot," he exclaimed and lunged at them.

Yarntar, who was passing behind, heard only the sound of the slap and, recognising it as a Turkish slap, guessed that Gök Börü was up to something and quickened his steps. But Yamtar was too late: Seven or eight Chinese were dragging Gök Börü away. Yamtar's eyes saw the bruised and swollen face of the Chinese officer and a Chinaman with blood pouring from his nose, and his ears heard Gök Börü's words: "This is the right to my one eye.
I sent ten of you to the tarn to give the other one."
"I'm going to go to the hospital.



Corporal Gök Börü was tied to a log in the square, stripped to half his waist and then started to be whipped.

After spending that night in a dark and wet dungeon with his hands tied and hungry, Gök Börü was brought before a Chinese commander the next day. The Chinese he had fought the day before were there. The commander asked a Chinese officer if he knew that shooting with a compass was punishable by death. Since Gök Börü had told with certainty that he would not answer anything until his hands were untied, his hands were untied by the order of the commander. His arm, which had received a sword wound, was numb from being tied up all night. Gök Börü started to answer by twitching his arm:

— If I had an ambush, I would have destroyed them all. The

commander asked with a sour face:

— It looks like you hit that Chinese officer in the face with a compass, or at least a stone or an iron. Don't lie. Tell the truth and the punishment will be less.

Sky Börü shrugged his shoulders:

— I gave him a slap on the face like I saw from my ancestors, that's all...

The commander was furious:

— "Don't lie to me. I'll make you tell the truth," he shouted.

Gök Börü was furious too:

— Ulan! What are you resisting for! If you don't believe me, let me slap you in the face. I won't go around saying I'm a Turk if I can't burst your skin and swell your palms!....

Dilmaç was afraid to translate these words into Chinese. He took a step closer to Gök Börü and told him to give a soft and decent answer. The Otüken madman resented being accused of being a liar. As soon as possible
There was a slap like lightning and the dilmac was knocked to the ground. B ayılmışu.

Gök Börü showed the Chinese commander the bleeding, swollen and bruised face of the dilmac:

— "See, you blockhead? Do you need a compass to crush the sinister face of a sinister Chinese?" he shouted.

The commander was very angry because of this disrespect to him. He had Gök Börü tied up again. Then he sobered up the dilman and told him and Gök Börü the dreadful verdict:

— Because you disobeyed the command of the Chinese khan and did not plough your fields, because you had the impudence to raise your hand against an officer of the Chinese khan, and because you had the audacity to strike one of the palace mandarins in the face of one of the palace commanders of the Chinese khan, you will receive a hundred lashes and will be dealt with accordingly by having your other eye removed.

Gök Börü listened to these words without shuddering. Then he said to commander Chiang-chung:

— He said, "I will overcome the greatest of you even though I am blind in both eyes."

Corporal Gök Börü was tied to a stump in the square, stripped to half his waist and started to be whipped. The two Chinese standing behind him were cracking their whips with all their might, while those who had gathered were shouting, shouting and cursing, provoking the whip-wielders. Without making a sound, Gök Börü ate the whips, red marks appeared on his back and blood oozed from these marks. The more Gök Börü made no sound, the harder the whip-wielders tried to hit him, the more the onlookers cursed the valiant Turk, shouting like howling, cursing him more, shaking their fists, rejoicing in his beating. The square had become very crowded.

Among this emotionless crowd, only one person was looking at this scene with teary eyes, warming his lips, while pearly tears rolled down his cheeks. This was seven year old Sungur, the son of Gök Börü, who was attached to a high place in the back.

One hundred lashes were over and Gök Börü didn't say a word. Sungur did not know what more would happen. He also did not understand the insertion and removal of some irons into the fire.

But Yamtar, who came while Gök Börü was being given the last lashes, realised what was about to happen. He didn't want Sungur to see this. He grabbed him and took him in his arms. The boy didn't want to go:

— "Eçe[1] ! Let's stay," he said.

Yamtar in a trembling voice:

— Let's not stay, Sungur! Your dad will be here soon!

Then he started to walk, grasping Sungur, who a big boy, but remained small in his arms. Sungur put his cheek against Yamtar's cheek. Both of their faces were wet.

That night Yamtar left Sungur in his own house with his children and stayed in Gök Börü's house. At night, he went to the Chinese command structure and took Gök Börü. He grabbed the arm of his ananda, whose both eyes were now closed to the lights and colours of the world.

-he looked like a big tree that had been struck by lightning on the way home. The inner pain of not being able to come to the aid of his blood brother was not inferior to the pain that had pierced Gök Börü's eye with a red-hot skewer. He was ashamed of himself.

With hard steps through the crooked streets under the moonlight

(1) Eçe: Uncle, also means "elder brother"

While one of these two dark fortunes walking, the big and sighted Yarntar, as if collapsed under a heavy spiritual burden, the other, the heroic genius of Ötüken, the unyielding Gök Börü, the valiant corporal, now buried in eternal darkness, with his head slightly turned towards the sky as if looking at God
and his steps firm, regal and majestic.

m

Philosopher Sen-ma

Yamtar was now under a heavier burden: Cultivating Gök Börü's field and taking care of his mother and his mother's son now among his duties. In the first days, Gök Börü had found a lot of milkyoghurt and meat from other Turks.

He fed him well and tried to help him recover quickly. Gök Börü lay down for a few days and did not go out for a few days, then every day he went out to his field and grazed under a tree. He almost never spoke. He put his back to the tree, leaned his head against it and stayed like that from morning till evening, thinking. He ate very little food. But he often called Sungur, asked him what he was doing, and when Sungur told him he was doing or that he was not doing anything, he would say "OK" and fall silent again. Yarntar realised what a storm was raging inside him. He knew that it would be better not to talk too much, even to try to console him and not to anger him; not to touch the thin wires inside him. He came to him three or four times a day, his meals with Gök Börü and said a few words to him. Yamtar to give him news that would make him happy, and hid from him what he thought he would not like.

So another year passed. Gök Börü now began to feel the absence of his eyes with his emotions. When he went from his house to the field or to Yamtar's house, he walked the road without any wind, sensing whether there was someone near him or not.

Now he spends all his time giving wrestling lessons to his son Sungur and Yamtar's son Göktaş.

He made them wrestle, he understood their games with an astonishing intuition even though he was blind, and he corrected their mistakes. B azan Yanıtar also came, and he joined in the lessons; he even tried to increase their enthusiasm by grappling with the little ones. The little wrestlers improved in a month. Gök Börü made two swords from a tree branch and taught them how to fight. Yarntar also made two shields from leather and his work was completed. Göktaş and Sungur wrestled, played swordplay and threw stones as much as they could.

One day they were again engaged in a curious and, according to them, difficult wrestling. Their father was also looking at them with eyes and heart. They were so engrossed in the wrestling that they did not see an old Chinese man approaching them. Gök Börü was the first to sense this. He hit Yanıtar's shoulder and said: "Ask what that Chinese wants". The wrestling stopped and Yanıtar's mouth was open in astonishment. Gök Börü now not only sensed that someone was approaching, but also realised that it was a Chinese. Yarntar was no longer Yarntar, a prisoner of two years, wrestling two children, but Yarntar the Turkish lord, the captain of the Sky Turk army. In a stern voice:

— "Say, Chinaman! What do you want?"

The old Chinese smiled uncertainly. Amazingly, when this Chinese smiled, his face was not disgusting and deceitful like the other Chinese, but on the contrary, it was endearing. Yanttar was looking at him, the children sensed it, and Gök Börü was waiting. The Chinaman replied in a very correct Turkish:

— I'd like to give you some advice.

Gök Börü was seen to throw his right hand to the left of his belt. This is a behaviour when drawing a sword. F!!!k!k!k!k!k!k!k!k!k! A sword was no longer hanging on the sui of his belt strap as it used to be. If a Chinese person came and wanted to give them advice, they

was enough to infuriate him. Yamtar's answer sprinkled a few drops of water into the rage of Sky-Bird:

— We have advice to take from the Chinese!

The old Chinaman was not angry at these words. He smiled a little more:

— "Why are you making these little children wrestle?" he asked.

Yamtar was surprised:

— So they learn how to wrestle well.

— Wrestle well, so what?

— you an idiot or what? These kids won't stay kids for forty years. They'll grow up to be men.

— When he becomes a private, what will wrestling do for them?

— Can a person become a soldier without wrestling, fighting, shooting arrows, wielding a sword, swinging a pike, fighting a horse?

The Chinese smiled:

— "Turkish philosophy..." he said.

Yarntar did not understand anything. He asked:

— What did you say?

— Turkish philosophy.

— What is it?

— The deep thought of the Turks.

— Did you say the deep thought of the Turks? And what is that?

— You just told : Wrestling, fighting, fighting, fighting....

— these bad things?

— Too bad!

Yamtar's eyes widened:

— What is good? And what's good?

— Science,

philosophy. Yamtar

smiled:

— So what is this science and philosophy, what does do?

— It helps to find the truth.

— Look at me, Chinaman! Have you become senile with old age? If you want to give such advice, get out of here quickly and don't make us angry. We know 's right and what's wrong.

The Chinaman smiled again:

— You do not know.

Yamtar getting angry:

— What do you care if I don't know the truth? Why do you come and teach me your rubbish?

— Because I promised my teacher to teach everyone the truth.

— teacher? Who's your teacher?

— My teacher is the famous Chinese philosopher Chao-lien. I am his apprentice philosopher Shen-ma. It's been four years since my teacher. I've been travelling everywhere and trying to teach people the truth.

Yarntar asked curiously:

— You an apprentice until four years ago?

— Yes!

Yarntar looked pitying:

— Look here, Chinaman! I don't mean to offend you, no offence, but you're pretty dumb.

— Why?

— You can't be called a good boy if you stay an apprentice until you grow a beard.

— Science and philosophy are not learnt

quickly. Yarntar laughed again:

— My dear! What about the hassle of Chinese business? Sword It's no more difficult than shooting....

— It is more difficult.

— Harder? Then you'll be a great b[?] name[?] . If you want, let's have a sword fight. But I don't have a sword now. Better come and wrestle with you.

— I don't wrestle.

— You say science and philosophy are stronger than wrestling. How did you learn your strength without knowing the easy way?

— Because wrestling is useless. Science teaches a lot.

Yamtar was bored:

- You Chinese know everything Field
we alone know how to bellerne you'd think. B main
and a knowledgeable Chinaman came to teach me how to do it.
I showed him that I know better than him.
science, and that's the kind of bullshit you're it will
philosophy talking about.
I'm the best at shooting and even though I'm riding a horse. happen.
arrows.
I can't. The object you call philosophy is my hunger.

- Of course he will.
it make it go away? You tell me that.
Yamtar gave a start of joy. One step towards the Chinese
He threw it:

THE DEATH OF THE BOZKURT



They were so engrossed in the wrestling that they did not see an old Chinese man approaching them.

— Tell me quickly: What is this philosophy? Act quickly so I don't starve myself to death.

The Chinaman , smiling again:

— This can't be done in one day. It takes a long time to learn.

IV

Yamtar Becomes a Philosopher

After that day's talk, Yarntar haunted the Chinese philosopher's house. The philosopher Shen-ma was a learned moralist about sixty-five years old. He had travelled many places to spread his philosophy, to guide people to the right path, to give advice. Besides travelling all over China, he had also reached Tibet, Kora, Turkeli and Hind. He knew many languages. When he was still an apprentice of Chao lien, he started to travel these countries, sometimes with him, sometimes alone with his permission, and gained extensive knowledge about the morals, customs and thoughts of the people everywhere. He knew that it was very difficult to spread a philosophy. His teacher had been able to educate only himself in his long life. He himself had not yet been able to guide anyone to the right path, but he was not frustrated by this. He thought that he would surely enlighten one person, and he was travelling around and giving advice.

When Kara Kagan and about a hundred thousand Turks came to China as captives, he wanted to make a test on these miserable people and open his thoughts to them. First Kara
He wanted to indoctrinate the Khan. But he refused to accept anyone with him. When he could not succeed in this, he applied to the most prominent Turks after the kagan, namely Isbara Khan, Kur Shad, Ulug Tarkan. Isbara Khan, after listening to him for a long time, said that these ideas were not suitable for Turks, and Ulug Tarkan that he would not accept anything that Kara Kagan did not accept. As for Kür Shad, he was very firm and definite that he could not adopt the ideas of a Chinese no matter what

and got away with it. Even so, Sen ma was not fed up. This time he started to look for people to lecture among the common people of the Turks. However, it was very difficult to speak to the Turks, who were captives but kept their eyes upwards. One day he was talking to a young Turk about philosophy and science, explaining that philosophy strengthens the human spirit, when the Turk interrupted him and said: "I learnt this philosophy from an ancestor.

"Did I reach Ötüken in one day?

When he replied that philosophy was not an object to be eaten, he looked at him sternly and walked away from him. Şen-ma did not get tired of it again, he started to apply to the likes again, and this time he caught Bögü Alp and tried to lecture him. Bögü Alp had a short discussion with him, then asked him: "Does this thing you call philosophy tell what will happen tomorrow?" When he answered no, he said: "What is it good for? Kıraç Ata did not know what philosophy was, but he told me what would happen tomorrow", he stood in front of the philosopher, and despite all the resistance of Şen-ma about the fact that no one could know tomorrow, he said: "Believe you, Chinese! I heard with my ears the words of Kıraç Ata and saw with my own eyes that what he said was true".

Shen-ma was not fed up again. Again he wandered among the Turks, and this time he confronted Yamtar. The Chinese philosopher disliked barbarism. But he found the Turks more capable than the Chinese in understanding his philosophy. These were men of true essence and truthful words, who were one inside and out. In order to find the truth, to comprehend philosophy

was to be right, he thought. Big-bodied Yamtar

He openly told him that he had taken up philosophy because he was not full, and he did not hide the fact that he was doing this because he hoped that through philosophy hunger could be turned into satiety. Sen-ma was going to try to make him realise that hunger and satiety are both our delusions and thus win Yamtar. It was also good that Yamtar was big and strong. Because if he was a good philosopher, he would not get tired while travelling mountains and stones and spreading his thoughts, he could endure hardships and difficulties.

Gök Börü also realised that there had been a change in Yarntar. Now there was food for Gök Börü. He wondered why this was so, one day out of the blue:

— "Yarntar! Has our rations increased?" When he asked and was answered no, he concluded, "Then you are eating too little." It was true. It was true. He was eating less and giving half of his ration to Gök Börü and the children. Yarntar could not tell a lie because he was a Sky Turk:

— Yes, he said, I'll divide half of my food among the three of you. Gök Börü protested:

— No! No! Then you'll starve to death.

— I'm hungry.

— Aren't you hungry?

Gök Börü had said these words with great surprise. Because the first thought that came to mind when Yarntar was mentioned was being hungry, not being full, eating too much. It was of course surprising that Yarnlar, who had spent almost every day hungry in his whole life, now said "I am hungry". When he answered his friend's question with "I'm hungry" again, Gök Börü became sceptical. He took a step and grabbed Yarntar. Lowering his hand from his shoulder to his arm:

— "Aren't you hungry? Or aren't you Yarntar?" he asked.

— I'm Yarntar.

— Can be a cook and not get hungry?

— Acikmarn.

— How the fuck?

— I'm philosopher now.

In the midst of his own great troubles and his thoughts of his side, Gök Börü also recalled the first conversation with the Chinese Shen-ma, and even the first conversation with Shen-ma.

When his mother, who ate little, said that she was not hungry because she was a philosopher, he thought it was a disease:

— Are you honoured? Where are you crying?

And Yamtar understood where this honour was coming from:

— hurts.

— ? Isn't that some kind of a rattling you say you have?

— Philosophising?

— Yes.

— Ha! .. that's not respectable.

— And what is it?

— That ? That's a big job.

Skybug asked, not understanding anything:

— Yamtar! I sense something different about you. Tell me about this philosophising, it is, so that I may know.

— Philosophy is deep thinking. It is to know knowledge that not every person knows.

— Doesn't a philosopher get hungry?

— He won't get hungry.

— Why?

— Why that? Because there is no difference between fullness and hunger.

— What?

— It's not like that. I misspoke. Because hunger is self-delusion.

— Prickly pear?

— Yes! [laughs] A person thinks he's very hungry. He eats a lot. But it's okay if he eats a little.

— And then?

— It's useless to rejoice or grieve.

— Oh, yeah. Why?

— For there is no event on the earth to rejoice nor to regret.

— Otherwise, why do we rejoice in some and resent others?

— Delusions...

— Oh wow...

Yamtar began to boast:

— That's not all, there'more!

— What's available?

— No death.

— What?

— No death.

— But everyone dies.

— They are not dying.

— And what's going on?

— It's changing form...

Sky-Brother was silent. He thought for a long time. In a soft voice, not at all like his usual angry voice:

— "I see," he said, "this philosophising is going to be an unfamiliar kind of numinousness that takes one's head out of one's head.

Then he finished by taking pity on Yamtar, who was bored because he could not explain his philosophising :

— Anda! Go to the blusher.

V

Kun□.ntu

Yamtar, on the advice of his teacher Sen-ma, started to visit whenever he could. He was walking around the streets of this big city, looking at houses, buildings, men and trying to have an idea about people. But he still had not learnt Chinese. After long discussions, .5en-ma convinced Yamtar that it was necessary to learn Chinese, began to give him lessons
. had begun. But after a few months he could only say "I", "you", "he" as words and "I'm full" and "To live is to dream" as sentences. Yarntar, for all his naivety, was not a dodgy person. The reason why he could not learn Chinese was his disgust for the Chinese and the difficulty of this language.

Shen-ma first taught him to say "I". The Chinese for this word was "vu'o". It was very difficult for Yamtar to repeat this word, which sounded like the bellowing of an ox, and for days he spelt it as "bo", "this"; "bô", this"[1]; when he heard from Shen-ma that none of it was true, he became angry;
The more he tried, the more stubborn he became, and finally he was able to say "vu'o" just like the Chinese. "ni", the cognate of "you", also a lot of controversy. Because Yamtar doesn't say "ni", he says "ini"
said 2[2] . His teacher explained the redundancy of the "i" at the beginning Yamtar was bewildered and could not understand the reason for prolonging the end of the word with "ni"[3] . But after all, this word was not as difficult as saying "vu'o". Chinese "o"

(1) Since there was no letter "v" in Gök Turkic, Yamtar had difficulty.

(2) In Turkish, the letter "n" at the beginning of a word very rare.

(3) Another characteristic of the Turkish language is that the vowels are always short

which means "ta", Yamtar liked it very much. It was easy to say. He told Shen-ma

— "Look, this looks like human language," he said.

Realising that it would take a long time to learn Chinese words one by one, Yamtar tried to learn sentences and the first thing he did was to memorise the Chinese phrase "My stomach is full".

His purpose in stating this was to show his knowledge of the main lines of the philosophy he had begun to learn. As a matter of fact, he used the phrase "To live is to dream" in the same way.

With this in mind, he asked Shen-ma, studied, and learnt with a thousand difficulties. If things had gone smoothly, Yamtar would have been able to learn Chinese speak it, albeit slowly and sketchily. But the lessons

When he asked his teacher how to say "big" in Chinese and got the answer "ta", his brain confused and he felt great fatigue. "Ta" both "it" and "big". Although Sen-ma said that there was a difference between the pronunciation of the two and repeated both of them many times, Yarntar in defending that the two were the same, finally taking the Chinese writing brush in his hand and writing "ta" in Gök Turk script:

— "Look! Aren't they both alike?" he asked. Then Sen-ma smiled and said:

— "When written in Turkish script they are one and the same, but when written in Chinese script it is clear that they are different," he replied, and drew two confused and strange shapes, explaining to Yamtar that one was "ta" for "it" and the other was "ta" for "big". When Yamtar saw the Chinese writing, he was completely bored and . Because Shema had told him that after he learnt some Chinese, she would teach him Chinese writing so that he would become a good philosopher by reading old Chinese books. This conversation a turning point for Yamtar, and he learnt the Chinese words I, you, he, karrum tok,

He had forgotten everything he had learnt except that living is dreaming, and there was no way for him to learn anything new.

Shen-ma was saddened by this, but not disgusted, and advised him to walk the streets of Siganfu to learn Chinese, so that he would have more contact with the Chinese.

It was one of the first days of summer. Suddenly Yamtar's heart ached. OhÖtüken! … If he were in Turkeli now, the green
How he rode on the hillsides, on the endless steppe, and hunted deer in the mountains. In this city of Siganfu, however, he nothing but strolling through the stifling streets and lethargically walking around, just like the Chinese. There was only himself and his son Göktaş left from that crowded family hearth. His daughter had withered in this closed city and died with blood pouring out of her mouth. It would have been all right if he was in his own country, but when one had to live as a prisoner in a foreign place, he wanted to see his wife and children with him.

Yamtar was now deep in thought. He was looking without seeing, walking without knowing. At some point he realised that he had come to a large area by the sounds of instruments he heard. At the gate of a garden surrounded by painted boards, Chinese musicians were playing, and a Chinese with a strange colour was shouting and saying something.

Yarntar approached slowly. There were many people gathered around the shouter. Some were coming in through the door. I think it's the Tiniiier's festival, he thought. Soon, in the growing crowd, Yamtar, without realising it, came face to face with the shouting Chinaman, who was dressed strangely. The man was saying something to Yamtar, pointing inside, but Yamtar could not understand anything in Chinese. Only in the midst of the complicated Chinese words, a "ni" seemed to ring in his ears. He was glad to hear a word he understood. He decided to speak to him in Chinese: "Vu'o Yamtar". By saying "I am Yamtar" introducing himself.

The chattering Chinaman fell silent for a while. Yarntar took advantage of this and, gesturing with his hand, repeated himself:

— Vu'o Yamtar!

I think he understood Chinese. He must have thought that the other person was someone who knew Chinese. He said, pointing to Yamtar with his hand:

— Ni Yang-ta!

Suddenly Yamtar's pissed off. Let Albız have it! That ominous "ta" was again in front of him. The dumb Chinese language Yamtar did not return to the association, but said Yang-ta. He shouted back in Turkish:

— Let a snake bite your tongue! Not Yang-ta, Yamtar...

The Chinaman began to speak Chinese again. He spoke so much and so quickly that Yamtar felt a heaviness in his head. When he didn't answer because he didn't understand, the Chinaman talked more and more, gesturing a lot with his hand. In the midst of these sloppy gestures, at one point the man's hand touched Yamtar's stomach. And then he said a lot of words. Yamtar, this Chinaman touched his own stomach.

she thought he was asking if she was hungry. Herein Chinese a good opportunity to talk. Yamtar immediately pasted the Chinese:

— I'm full!

This answer immediately silenced the talkative tile. He was looking at Yamtar's face in amazement. Those around them also stared in amazement. Those who were near were marvelling at his words; those who were far away were marvelling at his tall height and big body. When the strange-looking Chinaman started talking again and gestured to his eyes, Yamtar tapped him on the shoulder in a friendly way. "To live is to dream," he said in Chinese, as the man writhed with the pain of his shoulder, which was almost crushed by Yamtar's slowest stroke. There was a deep silence. As Yarntar looked to his left and right to understand why this silence had arisen, a hand grabbed his arm and a voice said in Turkish:

— "Yamtar! Is that you? What happened to you?" he shouted. Yamtar turned his head. At first he noticed a cap, then he recognised his old comrade Captain ÜçoğulÜçoğul
he was saying:

— I've been meaning to call you, but you've changed so much I hardly recognised you. Why do you look like that? Are you a respectable person?

— I approached to find out what all the noise was for. The loud-mouthed Chinaman became a chalk carcass.

— Don't you know what this place is?

— No, no, no.

— It's a good place to make a profit.

the money. If you want, you can go in now.

The yarnman immediately twisted his neck:

— What have I ?

Three Sons said:

— You're not gonna do the Chinese stunt. The Chinese do the stunts. Turks wrestle too.

— It's easy if that's the trick. Shooting arrows - there's also swordplay. Is it?

— Not for now, but maybe in the future.

After the three sons talked to the Chinese in Chinese Yarntar and the drinker entered. The Chinese sat around a large garden, leaving the centre open. Here a rope stretched between two poles attracted Yarntar's attention, he asked what it was and learnt that the Chinese were skilfully working on the rope. When he came to a place separated by thin trees behind, Yamtar found Yumru in front of him. Tuber:

— "Yamtar! You two will wrestle today. The owner of this place gives money to those who show skill".

Tuber was also brought here by Üçoğul. Since he knew Chinese, he had been in and out of Siganfu, learnt the place, even wrestled with Chinese wrestlers here once or twice, and then he had found and brought him here and made a profit for him too.

After defeating all Chinese wrestlers, Fist finally wrestled with Üçoğul and defeated him and became famous among the audience.

and he was a great man. The Chinese called him the Turkish buğası. Since there was no one to face him anymore, he was now wrestling with two Chinese wrestlers at once, and the people of Siganfu were very pleased with these wrestling matches. But Tuber was beating the Chinese wrestlers two by two. Only once he had been defeated in a fight with two wrestlers, one of whom was a Kıtay and one a Tibetan, but then he had easily defeated them one by one. Today he was going to fight Yamtar. The match with a famous wrestler like Yamtar would probably be very tough.

After the acrobatics and juggling, it time for wrestling. After introducing Yamtar to the audience, the owner of the amusement garden announced that the two famous wrestlers were going to have a more curious wrestling match than the ones seen so far.

Yamtar and Tuber appeared. But the Chinaman, who was refereeing every day, was so disgusted with Yamtar that he could not come to the field. He resisted, saying that he could not be crushed between these two giant Turks. The people began to grumble. The owner of the amusement garden begged Üçoğul, who had made a lot of profit for him so far, to accept him as the arbitrator.

and he made them do it. Üçoğul clasped hands three times; Yarntar and Yumru clasped hands

they...

Yarntar was taller, bigger, older, more skilful. But he hadn't wrestled for two or three years. Tuber, on the other hand, was well trained, having wrestled here more than a kilometre in recent months.

After the first trials, when the hard entries started, all the noises in the garden ceasedeveryone was blindfolded. For the Chinese

it was a terrible thing. If these two giants had tripped a tree, it would have toppled over. Especially when they grabbed each other round the waist and knocked them to the ground. Anyone else would have broken bones and maybe died. What unthinkable tricks they were playing. A few Chinese couldn't look at this horrible scene any longer, so they left the spectacle to the side and fled.

The wrestling lasted a long time. By the time Yarntar's back hit the ground, most of the spectators had fled and only a few brave souls remained. Neither Three-Son Tuber had expected this outcome. Üçoğul felt his old comrade's weakness arising from the memory.
he realised that he had been defeated. But he was very sad again. To him:

— "Shame, Yamtar! You are defeated!"

Yamtar smiled:

— No, no, no, no, no, no! There is no defeat

or defeated. Three sons asked in surprise:

— And what is the touch of your back to this

earth? Yamtar answered with the state of a

philosopher:

— Delusion! …

VI

Yamtar Awakens

After that day's defeat, Yarntar became the most famous player in the playground. His old mate's skin and bones
Seeing that this was due to hunger, Üçoğul met with the owner of the garden and offered to make a new game and had his offer accepted.

The game was as follows: The owner of the amusement garden would put a large sum of money in the centre and call the man who could eat the most food out of the spectators to the side. The more the spectator who appeared would eat, the more the man the garden owner would call out would eat. If the spectator won, he would receive the money the owner of the garden had laid out; if he did not win, he would give the owner of the garden his half of the money.

Yamtar was the man the gardener would bring out. He was sure to win a lot of food competitions. On the first day Yamtar cooked a lamb kebab and four large bowls of yoghurt.
He won the fight by eating. Yarntar was not only well fed, but he also took more akça from his winnings from the wrestling match and carried food for Gök Börü and the children.

On the second day, the terms changed: Yamtar was to eat twice as much as the Chinese. But Yamtar won this too, eating forty large birds, six bowls of yoghurt and twenty bowls of rice. Whoever ate twice as much easily. When Yaıntar's gluttony became known in Siganfu, a short but very fat Chinese man, who was the biggest glutton in the city, challenged Yaıntar for a large of money. That day the entertainment garden full of people. Chinese dignitaries also came and watched

among them. Yarntar ate two lambs and four bowls full of nuts. He spontaneously drank two large bowls of water. For the first time:

— "I'm well fed today!" he said.

When Three-son saw that his old comrade had blood in his skin, had recovered a little and was getting stronger, he spoke to the owner of the amusement garden again and wanted Yarntar to wrestle with Tuber for the second time.

Indeed, the satiety of seven or eight food competitions and the salvation from going to bed hungry with the money earned, Yarntar's he had fulfilled his power. Yarntar defeated Fist two wrestles in a row. When down,
They brought out Kıtıt and Tibetan who defeated Fist together. When Big Yarntar beat them into shape and beat them in a head-to-head fight, it was necessary to have a new wrestling match that would attract everyone's attention. Yarntar and Fist at the same time
a wrestler. Two of them were Continental and Tibetan.
All four famous wrestlers from . The owner of the entertainment garden had arranged for some of the city's dignitaries to come to the wrestling match. Among them were many high-ranking Chinese officers, courtiers, and Vey-ching, one of the viziers. It was unprecedented that eight wrestlers wrestled in two teams. The criers shouted in the streets of the city and invited the people to this spectacle. The entrance fee that day was doubled.
but the garden was full, and the garden owner's jaw dropped.
had arrived. The place where the wrestling was to take place had been enlarged and high boxes had been built for the dignitaries to sit. A Chinaman and Three Sons were refereeing. Üçoğul clapped his hands.
After that, eight people fought each other. The Continent and the Tibetan, who had defeated the Tuber together in the past, fought with him again and left the four Tiles to Yarntar. They hoped to defeat Tuber again and attack Yarntar all together and bring him on his back. They were sure that the four Chinese would hold Yarntar off until they defeated Tuber. This plan Yamtar

It also suited the Tuber. Fist could hold two opponents for a long time anyway, and in the meantime Yamtar could bring down four Chinese. The wrestling started with great fierceness, it heated and vicious. The people were shouting and encouraging their own wrestlers. There were a few Turks among the spectators. Captain Yagmur and Gumus were sitting side by side. But they were silent and looked at the wrestlers with an indifferent face. Kür Şad and Bögü Alp were sitting in one of the lounges, watching without moving. The Chinese vizier Vey-çing was the biggest fatty of the Turks. He was looking at the wrestlers and the box where Kür Şad and Bögü Alp were sitting, and his eyes filled with hatred. Kür Shad was sitting with his sword. He had become a high-ranking officer in the Chinese khan's private army and had gathered many Turks with him. That Bögü Alp, who had killed many Chinese in his wars against the Chinese, had also become officer of the special cavalry. At this rate, all the Turks brought here as captives would become the Chinese khan's special troops. And and...

Vey-ching put the thought aside. Because he realised from the commotion in the wrestling arena that something had happened, and when he looked, he that one of the four Chinese wrestlers who had fought with Yarntar had been taken out with his arm cut off.

In fact, Vey-ching felt a great jealousy inside. His own tribe was no match for the Turkic people, whom he disliked and loathed. They could defeat them either by sheer numbers, by entrapment, or by deception. But they were equal

They could not defeat the Turks under the circumstances. Especially two Turks against six, four Chinese against one Yamtar

and one of them had his arm broken and had to leave the square.

Vey-çing's dignity was being hurt by this. Especially this Kür Şad, forgetting that he was a prisoner, walking around with greatness, clattering swords, galloping around the city, shooting arrows with Bögü Alp every day made him furious inside. In order to destroy these Turks, who would one day become a trouble for China, he had to make all kinds of

Although he had made proposals, he could not get any result. Because the other viziers wanted the Turks to be accustomed to cultivation and weaving, they did not support Vey-çing. They thought that it was enough to settle the Turks, who already knew cultivation and weaving, in the cities and villages only by attaching them to these occupations in order to prevent the danger coming from them. Thinking this way was as wrong as thinking that a wolf on a leash was a dog. And also…

Vey-ching again his thought. Because he realised from the commotion in the wrestling grounds that something was going on, and when he turned his head there, he saw that one of the three Chinis wrestling with Yamtar fainted and was taken out by a crow and

He was blinded. And that was something that burned inside him with hatred. After the Otüken giant had eliminated two of them, he would surely defeat the other two. Vey-ching didn't pay any attention to Tuber's wrestling. It was Kıtay and Tibetan against the Turk. To him, these barbarians were all one. Ven-ching was equally disgusted with the Turk, Kıtay and Tibetan. Let them wrestle, fight and kill each other; it would be good because one barbarian would be removed from the world. But on the other hand, four Chinese losing to one barbarian... That offended him. And it was…

Ven-ching was again sobered from his thought. Because Yarntar had knocked both of them to the ground after hitting the two Chinese head to head, and the two Chinese, who were exhausted, had withdrawn from the wrestling arena. Now there were four barbarians in the centre. As Fist was holding on against the two wrestlers with his last strength, he suddenly felt his burden lighten. For when Yamtar entered the ring, he had fought the Continent, leaving Tuber alone with the Tibetan. The shouting of the Chinese spectators was no longer heard. Vey-çing, on the other hand, did not take his spiteful eyes off Kür Ş ad and Bögü Alp. But he did not see any joy on their faces and said, "Oh, the Kargans! They want to rejoice at last," he thought. But I guess Kür Ş ad was not going to rejoice. Because Yamtar was tired, worn out, fading. The Chinese ruler now hoped that the continent and Tibet

In his heart he was begging God defeat the Turks, and he was saying that whatever would happen, so long as Kür Ş ad did not come out of here rejoicing. Probably Tann would accept his plea. Because now Yamtar had fallen down and was in a difficult situation. Kıtay had put a yoke on him and was trying to turn him. Yamtar was fading like an angry mist. Yumru, who had wrestled hard against two men, had lost his back to the Tibetan and was floundering. Yamtar gasped and shouted to Tuber: "If you don't keep up, I'm finished!" Tuber: "I am not well either," Yumru was going to reply. Suddenly his eyes landed on Kür Şad's box and he eyes with Bögü Alp. This look was a happy look. Yumru remembered how Bögü Alp had defeated the big Karluk wrestler on the floor of the Western kagan. Only Tuber could see the subtle play in that wrestling. Without thinking, he put his elbows on the Tibetan and gave him a hard push. He untied the arms of the Tibetan who had grabbed him by the waist with a wrist strike from top to bottom on his suddenly loosened cone. Throwing the scythe with the speed of lightning, he grabbed him and stole him to the ground. The moment he knocked him down, he brought his back to the ground. The Tibetan was unable to move. The three sons and the Chinese referee clapped their hands and declared the Tibetan defeated. When the lumpy Tibetan came out, he breathed a sigh of relief. Yarntar was about to lose all his strength. One of his shoulders hit the ground. He was labouring beyond human strength to keep the other one from coming down too. Yarntar would be defeated if the fist did not come to his aid until he counted from one to ten. He rushed forward, grabbed Kıtay by both shoulders and lifted him up. He shook him and threw him forward. Now Kıtay in a state of confusion arising from being alone against two Turkish wrestlers. They looked at each other for a moment. Yamtar gasped and said:

-If both of us try it, it won't be manly. You hold on, or me....

The lump knew that Kıtay was his right:

- "Leave him to me," he said, and dived in clapping his hands.

A little later, Kıtay was defeated. Avenge in Vey-ching He searched for Kür Şad with his sparkling eyes. His se-

Seeing his vengeance, he wanted to be a little more furious, to spoil the Turks a little more. But neither Kür Şad nor Bögü Alp showed any sign of joy or a smiling face. He turned his gaze to the crowd of spectators. Among this crowd, a few Turks with long hair falling down to their shoulders and with their headdresses on their heads caught his eye. But they were looking at him with the same indifferent look, they were not showing joy. Vey-ching resented this very much. "Oh, rabid barbarians, their institutions are not to be recognised. They always take winning in wrestling as if it was a tax on them," he muttered. That was as good as it got. When a high-ranking Chinese officer sitting in the box next to him, who was one of the Chinese khan's aides, praised the Turkish wrestlers to another Chinese officer and the other one confirmed it, Vey-çing had a hard time to restrain himself. He had no tolerance for those who admired Turks. On the one hand, the Chinese khan made them special soldiers because they were good riders and marksmen and gave some of them officer positions, on the other hand, the Chinese officers admired the power of the Turks, and there were some among the Chinese women who fell in love with the Turks. The sister of the aide who praised Yantar and Yumru was one of them.

Vey-ching could not wait any longer. As he was about to get up and leave, his eyes searched for Kür Ş ad again. But he was gone.

When Yamtar looked at the money given by the owner of the amusement garden, he thought something was wrong. He asked if all of them belonged to him with Uçoğul's dilmaç . Uçoğul said that that shouldn't think the money was too much:

— He said, "Do you think the 15 akça he gave you is too much? He earned two or three thousand akça because of your wrestling."

Yanıtar's eyes widened:

— Did you say two thousand? Who knows how much food can be bought with this money!

Then he set off, thinking about how he would eat the various dishes he had loaded with three akça together with Gök Böü and the children. When what they bought from their own fields was added what they bought from the bazaar, they were all well fed. That evening for the first time he realised that satiety and hunger were not thing, that hunger was not a delusion but a harsh reality. He no longer felt lethargic, he longed for a sword and a fight. Göktaş and Sungur had also improved thanks to Gök Böıi's lessons and had become little braves. Four or five more years like this and they would become good soldiers.

Yarntar could not sleep that night, despite the fatigue of that exhausting wrestling match. He had become a philosopher out of hunger, but philosophy could not satisfy him. What was the difficulty in diving into philosophy and science now that he was full? The son of a man was born to fight, he ate to find the strength to fight. Yarntar was deluded in thinking that he would be satiated with philosophy, he could not satisfy his hunger despite long trials. Those Chinese are such liars, Kocarnış Sen-ma had kept him for months saying that satiety and hunger are the same, so he had lost the first wrestling match with . Now there was no need for any philosophy. Yarntar jumped out of bed with this thought. He went straight to Sen ma's house. Philo&#xFFFD;of was reading a book under the light of a kindling. He thought Yamtar was coming to solve a philosophical difficulty late at night. He looked at his face with a smile. Seriki was very serious:

— "Look here, Sen-ma! I've given up being a philosopher."

The Chinese's sweet smile disappeared:

— Why?

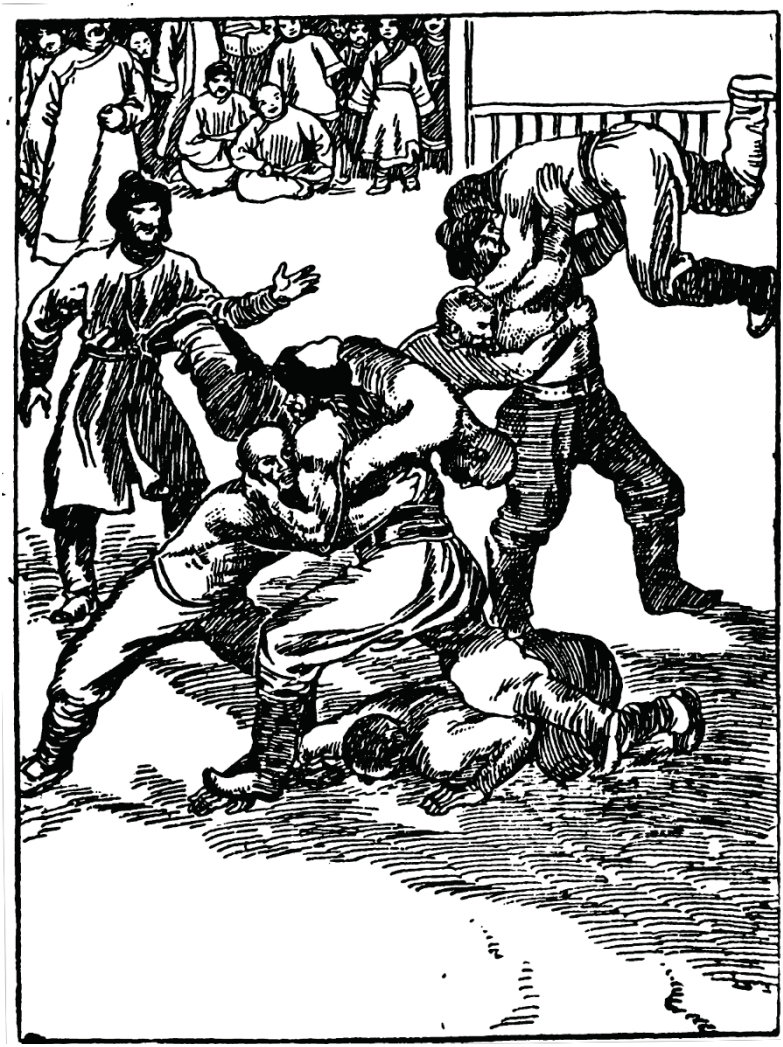
— If my philosophising had lasted a few more months I'd even lose to the .

Shen-ma did not understand these words. Yamtar continued:

— You told me that hunger is a delusion, now I realise that it is not hunger that is a delusion, but your philosophy.

Sen-ma's face showed the tension of losing the only student she could find after long struggles. She almost cried. He could not find words to say. Yamtar:

— "Goodbye to you, I have come to the association," he said, and concluded in Chinese, "My stomach is full." the philosopher's weary look, he said in Turkish: "I am really full. It is not a delusion".



The fact that men fought two four Chinese could not cope with one Yam tar, and that one of them left the battle with a broken arm, touched Vey-ching's dignity.

VII

Kıraç Ata's Words are Realised

So another two years passed.

Bögü Alp taught archery to his eight-year-old daughter and two sons, one six and one five years old. Gün Yaruk, the daughter of Isbara Khan and the singleton(1) of Alinyla, had brought up three children, and a fourth had died in the turmoil of captivity. Bögü Alp now

He was an officer in the Chinese kagan's special troop. Kür Şad was trying to recruit his old comrades one by one into this special troop. With the labour of Isbara Khan, Yamtar, Yumru, Üçoğul, Yağmur, Gümüş also joined the special guild and were armed with swords. These and many other Turks, whose names we do not know, were now the Chinese khan's soldiers. Many of them did not want to become the Chinese khan's guards, but when Kür Ş ad ordered them to do so, saying "It will be necessary in due time", they took this job.

Kür Şad and Bögü Alp had talked a lot about what was needed to save the Turks from this disarray, who had fallen into a pitiable state with captivity and hunger; who had become so poor that they wrestled with akcha like Yarntar and Ywnru; whose admirers wore Chinese names and whose men took Chinese women. In order to keep the old fighting spirit alive, they could not find any other way but to make them Chinese khan's soldiers. Once they put on a sword and mount a horse, the rest was easy:

(1) Singil: Sister

Bögü Alp was doing the same. Even an old corporal like Gök Börü, who was blind in both eyes, had horses and ammunition. He was now being taught by the nine or ten year old sons of some of the Turkish elders, and was even riding on the plains outside the city. The first time Gök Börü went out on this plain with his horse, after asking Yamtar a few questions about the obstacles ahead, he had unhitched his horse and like a madman, as if he wanted to deceive his soul into the run he had been longing for for years. Now, every day he went out to the countryside and slopes with seven or eight children, and spent the evening with sword, arrow, wrestling and horse training.

After sending his children to their mothers, Bögü Alp was deep in thought. What he always thought about without getting tired of it were the unforgettable words of Kıraç Ata. It was as if these words had been engraved in Bögü Alp's brain:

— Great days are coming. .. When there is famine, the moon will be shattered... You won't kill the Black Khan. He will be killed by grief. I see forty men gathered in a great city... You among them… It's raining. You fight on the banks of the river... Your nation is saved... Your name will not be forgotten... After 1300 years of death, you will be resurrected... Your name will remain in hearts till the sunset...

As Kıraç Ata said, great days had come, there was a famine and the moon was broken. He also said that the Turkish nation would be saved. Bögü Alp had been enduring captivity for five years with this hope. Otherwise, he could not endure this captivity even if he was given the title of a Chinese tarkan, not an officer in the Chinese khan's private household.

Bögü Alp was deep in thought. He woke up when Tuber entered the room. He had taken him on as a horse servant again. Tuber's face showed the traces of a sad thought that was not always seen in his face:

— "Bögü Alp! Kara Khan has arrived at the plane," he said.

These words reminded him of Kıraç Ata again.
Old cam:

— Didn't he say, "You won't kill the Black Khan. It'll be the stone that kills him"? Here was another one of his words coming true. After living in captivity for four years, after being depressed, after being deprived of food and drink, after becoming pale, after even the ranks given to him by the Chinese khan were offensive to him and he felt ashamed, he could no longer live on earth and died.

Tuber:

— "Kur Shad is waiting for you," he concluded.

Bögü Alp found Kür Shad calm and Isbara Khan and Ulug Tarkan sad. He offered his condolences to Kür Şad for the death of his wife and to Isbara Khan for the death of his kaghan who was his close relative. After a short meeting, they decided how to organise the funeral ceremony.

After the ceremony, which was attended by thousands of Turks, Kara Kagan's body was cremated and his ashes were buried east of the river "Pa". Most of the Turks were offended, angry or resentful to the kagan. Even so, they had tears in their eyes. The death of the Gok Turk kagan as a captive very hard on them. They were so emotional that day if Kur Shad or Isbara Khan came out and told them to come on, they could attack the Chinese all together without thinking of the end.

Yarntar had not left his house for a few days because he felt a sense of sadness. Gök Börü, too, did not let the children train for a few days, but told them about the battles fought in the age of Kara Kagan, the famines, the appearance of three moons, the snow in summer, the death of Sançar, and finally how he himself blinded; His own son Sungur, Yarntar's son Göktaş, Uçoğul's sons Karabudak and Kızıl Buka, Sülemiş's son B armaklak, Ank B uka's son Çıgay Börü, who died on the Great Wall of China, Uygur Alka's son Tanrıvermiş listened to these stories without blinking or breathing.

they had listened. . One day Yamtar came out of the house, realising that his illness had passed. Gök Börü was preparing to go to the countryside his students. Their friend Üçoğul came along. They looked at Yamtar and Gök Börü in a strange way:

— "What are you doing?" he asked.

When I saw that they were about to start their usual work in an unworldly situation:

— He said, "Dont you know what's going on?"

Neither Yamtar nor Gök Börü knew anything. The three sons became very strange:

— This Siganfu is a strange place. News doesn't travel from one end of town to the other in two days. Didn't you hear that Ulug Tarkan killed himself two days ago?

They were both surprised and paused. Yamtar stammered:

— We didn't hearWhy did Tarkan kill himself?

— Because he did not want to live after the death of Kara Kagan.

There was a deep silence. In the midst of this silence, Üçoğul's words fell like a piece of ember:

— So today you don't know that Isbara Khan killed himself....

A hiccup trembled in his voice as he said this. It was not clear whether enough time had passed to count from one to ten or not. Suddenly, the three elders and the seven younger ones were seen throwing down their headscarves and weeping. The little ones were sobbing and shouting, and Yamtar and Üçoğul were shedding tears. Gök Börü's face was flushed and he raised his head towards the sky. In the midst of this great mourning, he said in a stiffened voice:

— "I wish I had eyes to weep at the death of Isbara Khan."

VIII

China is destroying the Ahiilk of Turks

Bögü Alp had returned home after a long holiday. It was difficult to teach even the simplest things to the Chinese troops. The Chinese khan had a good time with the Turks in his private gang. They already knew how to shoot an arrow, swing a sword, swing a pike, ride a horse, and attacking together, rallying with a trumpet, and suddenly turning away were like drinking water for them. However, it was a sad task to train çeri from Çiniiier who had not taken a compass in their hands or ridden a horse until they were eighteen years old. They had no understanding either. The Chinese were not created to be soldiers, but to weave, grow berries and be philosophers. However, even their own young children knew better warfare methods than these Chinese mobs. Even Bögü Alp's eight-year-old daughter was better at shooting arrows and riding horses than them. With these thoughts in his mind, he called his children. He did the daily drills with them again. Then he went for a stroll on the streets of Singanfu as he did every evening. These wanderings had been on for months, but no one had noticed them. There was of course a reason for Bögü Alp's wandering in the same places many times and returning home at night, but only one person knew about it besides himself.

After walking around until nightfall, he started to turn round in one of the very narrow streets. The sky was quite cloudy. As the clouds cleared away, a lighted moon was illuminating the streets. At a moment when the moon was shining again, he saw a Turk walking slowly ahead.

This person, whom he recognised as a Turk by his appearance and dress, seemed to Bögü Alp be walking cautiously and with a secret desire; he slowed his steps. He fixed his sharp gaze on the darkness to see what he was doing. At any other time, Bögü Alp would not have been interested in anyone else's overt or covert business and would have passed by. But that was not the case now. Bögü Alp had to be interested in every secret movement, every suspicious man. Why? We will find out in a moment...

At this time, the moon suddenly broke out of the clouds

illuminated. Fortunately, since the street was crooked, it was always possible to find shade. So did Bögü Alp: First he hid in a shadow, then behind the clambering stalk that cast it. the stranger ahead also hid in a shadow.
hiding in the shadows. When Bögü Alp saw that he was looking backwards rather than forwards, he stood still. The foreign Turk stood like that for a while, waiting for the moon to enter the clouds, and then, when he did not get what he wanted, he came out of the shadow. With quick steps, he came to the door of a house a little further away. From his hiding place, Bögü Alp saw this stranger knocking gently on the door, then the door opened and he entered.

Curious, he slowly approached the door and examined it. It was the door of a bigger house than the others. Now he could find it if he came blindfolded. With the intention of coming back tomorrow night He was about to return. Suddenly he remembered the four horsemen he had seen on his way back from Kıraç Ata and Corporal Pars among them. At that time he thought that if I had interfered in the affairs of those four horsemen, maybe I could have prevented Tulu Khan from pursuing a separate kaganate and prevented many evils. With the fright of this thought, he stayed where he was. There were very few people passing by on the street.

He didn't wait long. The door opened slowly. The moon was helping Bögü Alp. At that very moment, it shone its light again, and Bögü Alp saw that the Turk who had sneaked out of the house was Captain Üçogu ı.
that was.

Bögü Alp deepened his investigations. He learnt that this house belonged to a rich Chinese merchant. The three sons came here often. Why did he come here? A long time ago, when Bögü Alp had visited the houses of the Turkish elders in Si ganfu, Üçoğul's wife was a very beautiful woman, very tall, reminiscent of Alınıla. Leaving this woman and falling for a Chinese woman, no matter how beautiful she was, was something that Bögü Alp could not comprehend. Turkish law was not in force in Siganfu, but it was also great offence and a shame to have relations with a married woman. Or there something else involved? Taking this into account, Bögü Alp went to the shop of a rich Chinese merchant and had a long exchange with this old, skinny, old man who saw nothing gold. He often visited the shop hoping to get some information from him. But he could not learn much.

Bögü Alp saw Üçoğul enter the house twice more in a month. In fact, one of these entrances was very curious.
The Chinese, the landlord of the house, arrived a long time after Flying entered. There the usual silence inside the house. Some time passed. The door opened slowly. The three sons slipped like a shadow. Bögü Alp could not comprehend the situation, he was worried. Hadn't Üçoğul and the Chinese met at home? Or did the Chinaman know his guest tonight? If so? … If so, were the two of them talking among themselves? If so, what were they talking about? Ask...

Bögü Alp realised that these affairs were not at all like the affairs of war. These were complicated, subtle affairs. His own mind was not in favour of these matters. He had never told this to anyone. The more he tried to solve this riddle by himself, the more complicated it became. Especially one day, when Üçoğul was not at the head of the soft troops in the special tent, Bögü Alp did not know what to say or what to think.

One day the Turkish elders went hunting in the mountains around Siganfu. That day Bögü Alp did not notice the following: Three sons could not hunt a single game. He was last in marksmanship.

He was defeated in swordplay. In wrestling he was defeated by Gök Börü who was blind in both eyes. He also fell behind in the horse race and disappeared. They could see him only the next day.

Bögü Alp thought of doing something he had thought of and one day he took Yamtar and Üçoğul with him. He travelled around some places in Sigafu by horse. Then he came to the shop of the rich Chinese who owned the house where Üçoğul entered at night. They jumped off his horse. Bögü Alp was talking without losing sight of Üçoğul's face. After buying a few things, he said to the merchant:

- "Do know my friends?" he asked.

He did not recognise them. He introduced Yarntar and Three Sons by name. There was not the slightest change in the Chinese's face. He was smiling and begging them to sell him goods too. Yarntar was very grateful for this

He looked at the shop with reluctance. But when Üçoğul heard from Bögü Alp that the name of the Chinese merchant was Ling-tao, he There was a change in his face, which had been calm until then. His eyebrows furrowed and his eyes looked with interest:

— "Ling-tao?" he asked. And Bögü Alp stared at him:

— He said, "Yes! Do you know him?"

The three sons looked at the Chinese merchant for a long time and then smiled. Then, looking at the ground:

— "No!" he replied.

Bögü Alp again could not understand anything for sure. That night he took Yumru with him and after showing and describing the Chinese's shop and house, he gave the following order:

— You will watch the shop during the day and the house at night. You will find out who from the Turks visits the shop and who enters the house at night. You will conduct your business without revealing yourself. You will not tell anyone what you see, but you will tell me!

Fist hit a knee to the floor:

— You're in charge!

During the first days, no Turk visited the shop or the house. On the night of the fifth day, Üçoğul entered the house and stayed for a long time. A few days later he came home for two more nights in a row. After that, he also started to visit the shop. He got into a good relationship with the Chinaman. Tuber reported the results of each day to Bögü Alp. One day he was very excited. It was as if he had caught an important clue:

— "The three sons stopped by the shop again and talked for long time. After he left, I went to the shop. The Chinese was very happy. He said that had ordered a pile of goods to buy late in the evening.

And then?

— Then Three Son didn't come to the shop in the evening. While the Chinaman was waiting for him, he went into the other house.

Bögü Alp had realised the trick: He had lured Üçoğul Çinii in and out of the house by saying that he would come. What Tuber did not understand was that a Turkish honour did not keep his word.

He's in great distress:

— "The three sons lied," he said.

IX

Five Years Later

Another five years passed. It had been ten years since the Sky Turks had fallen into captivity. Now Çıgay Börüler, Göktaş, B annaklaks, Sungurs, Kara Budaklar, Kizil Bukalar, Tannvermişler were young adults. They were all officers of the special gang, young enough to be called children.

Kür Shad and Bögü Alp had been talking since morning. It was clear that they were on a very important matter.

Kür Shad said after a long silence:

— Ten years of inaction must end now. The time has come to get to work so that our name and honour will not perish, so that the nation will be revived. will the Turkish elites always give their labour to the Chinese kagan? Will Tigins and Shads bear Chinese names? The morality of the nation has already begun to deteriorate. The air of fatherhood in Ötüken no longer blows in the hearts. Our children open their eyes to the world in Chinese houses. Our women are becoming sterile, our men are becoming mongrels. Bögü Alp! I've thought the length and breadth of it. I've calculated everything. We'll make a revolution to save your nation!...

Only Bögü Alp knew Kür Şad's secret thoughts. He had been talking and preparing with him for many years, running left and right to fulfil his orders.

That is why he went after the three sons. I told him

He replied:

— Kur Shad! Ten years of unholiness must have come to an end. Kara Kagan, Tulu Khan, these are the heads of the bud.

they were not strong enough to pass. After Chuluk Khan, they were very weak. There is no Kara Khan anymore. You are the son of Chuluk Khan. Kur Shad! You will be in charge of us in the futurewhen theis done, you will become the kagan!

Kür Ş ad did not accept this idea:

— No, Bögü Alp! I will lead the invasionbut I will not become a khan!

Bögü Alp looked astonished:

— And who will be the kagan?

— Urku.

Kür Ş ad was very precise. Bögü Alp did not open his mouth for a while. Then he asked in a slow voice:

— Why don't you become a kagan?

— I don't want to preside over a revolution to become Khan.

— But Urku is only 15 years old.

— No harm. My father has all the virtues of a kagan. After Chuluk Khan, the kingship to Tulu Khan, and after Tulu Khan, it belonged to Urku.

Bögü Alp was so accustomed to the idea of Kür Şad becoming khan that he could not be deceived even if his words were in accordance with the genre:

— Kür Ş ad! You are the eldest of the Bozkurt clan. According to our lineage, the kaganate can pass not only to the son of the deceased kagan, but also to his brother, uncle, nephew. I know that all the elders will choose you as kagan. You will be our kagan!

— No, no, no! Even if all the kings elect me, I will not become kagan. The kaganate is a service to the nation. But it is also one's gain. The highest service is the service rendered without expecting any reward. Until now, the Turk

I will not become a kagan in order to repay my debt and erase the improper deeds of the Bozkurt hearth in recent years. We will make the revolution with the choicest Turks. The work I am planning is very dashing. If we succeed, the nation will be saved. If we fail, our bloodshed will remind those left behind of their duty. Know that every sword drawn, every arrow shot, every labour done for a great ideal, every effort made without blinking in the face of death, is not in vain. The result of this will surely be profitable. The more valour is shown in such works, the more life is spent, the more certain the success will be. When embarking on a task, one should first think and design well. After designing, the best thing to do is to attack towards the wish without thinking too much. We have waited ten years. We cannot wait any longer. When drawing the sword for such a great ideal, the person who presides must have a good heart and a good mind. If this happens, the president will be stronger. He will give orders more firmly. I would like to have pacified my heart in order to give better orders in the revolution. That's why I don't accept the kaganate. Urku will be the kagan.

Bögü Alp had reassumed his sternness from Ötüken:

— He said, "You're in charge."

⁂

That night the stars in the sky were flickering and splitting, and a strong wind from Ötüken was filling the lungs. There was a meeting in Kür Shad's house. Kür Şad and Bögü Alp had summoned some of their trusted Turkish elders. According to the order they had received, they were coming on foot. First came the big Yamtar, then Yağmur and Üçoğul, then Ay Kutluk and Emen. Seven people were discussing a big business in a room with little light. They were serious as always. But they seemed to be unaware of the greatness of the work they had started. They did not know that they were going to create the most glorious of the heroes of history. Kür Ş ad started to speak:

— Turkish elders! Ten years of captivity will come to an end. In order not to hurt the spirit of our ancestors who established a state in Ötüken more, not to leave the desolate steppes more lonely, not to make the fat laugh more, not to leave the bud without fame, not to anger the Turkish God more, we will re-establish the state. In order to revive the state, we will make a revolution against the Chinese kagan. We have decided this with Bögü Alp.

After a short silence, he asked:

— Captain Yamtar! Will you join us?

— Yes, Kür Ş ad!

— Captain Rain, what about you?

— Yes, Kur Sh'ad!

— Captain Three-Son! What about you?

— Yes, Kur Sh'ad!

— Corporal Ay Kutluk! What about you?

— Yes, Kur Kur Sh'ad!

— Corporal Emen! What about you?

— Yes, Kur Kur Sh'ad!

Kür Ş ad drew his sword. So did Major Bögü Alp, three captains and two corporals. They were going to give an oath. Kür Shad said it:

— Let the sky go in, let the red

come out! They all repeated it:

— In comes the sky, out comes the red (1)!

(1) Ancient Turkic form of oath. It means that if I go back on my word, this sword should enter me as sky and come out as red even though it is soaked in my blood.

Swords were quickly sheathed. Now Kür Shad started to speak again. His words were written on hearts and beys like a piece of wood:

- Urku Tigin will be the Turkish khan. In order to take him to Ötüken and make him a khan, we will break down the obstacles in front of us. These obstacles are the Chinese khan and the Chinese troops. In order to defeat the multitude, we must crush the head of the multitude. We will capture the Chinese khan and hold him hostage. In this way, we'll take down Urku with the Turks we can gather.

Until Ötüken **götüreceğiz.** We have the khan of China as a hostage they can't do anything to us as long as we stand still. We can get what we want by making the Chinese khan give orders. If the Chinese do not listen to him because their kagan is a prisoner, or if we are unable to hold him, then we will kill him.

Kür Shad was silent. Although Bögü Alp was among them, the six Turkish chiefs were thinking about how to capture the Chinese kagan. Kür Şad started to speak again as if he had sensed these thoughts:

— Every the Chinese khan wanders the streets of the city in disguise and without taking any soldiers with him. He is accompanied only by a squire. We will catch him at this time. Since the place where we will hold him is near the stables of the palace, we will force him to the stables, take the good horses and destroy the grooms. No one will suspect us because we are the Chinese khan's special herdsmen. We will go to the western circle of the palace with the Chinese khan in our midst. Urku Tigin is there. We will rescue Urku from there and force the Chinese khan to write decrees. Considering the possibility that Urku Tigin's door may be closed, we will keep large stones with us and break his door with them if necessary. While this is going on, a team of us will keep horses ready and guard the surroundings.

Kur Shad fell silent again. In the next brightly lit room he could see the terrible gleam in the eyes of the six admirers. In these gleams, the joy of starting the war again after ten years of longing,

There was the pride of avenging the fat, the joy of the clatter of swords. They were pensive as if they wanted to embark on this great adventure right now. Kür Ş ad's voice warned them from this absent-mindedness:

— Turkish elders! This will be done three nights later, when the moon is full. There two soft things to do in three days: The first is to sharpen your compasses well and, thinking that we are short armour breastplates and steel tulgas
to prepare. The second is to prepare the bravestmost trustworthy
to call your friends and relatives to the revolution and make them swear an oath!

Yamtar took the floor:

— Kür Shad, if you command me, I will tell you the names of eight people already.

— Who are they?

— One of them is Corporal Gök

Börü! Cure Ş ad's gaze was

overwhelmed:

— Good point, captain! I've thought about it. But he's blind in both eyes. What can Sky Blind do in a job like this?

— Kür Ş ad! Gök Börü, who has been living in darkness for ten years, has been waiting for this day. His sun will rise only on such a day. That's right: He doesn't see. but he senses. At least he senses enough to be equal to a Chinese. Order him to come.

Kür Shad bowed his head. After thinking for a long time:

-- "Well, let him come!" Yaıntar

continued:

— The other seven are Gök Börü's students. I've got
my son Göktaş, Sulemiş's son Barmaklak, Ank Buka's son Çıgay
Börü, Üçoğul's sons Karabudak and Kızıl

Buka, Sungur son of Gök Börü, Tannvermiş son of Alka. All of them were 15-16 years old young braves. Gök Börü taught all of them how to shoot arrows, strike sword and swing pike. All of them grown up for this day. We hit harder than them. They hit faster than us. If we and them are together, we will make each other whole.

Kur Shad:

— "Seeing these young fathers among us will remind us of the old raiding days," he said.

Bögü Alp has settled down:

— Pity! My son is barely ten years old. He's not mature enough to fight in this war….

Then Kür Shad thought of his own family. He had a thirteen-year-old daughter and a four-year-old son. The others had always died in this bad Chinese city.

X

Intercession

When Yamtar informed Gök of the decision the next night, Gök Böıü jumped up from his cross-legged position, embraced his ancestor's neck and kissed him. That night, with Yamtar's guidance, Gök Böıü and seven students went to Kür Ş ad's floor and took an oath. A little before them, Captain Yagmur had brought the Black Bard; then Üçoğul had brought Isbara Khan's horse servant Gümüş, and Bögü Alp had brought his own horse servant Yumru. Now the revolutionaries were eighteen. They had speeded up their ambuscade drills. Yamtar and Yumru went up the mountain the next day on Kür Shad's order and practised all day long to take heavy rocks and crash them into other rocks.

By the evening of the second day there were forty-one of them. When Bögü Alp learnt this number from Kür Şad, he shuddered. He remembered Kıraç Ata's words again:

— I see forty men gathered in a great city.
Youre among them.

That night Yamtar returned home very late. There was a faint sound coming from the dark room of the Celestial Chamber. Yamtar quietly approached the room, which was slightly illuminated by the moonlight coming in through the window, and looked in: his mother, with her face turned to the east and her hands raised to the sky, was slowly approaching:

— Turkish God! Umay, the Turkish Yersulan! Give me strength for tomorrow! May my revenge not remain in oil! May your nation not be a captive. Turk God! You took my wife and made my heart black for twelve years. You took my eyes and made the world dark for ten years. I am not ashamed. Throw your glory on me for tomorrow. Open my eyes until the end of the war! Let me fight blood. Let me be seared to the full. Life has become a burden on my body. I have one hope left in you. Illuminate your eternal darkness! Throw a drop of your eternal light on my path! Extinguish your hearth and let your nation live! .. Turkish God! May life be yours, give me my eyes! What I suffered for years, no one knew. My eyes searched for light, but did not find it. I ran a horse without eyes, the heart did not taste. I gave up everything. Give me light only for one battle. Turkish God! Don't show me the colour of the sky, the brightness of the sun, the stars that adorn the night, the green trees, not even my friends, my relatives, my son. Only show the oil until I fight and die. Show the oil until the arrow in your quiver, the power in your armour, the blood in your daman are exhausted...

Yamtar seemed to be listening without breathing. There was a heart-rending melody in Ananda's light voice. That's what happen tomorrow night, even if the work was accomplished, many would die. Gök Börü had made up his mind to die. But before he died, he was begging and pleading to God to fight by seeing the fatty, to avenge his eyes from them. Yamtar and Gök Börü were standing face to face five or six paces apart. Gök Börü, who was used to sensing someone's coming even from far away, did not hear Yamtar who came to his side this night. As if he was far away from himself and immersed in another world, he was chanting with his head up and his hands outstretched.

Yamtar, too, seemed to be in a trance. At first he did not know what to do, as he felt ashamed that he had come to this secret approach of his ancestor in secret, but then, as he was caught up in it, many old things flashed before his eyes. Tomorrow, perhaps she herself, her loved ones, and the memories that bound her to her loved ones.

It would disintegrate, nothing would be left. "I guess this will be the difficult part of death," Yamtar thought with a philosophical thought that the Chinese philosopher Shen-ma could never give him: Then he suddenly realised

— "Almighty God! There is no end to your greatness. Now I see," his voice said, and he awoke and gazed at him.

Surprise!... Tears were coming down from Gök Börü's protruding, gouged eyes. Had these springs, which had been dry for ten years, come to life again? Yarntar was looking at his ananda with astonishment, shame and a little fear, waiting for him to see him and call out. But he did not say anything, his eyes were fixed on Yarntar, and the conversation continued:

— Turkish God!… You gave tears to my dry eyes. I see the oil. One more night on earth is your guest. Don't take away the light you gave me! Don't wipe the tears from my eyes! Don't make me ashamed of myself! Don't make the fatty happy! …

The light descended not in Gök Börü's eyes, but in his heart; he saw the oil with him. He could not see his loved ones, relatives and himself at all. If he could see, his hair, which had been greyed by ten years of ordeal and made white at a young agehim, and the lines on his face, which were condemned by pain, would have multiplied completely.

Gök Börü was still pleading, crying for joy. Tears were flowing down his cheeks with an astonishing volume. But he was not the only one who cried to God and had tears in his eyes. Big Yarntar with his pure face and big belly, whom Gök Börü had not seen, and Sungur, whom Yarntar had not seen, with his child face and resentful look, were also crying with open hands and silently crying.

XI

ilitilii

The big night has come..

Kür Şad came to his concierge after he had designed all the intricacies of the attack and given his final orders. He said to him in a harsher voice than usual:

— "Konchuy! Tonight we're going to do a wife's job to save your bud. If I die, do it your way," he said.

Then he kissed her cheeks and called his children.
He hugged and embraced me.

When he came out of his house, he raised his head to the sky with the coolness hitting his face. The clouds were running at unexpected speed, the wind was blowing with an unexpected hardness. Kür Shad's eyebrows furrowed. He walked with quick steps and headed towards the palace stables. There were two walls perpendicular to each other about two hundred paces from the stables. These two walls, which were the walls of a building on the side, with the help of two or three trees would hide those who took refuge between themselves from the eyes of the surrounding

It was like a refuge. The roundabout[1] will be there. Unfinished Looking through the wall, it was possible to see the palace stables and the road that the Chinese khan travelled every night. When Kür Ş ad arrived there, the rain had started to drizzle. Those who had come to the crossroads before him bowed to the ground and greeted him. Now some of them are waiting silently, motionlessly, at the foot of the walls, some under the trees, on the one hand in the air clouds multiplying

(1) Crossroads: A place of meeting, a rendezvous.

It was darkening the surroundings, and at every short moment, one or two more people came and stood silently on a shore after greeting Kür Şad.

Kür Shad had calculated that the time had come. Calling his friends by name, he started to roll call:

— Major Bögü Alp!

— Here you go!

— Captain Yamtar!

— Here you go!

— Captain Rain!

— Here you go!

— Captain Three Sons!

Kür Shad could not get an answer from this voice. After a moment of silence, he repeated:

— Captain Three Sons!

Again there was no answer. The three sons had not come. He continued to probe, not dwelling on it:

— Corporal Sky Börü!

— Here you go!

— Corporal Moon Kutluk!

— Here you go!

— Corporal Emen!

— Here you go!

Now it was the turn of the new corporals, the young Turkish elders whom Kür Ş ad had made corporals:

— Corporal Sungur!

— Here you go!

— Corporal Goktas!

— Here you go!

— Corporal Barmaklak!

— Here you go!

— Corporal Red Buka!

— Here you go!

— Corporal Karabudak!

— Here you go!

— Corporal Chigay Börü!

— Here you go!

— Corporal Godvermish!

— Here you go!

Begier was finished and it the turn of the karahud:

— Black Bard!

— Here you go!

— Silver!

— Here you go!

— Lump!

— Here you go!

— Il Kaya

— Here you go!

— Chagn!

— Here you go!

— Kalalduri!

— Here you go!

— Utar!

— Here you go!

— Tunga!

— Here you go!

— Smallness!

— Here you go!

— Your medicine!

— Here you go!

— Yeke!

— Here you go!

— Arbuz!

— Here you go!

— Brother!

— Here you go!

— Turumtay!

— Here you go!

— Tugrul!

— Here you go!

— Shepherd's crook!

— Here you go!

— Coat!

— Here you go!

— Toluk Tüge!

— Here you go!

— Alp Aya!

— Here you go!

— Chengshi!

— Here you go!

— Öküş Kara Açkı!

— Here you go!

— Masonry

— Here you go!

— Kutan!

— Here you go!

— Yowl!

— Here you go!

— Badruk!

— Here you go!

— Tokush!

— Here you go!

After the roll call was over, there was silence for a moment, not even a peep. Then Kür Şad's voice rose, sounding a little angry:

— Captain Three Sons!

The three sons had not come. Then Kür Ş ad decided to ask his sons about him:

— Corporal Karabudak!

— Here you go!

— Where's your dad?

— I don't know

— Corporal Red Buka!

— Here you go!

— Don't you know?

— I don't know, Shad!

They could no longer make out each other's faces in the darkness, but could only see their shadows. Since a while ago, the Three Sons Bögü Alp, who was pondering over the matter, approached Kür Şad to reveal the suspicion that had been gnawing at him for days:

— Kur Shad! I saw him entering a Chinese's house at night. I didn't realise.

Bögü Alp was silent before he finished. He was ashamed of revealing his suspicions about a Turkish leader, but he considered himself obliged to take every precaution to avoid falling into any unexpected trap at such an important moment.

Kür Şad's voice rose again in the darkness:

— anyone know where Captain is? A voice answered:

— I just saw him.

— Where did you see it?

sixty-six-year-old B adruk, the oldest of the revolutionaries, described in a few words where he had seen Captain Üçoğul
He told me. Bögü Alp and Yumru realised that this was the shop of the rich Chinese merchant whose house he entered at night. Kür Şad and Bögü Alp exchanged glances in the dark. Now they were all waiting for Kür Shad to decide.

The rain had increased. The wind was blowing hard.
At that time, there was no way for the Chinese khan to go out on the street. If Uçoğul had been here, Kür Ş ad would have done what they were going to do.
a few days . But now the situation was changing. What if they were betrayed? Kur Shad didn't think long. He told his friends in a firm voice:

- "The Chinese Khan will not go out on the streets tonight. We will attack the palace to hold him.

Forty men had already come there vowing to fight to the death. For them, there was no difference between capturing the Chinese khan who travelled with a single squire on the street and attacking the palace guarded by thousands of mobs. It did not occur to them that those who came hundreds of years later would be surprised by the greatness of what they had done. The only thing they knew was that they had acted with an ambush to save Turkish honour.

Kür Şad wore his tulga on his head, and since he knew that he would be most useful with arrows, he did not wear armour so that it would not weigh him down. He had his sword and quiver at his waist. He did not even take his shield. Bögü Alp also did not wear armour, but he wore two knives on his belt besides sword and bow.

Yamtar had his big shield with him. He also had a very heavy stone under his arm. He was going to use it to break the iron gates. Tuber, who was strong like him, also had such stone.

Gök Börü was the only one of them who had a tulga, a shield and a shield. Because he was blind, they had equipped him with defence ammunition from head to toe, but Gök Börü had forgotten to take a quiver and a bow with him because he believed that his eyes had seen the oil after last night's attack.

Old B adruk was dressed very lightly. He had a sword at his waist, a bow in one hand and ten arrows in the other. He did not even take a quiver so as not to be heavy. He was thinking, "At this age, I have no strength left to fight on foot. By the time I shoot ten arrows, it will be the sword's turn.

The Black Bard's quiver was full of arrows. His sword and knife were complete. He had also put his kopuz on his back. On such a day, his heart was not willing to be separated from his dear companion kopuz.

The young men wore tulga and no armour. Apart from everyone else, Il Kaya had four knives,

Öküş Kara Açkı had two short pikes. One of them very skilful at throwing knives and the other at defending pikes from a distance.

In the midst of the pouring rain, Kür Şad's last command before the revolution was heard:

- We will attack the palace all at as our work is getting heavy. We will kill the guards at the outer gates with arrows from a distance and enter without making a sound.
Yamtar and Fist will smash the doors to his apartment with stones. Our plan is to capture the Chinese khan first, and if that fails, to kill him. Then we will try to save . If I die, it will be Bögü Alp's turn to give orders, then Yamtar's, then Yagmur'after Yamtar. If he dies too, you can do as you know. Now put arrows in your bows and follow me.

Forty people walked silently with their bows stretched out on their sides. They could neither hear the wind nor the rain. The day they had been waiting for ten years had come, and they had reached the threshold of the war they had been looking forward to. The Turkish nation would be freed from captivity with this crazy attack, and the state founded by their ancestors in Ötü ken would live again.

They were walking.

They were taking silent steps with the sweet feeling of revenge in their hearts and the dream of Turkish Khanate in their eyes. Even Gök Börü, who had no eyes, was walking silently, but as firmly as anyone else, although no one was holding his arm and he knew nothing about the way.

Forty unknown heroes of history were walking in the dark.

At the forefront was Kür Şad, that son of Bozkurt, that piece of wood. He was walking with his eyes ahead and his hand on the beam to write the most beautiful verse in the history of the poetry of his race, in order to save the Turkish nation, which was his duty, but to give the kaganate, which was his right, to someone else.

Behind him, Bögü Alp, Yamtar, Yağmur, Gök Börü, Ay Kutluk and Emen were marching in a . Bögü Alp was walking with his sturdier heart beneath his sturdy build, with the words of Kıraç Ata ringing in his ears; Yarntar was walking with a large stone under his right arm, which suited the majesty of his big body; Yagınur was walking with his plump cheeks and smiling eyes that first caught the eye; Gök Börü was walking, seeing not with his eyes but with the light that God had released into his heart; Ay Kutluk was walking with his face ennobled by a sword wound of ten years ago; Emen was walking with the voices of his nine brothers, three uncles, two aunts and his father, whom the Chinti had killed, shouting for revenge in his ears.

Forty heroes were walking in the rain.

Kür Şad's seven young corporals; Sungur, Göktaş, Barmaklak, Karabudak, Kızıl Buka, Çıgay Börü and Tanrıvermiş, some of whom were fifteen, some sixteen, some seventeen years old, constituted the third row.

They were marching in the order of Turkish order and Turkish respect. Behind the elders, 26 soldiers marched in five columns.

While they were walking towards the palace, someone was running in the streets of **Siganfu** , which had been lashed by the downpour that had been going on since the day before. Sometimes the mud he splashed by stepping on a puddle would stain his face, sometimes he would stop, gasping for breath, in the gusts of wind, and then he would start running again. This man who was running, staggering and panting at this time of the past was Üçoğul, his legs were open. But he had a quiver on his back, a bow in his hand and a sword on his waist.

Why was Üçoğul late? Was Bögü Alp right to be suspicious?

For a long time, the three sons had followed Albız. In one case, he fell in love with one of the Chinese girls in Kara Kutan's mansion.

After he had been captured in China, he had seen that Chinese woman again in Siganfu and his mind had gone out of his head. Now the wife of a wealthy and old Chinese merchant, this Chinese beauty, who was now the wife of a wealthy and old Chinese merchant, had seduced Üçoğul's mind and made him sin. He had a habit of going to her in the evenings before the merchant returned home. One night Bögü Alp saw her entering this house, but he could not understand what was going on. Even one night when Üçoğul was in the house, the Chinaman had come too, but the woman had hid him and made him leave the house. Now the three boys were coming from there again. On his way to this death society, he could not help seeing his Chinese lover for the last time and went to her house. But the merchant came home, caught too, and he said: "It was destined to start with you tonight" and he beheaded her with his sword. The woman was frightened and started to cry and pressed Üçoğul to take her husband's dead body and see it somewhere, but the captain, who had other business this night, did not accept this, so when the quarrel between them was about to turn into a fight, Üçoğul saw that the time had passed and ran out into the street without wearing his scarf.

He was running, cursing and swearing at the Chinese, but he still running. He was tired. He was out of breath and the downpour was slowing him down. He was close to the palace receivers. If he turned the corner, he would meet the others. Gathering his last strength, the three sons rushed forward again. He rounded the corner. Alas!... He was late. He realised from the shadows he saw that his friends were all heading towards the palace. He stopped for a while and took a wide sc:uk. Then he started running again. It was unheard of for a Tyrrhenian leader to run such a distance on foot.

The first arrows had been shot, the first sentries had fallen, and forty men were marching faster as the three sons caught up with their friends. He now paying the penalty for being late. Even though he was a Turkic chief and a captain in the Sky Turk army, he was marching at the back on this day of fame. He was still a child

Even his sons Karabudak and Kyzyl Buka, who were as young as he was and who were fighting for the first time, were ahead of him. The long run had already made him hot and sweaty. With this thought, he became even hotter. He was covered in sweat.

Forty-one people were now marching towards the outer gate of the palace. The sentries holding tinder on thick sticks lit up the surroundings. There were six guards here. Kür Shad signalled to those behind him. They stretched the beams. Then, as soon as Kür Şad's arrow shot out, ten more arrows flew behind him. The sentries were knocked down.

They were walking. They were walking without thinking about the chariot, without looking back, with their eyes fixed only ahead. They were approaching the big wedding. The fallen guards were nothing more than a peshrev.

When you entered the outer gate of the palace, you were greeted by a garden. A hundred steps ahead was the main gate of the palace. This door had not yet been closed. The light from inside illuminated the door, revealing the numerous guards to the eyes of the revolutionaries.

Kur Shad turned round:

- We'll rain arrows and strike swiftly! Behave!...

This order, given loudly in Turkish, attracted the attention of the guards. But they did not have time to move. The rain of arrows had made a mess and only two or three of the guards had time to enter the gate.

Forty-one people came running to the door. Now they were inside the palace. Kür Şad and Bögü Alp knew the inside of the palace, the apartments of the Chinese kagan and Urku. After climbing five or six steps, they came to a very large room. The big door on the left was the door leading to the khan's office. But while the revolutionaries were climbing the stairs, a few shouts in Chinese were heard, and then the sounds of the mallets hitting the bronze plates made the whole palace ring. These bronze sounds warned of the danger and called for help.

asking for . Yamtar, who had begun to feel too heavy for him now, brought the big stone down with all his might on the kaghan's door, followed by Tuber's.

In the midst of these noises, hundreds of Chinese soldiers were seen coming towards the revolutionaries. Now, while Yamtar and Tuber were trying to break the iron gate, a rapid exchange of fire began between the revolutionaries and the Chinese troops at a distance of fifty or sixty paces.

Kür Şad, the sharpest marksman of Ötüken, was now knocking down a Tinii in the most fatal place with every draw of his bow, and those who took his arrow died without saying a word.

Bögü Alp shot arrows without much aim, but each time took one of the opposing crowd out of the fight.

Captain Yağmur was shooting arrows as if he was training, unhurried, slow, without the smile in his eyes fading.

The three sons fought with sweat dripping from their foreheads and still panting.

Gök Börü, the madman of Ötüken, had become the same as ten years ago. He saw the oil with the light that God sent down to his heart, and he was stretching the bow by shouting the battle cry.

The young corporals were drawing arrows with astonishing quickness.

The still ringing bronze, the sound of Yamtar and Fist's stones on the iron gate, the shouts of the warriors were now joined by the moans of the wounded. Both sides were approaching each other step by step.

Turumtay was the first of the revolutionaries to fall. Arbuz and Kaban fell down after him. Although a few arrows hit Gök Börü, he was not injured because he was armoured from head to head. The Chinese dead were piled one on top of the other and they were frightened. They were about to escape. But at this time a new column of troops entered from the opposite door.

and they were seen. Moreover, the door next to that door was also opened and a regiment of Chinese entered and started to call on the revolutionaries.

The sound of the arrows flying drowned out the sound of the storm outside. Now the Gok Turks were standing where they were, the Chinese were trying to advance step by step, but they were falling to pieces under the rain of arrows. The revolutionaries Alp AyaYeke and Kalalduruk were also lying lifeless. Corporal Ay Kutluk was fighting with an arrow in his shoulder.

Big Badruk had finished the ten arrows he had bought on his way to the battle, but since he still hadn't got to the sword, he started to look for arrows from the ground. While he was pulling out one of the arrows stuck in Tutumtay's body and placing it on his bow, he was hit by an arrow in his stomach and fell on his knees. However, he shot his arrow. Then he fell face down on the ground. His cap fell off. His white hair smeared with red blood on the ground.

Yamtar and Tuber still couldn't break the iron gate. They were not participating in the battle, they trying in vain to break the door leading to the Chinese kagan's apartment. Even if they broke the door, it was too late. Ilgin, Kutan and Corporal Emen were also shot down and all the guards of the Chinese palace were warned and rose up

Now they were arrowing at a distance of twenty-five, thirty paces. Öküş Kara Açkı shouted with a loud shout, then he swung one of his two pikes. What a swing!... The pike pierced one of the Chinese officers, even though he was armoured, and came out from behind him, spinning him like a pinwheel and knocking him down. Seeing this, Il Kaya also grabbed his knives. The first knife went into the chest of one, the second into the throat of another, and the next three into the halves of the next three. He could not throw the fourth one. In an instant four or five arrows pierced his chest. When Il Kaya died, he fell on his face, not on his back and side like the Chinese, but after taking a few steps, he fell on his face.

The battle became very hot, fierce and accelerated. Corporal Ay Kutluk, followed by Utar, Tokush and Corporal Tanrıvermiş were killed.

Corporal Goktas was on the far left of the line of revolutionaries, near the wall. Fifteen or twenty paces behind him was the door leading to the Chinese kagan's apartment, where his father Yamtar was still trying to break the door by raising and lowering big stones, with Yumru beside him. As Göktaş had no arrows left in his quiver, he was looking to his right when two arrows pierced first in his arm and then in his side. He collapsed with a groan. A third arrow pierced his cap and blew it off his head. Then Göktaş threw his bow at his father and shouted:

— Hey!... Dad!....

Yamtar, hit by a bow on his arm, turned his head and stopped when he saw his son on the ground covered in blood. Göktaş; Göktaş, who was not satisfied with youth, who was not fooled by war, who did not know vitality, who did not understand death, cried out again:

— There's no work there. Catch up here!

Yamtar, who was angry because he could not break down the door, left the door when he saw that many of his comrades were dead and the tiles had increased. As he ran into the battle array of the revolutionaries, he threw a large stone in his hand towards the Tiles and entered the battle by throwing his hand on the quiver. Yamtar's entry into the battle while the large stone was falling on the top of the Tiles, and entry of Yumru, who threw his stone in the same way from behind, stopped the Tiles for a while.

Yamtar, since he had just been doing was nothing like a battle, now great pleasure in fighting, not caring about the arrows that flew past him or even the death of Göktaş.

Öküş Kara Açkı was shot down after stabbing another Chinese with his second pike, and Chagn and Corporal Kizil Buka arrived at the plane.

Major Bögü Alp was fighting with all his strength, all his skill and calamity. First Üçoğul fought
He had thought that they had been betrayed because they had not obeyed. Now he was relieved when he saw Uçoğul wounded and fighting hard among them. Meanwhile, Kıraç Ata's words came to his mind again.

Kıraç Ata:

— "It's raining. .. you're fighting on the bank of the river."

It was true that it was raining. But they were fighting inside the palace, not on the banks of the river.

Now both sides had run out of arrows. What would happen now? The Ichihuists had got it wrong. If it came to the sword, it would be necessary to deal with twenty layers of oil. At this time Kür Shad's command thundered:

— Bögü Alp! Keep the fatty busy with three or four men! We'll attack and take the horses!

Bögü Alp looked around and saw the situation at once. Yamtar and Yumru, who had not yet exhausted their arrows because they had entered the battle late, gave the order between the draw of their bows:

— Üçoğul, Gök Börü, Yamtar, Yumru, Sungur will stay with me! The others will follow Kur Shad.. Davran!...

Kür Ş ad turned back with Yağmur, Barmaklak, Karabudak, Çıgay Börü, Kara Ozan, Gümüş, Tunga, Küçlük, Abı, Tuğrul, Çobayıkmış, Toluk Tüge, Çengçi, Yığaç and Yının behind him. They were now rapidly travelling away from the way they had come. The wind had eased, but the rain had stopped.

Bögü Alp drew his sword and gave the order. His five companions did the same. Gök Börü struck with surprising fierceness, as if he had eyes. Yamtar, fear

With his big body, he was hitting the tiles with the back of his sword, but the head he hit was shattered. Sungur was fighting beside his father as if he was practising his sword, following all the rules of combat, Üçoğul was fighting hard to erase the shame of being late, and Yumru was showing a lot of aggression in order to win the favour of Bögü Alp. They were all wounded. Bögü Alp was destroying those who came in front of him. After a quick around him between sword strikes, he realised that they had no more business here. They had bought Kür Ş ad the time he needed. To his friends:

— "Slowly back towards the door!…" he shouted. This command with great regularity.

But the Çiniiier Gök Börü who was blind, and Sungur, who did not leave his father's side. Father and son had their backs to the wall. Since Gök Börü was armoured, he did not avoid the sword, he only counted his own hits.

Bögü Alp, flanked by Yamtar, Üçoğul and Yumru, retreated towards the door. "We should close the door while we rush out and delay the Tinii a little longer," he shouted. They were about to go out of the door. Yamtar's eyes his mother, who was now left to die with her son. Suddenly he frowned and shouted:

-Yeek Börü! -You're looking at the bloke who poked your eye out!

After saying , he ran out. At that time, Bögü Alp closed the door by pulling it violently, giving the knocker to :

— "Hold tight! Don't open it! Buy us more time," he ordered. Then he went with the others to the palace stable.



Forty unsung heroes of history were walking in the dark

Yamtar's thunderous voice was enough to drive Gök Börü mad. He flashed his shield and attacked the Chinese in front of him. The strongest person in the world the one who is willing to die. Gök Börü had risked death since last night: Now he was fortunate to have a one in a thousand opportunity to avenge himself on the one who had wronged him. Great fortune can also drive a person mad. Gök Börü went a little crazy from this. As he rushed forward swinging his sword, his sword collided with another sword in the air. As the sparks of the swords, which had been sheathed in this fierce clash, flashed and died, Gök Börü embraced the Chinese commander Chang-chung.

- He shouted, "Do you see the Lord's work, you bitch?" Then they both tumbled to the ground.

the Chinese sword-wielding himGök Börü was grabbing the Chinese by the throat and trying to gouge out his eyes with the knife he had drawn from his waist. While Chiang-çung was trying to protect his throat with one hand, with the other hand he was trying to stop Gök Börü's knife hand grabbing his wrist.

Sungur took his father's shield in his hand. He was also striking back at the Chinis who were attacking his father, showing that he had learnt his sword lessons well.

Gök Börü's hip and leg received two big sword wounds and blood started to gush out. But he did not pay any attention to this and continued to struggle. Finally he freed his wrist from the tile. He brought his knife to his eye fountain and plunged it out. Amidst all the noise of the battle, the bitter cry of the Chinese was ringing in the huge room of the palace, suppressing all kinds of sounds, while Gök Börü had the comfort of those who had achieved their ideal:

— "Sungur! I have taken my revenge!" he shouted. Sungur did not answer. The young corporal, not being armoured, could not stand for long and fell lifeless to the ground, riddled with several sword and pike thrusts.

Sky Börü shouted again:

— Sungur! Can't you hear me? I'm avenged!…

A harsh and resonant voice answered. A sword strike tore off Gök Börü's tulga, his white hair. A second stroke tore his face from temple to chin. Then a terrible laughter was heard:

— You're too late, you bastard!… I' my revenge!…

Gök Börü, who had been bottling up his grief for ten years, was mad with grief and the joy of revenge for the death of his son, whom he sensed had died beside him, and was laughing horribly. This laughter rang and rang, then suddenly died out.

The Chinese had attacked the gate all at once, but it could not be opened because it was being pulled by force from outside. After ordering Yumru to hold the gate, Bögü Alp started to run towards the palace area with Yamtar and Üçoğul. But Üçoğul fell down after a few steps. At the same time he groaned with a great pain in his foot. Then he saw that an arrow was stuck vertically in his foot. No way, he could not run. He crawled on his knees and came to the door again. He stood up by holding on. To Tuber:

— "Leave the door to me and run for it." He said.

Tuber was holding the door knob with both hands, pulling and pulling as the Chinese from inside wanted to open it, saving time for his friends. He was doing it successfully because he was very heavy and strong, and he did not like it when he saw Üçoğul with him. Because he had lied recently and had not been at the crossroads tonight:

— "Bögü Alp ordered me to do it," he replied. Three sons were moaning:

— He said, "I have an arrow in my foot, I can't walk, I'll stay anyway, you save your life."

The lump was resisting:

— I can't go! It is the command of Bögü Alp... The

three sons were angry:

— You bastard! Did Bögü Alp tell you to stay here until sunrise? He told you to stall the tiles and buy some time. You leave it to me and go to the shopping centre!

The tuber didn't want to leave this job. Then Üçoğul turned the bowstring of his bow by putting it through the knocker of the door. He pushed Tuber and took his place:

— "Captain Three-Son gives you an order: Run to the barn and get to your mates!" he shouted.

Three-son drew his knife and put it in his mouth, put his good foot on the other wing of the door, and threw himself behind it. But since he was not as strong as Fist, the door would shake, open, then close again, then open again. When the fist received the order from the captain, he ran away. The door had only one knocker from the inside. But since the Chinese were holding each other's waist and pulling in a long line, in the end there was no strength left in the arms of Üçoğul. He dropped his bow. He took his knife in his mouth. He plunged into the body of the first one.

Captain Üçoğul no longer had the strength to stand. He waited with both hands holding the opening wing of the door. Three steps ahead of him, he looked at the soldiers with swords and pikes attacking to kill him. If they were not in front of him, he would have dropped himself to the ground long ago and started to moan with the pain of his wounds. But when he saw them attacking him, he waited for them to hit him to fall. The first sword landed between his neck and shoulder and spurted a thin stream of blood. The three sons did not like this blow at all. If it had been him, he could have severed the head from the body with such a blow.

He looked at the shooter with a contemptuous look and smiled:

— He said, "That's a clumsy shot!"

The second hit landed on his head. The blood from his forehead to his eyes darkened the world. Then a pike was thrust into his chest. Then he let go of the door and grasped the pike; he fell to the ground like an upright tree.

While Üçoğul was distracting the tiles at the gate, Yumru had fried and started to run after Bögü Alp and Yamtar. When Bögü Alp and Yamtar arrived at the palace hall, there was a sword fight between the grooms and the revolutionaries. When the bronze plates of the palace were struck with a mallet, about twenty grooms took to the compass and held the four gates of the palace. Since they did not know what the danger was and where it came from, they saddled their horses and waited.

They were surprised when Kür Shad attacked with fifteen 'htiHilji behind him. They rushed through the gates at once. But when they realised that there were few of them, they did not delay in resisting.

The revolutionaries were tired. They were all wounded. They could not finish off the grooms quickly. Swords were clattering, the warriors were panting and shouting, and the neighing and stomping of horses was mixed in with the noise.

Kür Shad, after overthrowing the Tinii in front of him, untied one of the tied horses and jumped on it. War on horseback.. It was as pleasant as drinking water compared to what he had just suffered. The horse understood the master rider. With a sign from him, it jumped up. Kür Şad dived into the tiles, and with one or two sword strokes, he knocked down another person. But on the other side, Yinin, one of the revolutionaries, and a little Abı fell to the ground with fatal wounds, and Captain Yağmur was hit by a sword that made a deep wound in his chin. Amidst the clashing of swords, Kür Ş ad's command was heard:

— To the horses! ..

In any case, there were not many of the grooms left standing, and Bögü Alp and Yamtar dived into the field and destroyed all the grooms and ended the battle.

Kür Şad shouted as the revolutionaries untied the horses:

— We'll go out through the secret door of the Ark of the Covenant. Four men will hold the Chintis at the four gates. We will ride northwards and cross the bridge of the river Vey.

Then he gave the following order to Bögü Alp:

— Bögü Alp! Put four men at the gates and us!
The secret door is low. It cannot be crossed on horseback...

As Kür Ş ad was finishing his words, Yumru came in gasping for breath:

— "They're coming! As many as a pack of dogs. .. " he shouted.

As Kür Şad rode his horse towards the secret door of the great altar, Bögü Alp's voice boomed:

— Chengshi!.... Tugrul!. ... Yamtar!... Yumru! … Hold the doors!...

The four men stood like rocks in front of the four gates.

As the others were walking with their horses after Kür Ş adBögü Alp said his last words to them:

— I'll untie four horses and leave them for you. When you're done, you can ride them and join us!

Few people knew that the barn had a secret door. At the far end of the barn, where the hay was stacked, a felt hung on the wall. The back of the felt was empty. After walking about fifty paces from here, you came to a plot of land. This fifty-foot path went under the ground. It was wide enough for a high horse to pass alone. Kür Ş ad knew about this place. But he had never told anyone about it until the first revolution. Even some of the sisees did not know about this secret road.

he would save them. Now Yağmur, Barmaklak, Karabudak, Çıgay Börü, Kara Ozan, Gümüş, Tunga, Küçlük, Çobayıkmış, Toluk Tüge, Yığaç and Bögü Alp had dived into the secret underground road. Bögü Alp, who was the last to enter the road, tore off the felt, pulled the straw away from the mouth of the door and lined the four horses one after the other in front of the door and left some straw in front of them. Before he finished these works, the Chinese came to the gate. The four protectors their first move. This resulted in the four Chinese being knocked down.
it meant. When Bögü Alp was about to enter the secret path, his eye fell on the quiver on the ground. There were three arrows in it. He did not want to miss this opportunity. He placed an arrow in his bow and travelled. He threw it at the door Yamtar was defending. The arrow hit Yamtar's
. it passed through the shoulder head and entered the forehead of a Chinese, rolling him to the ground like a log. The second arrow was sent to the gate guarded by "Chengshi". This time through the eyes of a Chinaman
and fell to the ground as if struck by lightning. The third arrow
He rushed to Tuğrul's help. These arrows had deceived the tiles and made them think that the revolutionaries were all inside.

When Bögü Alp finished his work, he took his horse unhurriedly and went into the secret way.

At the four gates of the barn, four revolutionaries were engaged in a life-and-death struggle. their horses were ready to escape, there was no they could get out of here. The inside of the barn was so large that it was impossible for the four of them to come together and hold a front, then retreat step by step towards the secret door. It was certain that they would be surrounded when they entered the doors. They all knew that. Therefore, they wanted to buy time for their friends, to sell their lives dearly, to take revenge by killing the fat, and to savour the taste of the fight.
to make the necessity of coming into the world by taking off joyfully, eagerly, fiercely fighting.

Captain Yamtar was swinging his sword, which was longer and bigger than anyone else's, in such a way that no

he was not staying. The inside the palace, the beating of the iron gate with a big stone, and then the running had made him so hungry that even in such a moment of death and death, he felt his hunger, and he thought that if he had two pots of kımız, he would drink it well.

Chengshi, a twenty-year-old, hard-looking warrior, was very smooth, very agile, very smooth in his fighting. There was a calculation in his attacks and defences that reminded me of Corporal Pars, Yamtar's ancestor. He was very cold-blooded. He knocked down three tiles in front of the door and scratched his forehead, cheek and chin.

Tugrul Boyrat was fighting. He was a poor person who had no one left on earth. That morning, as he was preparing for this bloody wedding, he looked back on the fathers of his life and reckoned with himself. He was 46 years old that night. His mother had told him that he was born on such a night, when it was raining and the storm was howling. So he was going to die on a night like the night he was born, a night of thunderstorms. It was God's will. After living as a righteous person all his life, one night before, he had come from the garden of a Chinese and had eaten all sorts of food and nourishment. He was not in the Chinese khan's special clan. Therefore, he had to suffer from poverty and hunger. It would not be right to enter such a war in a hungry, powerless state. Therefore, he had made this endeavour, and he was very sorry that he had planted this on the last leaf of his life. He had seen the cold and heat of the world too much and his heart was hardened. He had two sword wounds on his chest and shoulder. Even so, he was fighting with hard strokes without any hesitation. He had knocked down three tiles in front of the door.

The tuber was very tired. After the fight inside the palace, the tug of war at the gate, followed by a quick run to the palace, followed by the knocking down of a door of the palace as soon as he arrived, had left Tuber exhausted. He had knocked down a Tile in the first movenow had only himself.

he started to honk. It would be nice if he could find enough time to count from one to one, but would the bitch oil ever give him that opportunity?

Tuber realised he couldn't hold out much longer. All he could think about was buying enough time for his friends who were riding towards the river. Suddenly he heard a sword stabbing into his spleen. He saw the swordsman in great pain of life. He grasped his sword with both hands and raised it in the air. He took a step by stretching his chest as if saying "Hit" to the tiles. Then he brought it down with all his strength and speed and shouted "Take it!". The sword shattered the tulga, cut the head in two and knocked the fatty to the ground, but at the same time a pike pierced Yumru's heart, and Yumru fell lifeless with all his weight.

Yamtar, Chengshi and Tugrul, with their sixth sense, which only good gangs have, sensed that their backs were in danger before they saw Yumru fall. Between the clash of swords they found a sign to turn their heads sideways and backwards. They saw that the fist had fallen and the Chinese were entering through the door he was guarding. At that moment, they rushed backwards as if they had received an order or contracted,
They stood side by side with their backs to the nearest manger. Yamtar, looking at Tuber, who had collapsed on the ground:

- He said, "! He couldn't take a crow."

Then, when he felt the feeder with his hand to test its strength and looked into it, his eyes lit up. Because there was a big piece of fried meat there. Yarntar immediately grabbed this meat, probably belonging to one of the grooms, bit into it and muttered, "It is good to live as long as you find food."

The Chinese were surprised to see only three Turks inside. They did not know the secret door either. They looked at each other for a moment. Then they rushed at the three revolutionaries. Now that they were in a large place, they could attack three people all at once, and they were able to get near them.

They were fighting, they could swing four or five swords against each other. Yamtar was not only fighting with his sword, but also tearing off a large piece of meat with his teeth.

The collision of three people against this crowd is long He was sunk. First Tugrul fell, then Chengshi fell. Yarntar was still holding on and eating his meat with a great appetite. Suddenly a sword landed on his left hand. As a piece of flesh fell from his bloodied hand, a second blow to his right wrist left the captain without a sword. O
when Yamtar's right hand stuck to the manger. In one grip
he tore off a huge piece of wood. As he lifted it up and brought it down on his opponents, he shouted a sharp war cry and rushed at the Tiniiier. The swords held against him were like toy sticks to him. They came arm in arm and five or six of them tumbled to the ground. Yamtar grabbed one of them by the throat and squeezed him from behind.
and being torn to shreds by the swords that were brought down. The Chinaman whose throat was squeezed was dead. But this giant of the Thunder did not die easily. When he stood up covered in red blood, the Chinese
they just kind of backed off. They were afraid of him. Yamtar staggered back to the manger and leaned against it. His cap had fallen off, his long hair, moustache and beard were red with blood. Twenty red spots in twenty places on his clothes were growing and multiplying every moment, sucking the life out of the body of the great Yamtar.

Twenty red marks were twenty badges of honour that life had earned him. Now he had neither a sword in his hand nor a compass on him. He was clinging to the manger he was holding on to with difficulty and looking at the tiles. They, too, were looking at Yamtar from five or six steps away with both amazement and fear, and they could not bear to approach this horrible camel, which they realised would die anyway. Yamtar looked on the ground for the piece of meat that had fallen from his hand:

- "Pity! I will die before I finish the meat." Then

leaning more against the manger:



Gök Börü was choking the Chinese and trying to gouge out his eyes with the knife he pulled from his waist.

- "Göktaş is dead too. There is no one left from our hearth," he moaned.

In the meantime, hoof beats and clattering were heard from outside and the Chinese troops had filled inside again. One of the palace chiefs was at the head of these troops, who had apparently never been in battle before. This man, who knew the secret door, pointed to it and said something in Chinese, then looked at Yamtar. He recognised him. With great anger he drew an arrow from his bow and shot it at Yamtar. The arrow pierced the big captain at the junction of his stomach and chest. Yarntar was shaken. Then he slowly fell to his knees. His right hand still held the board of the manger. The palace captain placed another arrow in his bow to have the honour of killing with his own hand this traitor who had betrayed the Chinese kagan. This time it found Yamtar's right lung. His eyes were closing, his hand holding the manger was loosening. His eyes fell on the piece of meat that had just fallen from his hand. The fat would be happy that he couldn't eat it. He did not want to make them happy. He lifted his head with a last movement. He said the words "I am full" to the palace chief in Chinese, which he still had not forgotten. Then he fell down like a century-old tree and lay down.

Kür Ş ad rode northwards at full speed his twelve surviving companions. They had taken the best horses from the palace stable. The rain was not still falling, but pouring down, flooding the place. the revolution had not begun. Now there was no choice but to revolt the irregular Turks in the mountains and slopes, to go to and try to establish the state with them. From now on, the matter of who would be the kagan would be considered later.

The Chinis realised the situation a little late, then they sent out troops from nine or ten columns behind Kür Ş ad. As there was only one bridge to cross nearby, all forces were riding towards it. The darkness of the night,

Amidst the pouring rain, the gusts of wind, the roar of thunder, thirteen horsemen were now riding towards the bridge.

It was the most exciting fight in history.

Bögü Alp was the furthest back of the thirteen. As he was riding towards the lımağa, Kıraç Ata's words to his mind again:

- I see forty men gathered in a great city... Youre among them... It's raining. The river
you're fighting on the edge. .

Indeed, he was one of those who were honoured in the great city. And it was raining. So there would be another fight on the banks of the river. While Bögü Alp was thinking about these things, they had reached the bank of the Vey River. The river had risen because of the downpour, and they had to cross the bridge.
and carried away. Kür Ş ad's command was heard in the darkness:

- Look left and right. a gate? …

The river was flowing so fiercely that it was impossible to find a passage. It was not worth staying here for long. The Chinese were almost going to catch up. Kür Shad rode his horse a little closer to the water. The horse by the noise of the water. It was going backwards. Those who opened to the right and left shouted:

-No passage·

Meanwhile, Silver jumped off his horse and put his ear to the ground. By getting up after listening for a while:

— "Kur Sh ad! We don't have much time. They are getting closer," he said. Then the Black Bard, who had a slight sword wound on his face, interjected:

— I can buy you some more time. Maybe we can cross over.

As soon as he said that, he rode backwards and disappeared into the darkness. The Black Bard had no ammunition left. They didn't know how to stop the tiles.

But since it would buy them some time, there was else to do but to endeavour to cross.

Twelve of them, dismounted from their horses, were walking slowly along the bank of the river. Çıgay Börü, holding his sword in his hand, was scanning the bank and looking for a place to cross. Only Bögü Alp not interested in looking for a passage. He was convinced that there would be a battle here and his nation would be saved. That was why he wanted to rest now and meet the Chinis with all his might.

The Black Bard stopped after riding towards Chinese. He stood on a mound he saw on his way and waited. Wherever the Chinese came from, they would surely pass this way. Here the distant hoofbeats were getting closer. The Black Bard peered ahead; he pierced the darkness: They were coming. Then he got off his horse. He picked up a sharp stone from the ground. He took the horse by the bridle and ran a few steps, then hit it with the sharp stone and let it go. While the horse was running fast, he climbed to the top of the mound and sat cross-legged. He took his life companion kopuz off his back and ran his hand over the strings. He started strumming.

The officer of the first Chinese column, who was on his way there, stopped when he saw a horse running without a rider. When he examined the horse and found that it had been taken from the palace, he realised that the revolutionaries were in these parts. He was going to go towards the bridge. But just at this moment a sound in his ear. It was the sound of an instrument. When the Chinese officer listened for a while, he realised that it was a Turkish instrument.

In order to draw all attention to himself, the Black Bard played the kopuz, then gradually began to sing, immersing himself in the melody:

When the day of breaking comes, the heart becomes pleasant like this. Words are arrows with a sword, Other words are empty.

What is a heart? A bud... Life is full of thorns.
When life is full, the soul becomes an invisible bird.

Bozkurt is our fame; Our past is full of glory. When our last day comes, the whole world will be a dream.

There were forty of us, but half of us fell down. Our place to lay our head will be a stone on the greasy ground.

Black bard, the word is long... The wail of the kopuz is many. As you remember one by one, your eyes become bloody bloody tears...

The Black Bard was awakened from his inner world with a clatter and a shout. A pile of Chinese horses were standing in front of him, and someone who was apparently their chief was saying something to him in Chinese. The Chinese saw him in an ecstatic state.

They were surprised that he played the kopuz and sang with a voice, and they thought that he was a madman who did this by sitting cross-legged on the ground in the rain. They did not attack him because he did not have a compass on him, but

They were suspicious of the sword wound on his face. The Chinese officer asked him who he was and what he was doing here, but the Black Bard did not answer even though he understood so much Chinese.

When the Chinaman got no answer, he jumped to the ground. He wanted to get to know this strange man. This disguise, these wounds clearly showed that he had come out of a battle.
But why was he playing here? Why was he separated from his friends? Perhaps the Chinese officer was going to try to find out. But a second Chinese column galloping at that moment dissuaded him from this thought. He approached the Black Bard and wanted to take his kopuz from his hand. For a long time in the pouring rain
Because of the stay, its strings had loosened and did not sound good. But it was Kara Ozan's only inheritance from his ancestral home. He had lost everything living and non-living, and was left only with his lifelong companion, the kopuz. Turkish by pushing the hand of the Chinese:

- He said, "If you give me the palace of the Chinese kagan in exchange for my harp, I will not give it to you."

The Chinaman did not think much when he saw this strange man limping. He realised that he was one of the revolutionaries. He reached for his sword. But he could not draw it. Because the Black Bard had done his homework successfully, he had quickly knocked him down with his kopuz, which was raised in the peace of mind of those who had no will left on the earth. Suddenly there was shouting, horses were shouting, and the Black Bard rolled down with a sword on his head. Then he was trampled under the feet of horses and closed his eyes forever. This death was more beautiful than the most beautiful sayings he had ever sung.

On the banks of the river Vey, those who wanted to cross still could not find a place. They stopped at the narrowest part of the river. Here the distance between the two banks was about fifty paces. But the water was very rough. With Kür Shad's order, all bridle and stirrup straps of the horses were cut and tied tightly together. Some pieces of clothing were also cut and added to the straps. Kür Ş ad wanted to lead one end of the belt to the other shore and lead his friends across with their horses. But for this, someone had to go across and take the belt to the other side. Kür Ş ad turned to his friends:

— Whos a confident swimmer?

Bannaldak and Çobayıkmış came out. Bannaldak was the beğ, he had to go first. Kür Shad told him what to do. Bannaldak tied one end of the belt around his waist and jumped into the horse. After retreating twenty or thirty steps from the shore, he rushed into the water. First he disappeared with his horse in the splashing water. Then the heads of the horse and Barmaktak appeared. Barmaktak was clinging to the horse's mane, trying to float him. But his efforts were in vain. He was swept away by the current of the water and dragged along with his horse.

Three men were holding one end of the strap on the shore. Suddenly Barmaldak separated from his horse, and the horse disappeared into the water with terrible neighing. Barmaldak had been defeated in his wrestling with the raging water. Now the people on the shore were pulling him quickly. Let Albız have it! … All the bad luck was upon them tonight. Eight to ten paces from the shore, suddenly the belt snapped and Barmaldak started to drift.

At that time, Shepherd-kin threw himself into the water.

After a few strokes, he reached her. He held her. First of all

They approached the shore a little against the current of the water. Then the two forces were equalised. They stood where they were with futile strokes. Then the water started to arse both of them. The two braves drifted in the water, following its speed. Then both of them disappeared in the waters, never to be seen again. But never separated from each other, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand...

Now there was nothing left to do but wait for the oil. Already the hoofbeats were approaching. Kür Şad's stern voice gave the command "Atlan!". They jumped on unbridled horses. For a Sky Turk, it did not matter whether the horse was bridled or not. It was a pity that they had no arrows left in their quivers. Otherwise, they could have fought more earnestly, perhaps until the waters calmed down a little. The rain had slowed down a lot. Now the crowd coming from the opposite side was lying down. Kür Shad drew his sword.

and his final order:

— Till the end! ..

There was a farewell harmony in this last command. There were ten of them left. "To the end," they all repeated from the of their hearts.

Kür Shad rode towards them without saying a word. nine friends did the same. In the darkness, a fierce fight began on horseback. This was now the last battle.

As Bögü Alp rushed forward, he remembered Kıraç Ata's words again for a

— ..'s raining. .. you fight on the banks of the river.... Your nation will be saved... Your name will not be forgotten... After 1300 years of death, you will be resurrected... Your name will remain in hearts till the sunset of pain...

Because all the words of Kıraç Ata were true, Bögü Alp believed that his nation would be saved, that they would be resurrected after a thousand and three hundred years of death, and that their name would remain in hearts until the end of time. Because he fought with this belief, he fought harder than all of them.

Kür Ş ad had no such belief. He was striking, condemning, overthrowing with the pain of despair.

Captain Yağmur was swinging a sword with a wound that never changed his smiling face, and a horse was jumping.

Two young corporals, Karabudak and Çıgay Börü, were putting down their swords side by side.

Gumus remembered a story about his father Steal: Silver's grandfather's name was Silver. He fighting on the bank of a crazy water and fell into the water, but God saved him.

Toluk Tüge was shouting harshly and Tunga, whose sword was sheathed, was fighting with his sword.

Küçlük and Yığaç were in the moment. They were protecting each other, not themselves.

The rain had stopped. The wind also fell silent after playing the game it would play for forty-one heroes of history. Half of the clouds were dispersed and the night was bright.

Now, in the light, many horsemen were rushing at each other, swinging, striking, shouting, shouting. Now the result drawn by fortune clear: Karabudak was the first to fall. With a

Chinaman
He fell down from the horse even though he was hugging . A little later, a sword landed on the neck of Gümüş who pierced the belly of a Chinese. Tunga, who broke the scabbard of his sword on the head of a Chinese man, was stabbed with his pike.

By this time they had been driven to the bank of the river. The six of them were making their last defence with the last strength left in their veins, in order to prolong their life, which was now over, for a few short moments more. While doing this heroic act, they did not think that after one thousand three hundred years a writer would write these lines in order to keep their memories alive, and they did not know with what passion the sons of Turks would read my glorious adventures.

They were fighting. They were fighting in blood, in hatred. The clouds stood still, the moon and the stars were attentive, watching this battle. Spirits were hovering over them, God's were sprinkled on their heads.

Suddenly Captain Rain took a sword to the head. Then a pike struck him in the shoulder. He was caught in the mane of his horse. For a moment he a deep sigh as if moaning in pain. Then, with all his speed, he jumped on the of the Chinese who had swung a pike at him. He grabbed him by the throat and waist. Both of them slipped off the horse and fell to the ground, Rain was squeezing the Chinese's throat, plunging his knife into his back and shoulder. Slowly his pulse was getting heavier. After the knife stabbed in Yağmur's back for the last time, it did not come out again, it stayed there. His fingers were still in the throat of the Chinese. His plump cheeks were covered in blood. smiling face was strained and dull. Through his eyes he saw a young woman and two

the baby's dream shining through. I liked the rain.

Bögü Alp mortally wounded and falling off his horse. He reached for his knife to do one last deed. He threw it at the nearest Chinese and stabbed him in the jugular. Then, as he left himself on the muddy ground, he said, "After one thousand three hundred years " rnlded.

Now Kür Shad was left alone. Toluk Tüge was killed with a sword, Çıgay Börü fell into the river with a Chinaman he had grabbed by the waist on horseback, and Küçlük was killed after the death of his ancestor Yığaç while he was beating the Chinaman who shot him.

Kür Şad was fighting against the Chinese kaganate alone on the masses of dead Chinese. He was bare sword. His cap had fallen off and his robe was torn to pieces. His chest was open. There were pots oozing from his chest, forehead, cheeks, neck; but he was still fighting, fighting, fighting.

He was something of a god now. His death had to be different. He was still standing after forty heroes had fallen one by one. His long hair was flying on his shoulders, his eyes were sparkling, his arm was rising and falling with the speed of lightning, knocking down a tile with each descent.

Then the daughter of death offered him a milk jug. Kür Shad drank this bitter milk without blinking an eye. He fell on the mane of his horse. He rested his head. The sword was still tight in his right hand, his left hand was hanging down.

Kür Ş ad was dead, but he did not fall from his

horse. He was dead, but not defeated....

XI

Last

The Yagis separated his valiant head from his body and took it to the Chinese khan. The Chinese khan, the whole palace, the whole Sigan fu trembled from him. This trembling came not only from Kür Şad, but from the race that raised him. Kür Şad had saved his nation with his death.

. The next day judgements were made in Siganfu. Urku, who did not know about the revolution, was exiled to one of the southern provinces. The men searched the whole city to extinguish the fire of Kür Şad. If they found Kür Shad's four-year-old son, they would destroy him. Konçuyu and her thirteen year old daughter knew that the revolution would break out. After a short talk with his daughter, Konchuy took his son and to an unknown place.

When the Chinese arrived, the daughter of Kür Ş ad ' was alone. In front of the judiciary she said that she knew about the revolution and that she did not know about her mother and brother. They showed her the severed head of her father. With tears in her eyes she said: "For country and honour..." with tears in her eyes. They told him that to save his life he must reveal what he knew. He made no reply.

Kür Ş ad's daughter was sentenced to death. Corporal Ay Kutluk's old father and Turumtay's wife were also sentenced to death. Since Kur Shad's daughter and Ay Kutluk's father were of high nobility, they should have been strangled to death with a bowstring according to Turkish law. The Chinese khan ordered them to be killed with arrows as an insult.

That evening in the garden of the Chinese palace, all three of them were arrowed. Kür Ş ad's daughter was standing in the centre. Twenty Chinese soldiers were aiming at her. A command was heard. Followed by a sharp whoosh ….

The two men were holding Kür Şad's daughter by the arm so that she would not fall. As long as they were alive, Kür Şad's daughter could not fall to the ground. For a few short moments they could hold her up. Ay Kutluk's father fell first. Turumtay's wife was still trying to hold him even though he was kneeling. Then he fell down too. The last to fall was Kür Shad's daughter, who was wounded in four bullets …

The night descended in all its beauty. The fifteenth of the moon was shedding its light like God's mercy. From the Siganfu palace to the Vey river, there was a different atmosphere. Tonight, a fear gripped the tiles and no one could go out on the streets. Because the souls of martyrs in that field
- wandering around.

Suddenly it became cloudy here. Something like fog, like smoke, but something else, something more beautiful, surrounded the surroundings. Then all of a sudden, someone was seen to rise from the ground above this flat whiteness. In his hand was a wolf-headed tyrant, lifted from the ground. This ghost, bleeding from his wound, was Kür Ş ad

While raising the brigade with one hand, he made a sign to the smoke with the other hand and shouted "Get up". Forty martyrs got up at once. Kür Şad pointed to a place ahead with his hand. "There," he thundered. The place he pointed to was Mount God. The spirits of the ancestors were wandering on its top. The spirits of forty-one martyrs flowed like a storm, like a music, like a light, and began to walk towards Mount God. A caravan of ancestors, headed by Alp Er Tunga, was waiting for them there. These forty-one martyrs were surrounded by hundreds of thousands of other martyrs. As this most marvellous procession in the presence of God shook the vast, endless void, suddenly a song, a mighty, chilling, divine song, shook the blood:

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